JUVENAL's



SATIRES

TRANSLATED

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With an Hiſtorical and Critical Account of them and their Writings; illuſtrating their ſeveral Excellencies, and ſhewing their Defects, from the Judgment and Remarks of the moſt celebrated Critics, both Ancient and Modern.

THE

SATIRES

OF

JUVENAL

TRANSLATED:

WITH

EXPLANATORY *and* CLASSICAL

NOTES,

RELATING TO

The LAWS and CUSTOMS of the GREEKS and ROMANS.

Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens Urbis, tam Ferreus, ut teneat se? SAT. I.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for D. BROWNE, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-bar*.

MDCCXLV.

PREFACE.



THE PREFACE.

I *HAVE attempted a Juſt and Intelligible Tranſlation of* JUVENAL's Satires, *and offer them to be read, without the alluring Jingle of* Poetic *Trappings, in a plain and ſimple Dreſs, with nothing beſides their own native Worth and Excellency to recommend them.*

THIS Writer has juſtly had his Admirers in all Ages among the Learned, but thoſe alone have hitherto had the Advantage of his inimitable Reflections, and the Benefit of improving

under the Influence of his Divine Sentiments; and truly, his Writings are so complete a System of Morality, and so perfect a Body of useful Philosophy, they express so just a Rage and Resentment against the unnatural and shocking Vices of the Age in which he lived, that he has scarce left any thing unsaid upon the Subjects he made choice of, and may serve as a Pattern to succeeding Times, in what manner the monstrous Enormities of a debauched and corrupt Court, of a starving, sharking, and depending Nobility, of a slavish, beggarly, and mercenary Set of Commons, may be exposed, and lashed, and Reformed; and, at the same Time, with great Judgment, and an admirable Insight into Human Nature, he gives Advice, and offers proper Instructions to guard the rising Generations against such fatal and scandalous Abuses, and secure Posterity from making shipwreck of their Virtue, by pointing plainly to the Examples of their unworthy and abominable

nable Predeceſſors. Indeed the Jealouſy and the High Guilt of the Times, obliged him often to draw Characters, and repreſent Crimes under the Names of Perſons who had been long dead; for the Corruption was too great and univerſal, and the Power of the Vicious too formidable, to be openly attacked without Danger; and this wary Method of his has been followed ſucceſsfully by ſucceeding Satiriſts, in many States and Countries, who have laboured under the ſame Misfortunes.

BUT, as I ſaid, the genuine Beauties and Uſefulneſs of this Poet are known only to Men of Letters, who underſtand and can read him in the Original: The Verſions extant in the Engliſh *Language do in no meaſure repreſent him in a juſt Light, or exhibit him to his Honour.* Stapylton *is ſo dull, ſo tedious, and inſipid, that he is not to be read.* Holyday *is ſo barbarous, ſo crouded and ſtiff, as not to be underſtood; and* Dryden *(not to mention*

the Omiſſion of twenty Lines at once) confeſſes in his Preface with great Ingenuity, " *If we give not* " *the whole Senſe of* JUVENAL, *yet* " *we give the moſt conſiderable Part* " *of it, we make our Author ap-* " *pear at leaſt in a* Poetique *Dreſs,* " *we have actually made him more* " *ſounding and more elegant than he* " *was before in* Engliſh, *and have* " *endeavoured to make him ſpeak that* " *kind of* Engliſh, *which he would* " *have ſpoken had he lived in* England, " *and had written to this Age.*" *And this is not obſerved with that mean and ungenerous View of raiſing a Credit to this Deſign upon the Ruins of thoſe* Heroic *Names that have gone before, but it is a real Truth that has been often lamented, and muſt be obvious to any one that will be at the Trouble to read and compare, and without Prejudice deliver his Opinion upon this Subject. However, let theſe* Poetical *Tranſlations enjoy undiſturbed*

diſturbed the Glory they have acquired: it will be Fame and Reward ſufficient for me to render this Great Author more familiar, to ſhew him as he really is, and endeavour that the Engliſh *Readers of both Sexes may not continue unacquainted with the true Value and the juſt undiſguiſed Merit of* JUVENAL's Satires. *The Loftineſs perhaps, the Fervor and Impetuoſity of this Poet may poſſibly ſink a little, and grow ſomewhat languid under the Simplicity and Flatneſs of a* Proſaic *Style; but with all its Diſadvantages, you may undoubtedly in this way arrive at his true Senſe, and comprehend his whole Deſign; and I believe it is univerſally allowed, that a Verſion cramped with a ſet Number of Syllables, and the tinkling Cadence of* Rhyme, *was never yet known to prove a juſt Tranſlation; and indeed it is impoſſible it ever ſhould.*

THE

THE most Learned, I confeſs, and the moſt quick-ſighted Editors of this Author have found many ſtrange Difficulties, and irreconcileable Lines in many Paſſages of his Works, and have no more in various Places than Gueſs and Conjecture to ſupport the Conſtruction and Senſe of his Expreſſion; I have, upon all Occaſions, conſulted the moſt valuable Helps and Comments, and where I may ſeem to differ from the general Opinion, I am always countenanced by the Authority of my Betters; and if I have erred, my Miſtakes have been made in very good Company. After all, I have undertaken to interpret a very intricate and obſcure Work, and have ſtill ſo modeſt an Opinion of this performance, that the Poet, I am afraid, has ſuffered conſiderably by my ſelf as well as by former Tranſlators. I am not able to diſcover my own Wants and Failings, I ſhould deſerve no Mercy if I could, and let them paſs from

from we unamended, and without Correction.

SOME perhaps may conceive, that JUVENAL *is an Author of too free a Character, and too looſe a Manner to appear in a plain and natural Tranſlation; but to cenſure the moſt ſevere and pungent Satires againſt Vice, as the ſtrongeſt Incentives to the Commiſſion of it, betrays a Narrowneſs of Mind, which I think deſerves no Anſwer.*

AND here I might, according to Cuſtom, enter into a long and tedious Detail of the Nature and Origin of Satire, and draw particular and ill-natured Compariſons *between the Excellencies and Defects of the great Triumvirs,* HORACE, JUVENAL, *and* PERSIUS; *but not being perſuaded of the Neceſſity of ſuch an Enquiry at preſent, which is to be met with in the moſt common Editions of theſe Poets, and reſolving*

to

to allow to each his ſeveral Merit: And, eſpecially, being unwilling to be thought partial upon ſo nice a Subject; I rather chooſe to give a ſhort Account of what we have received of the Life and Quality of our Author; for the Memoirs of Antiquity have delivered to us but a very ſmall and unſatisfactory Information concerning him or his Writings.

THE

The LIFE of JUVENAL.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born, about the Beginning of the Reign of the Emperor *Claudius*, at *Aquinum*, a Town belonging to the Territory of the ancient *Volſci*, and ſince celebrated for having given birth to *Thomas Aquinas*, the famous Father of Scholaſtic Philoſophy. Our Poet's Father was a rich Freedman, who gave him a liberal Education; and, agreeable to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, bred him up to the Bar, and to the Study of Eloquence, in which he made a very great Progreſs. He ſtudied firſt under *Fronto* the Grammarian, and afterwards, as it is generally conjectured, under *Quintilian*, who is thought to have ſeen ſome of his Satires. He never conſidered himſelf among the Rich and Wealthy, yet in the Eleventh Satire he deſcribes his Country-Houſe, his Entertainment, and his Attendants, which argue a ſufficient Plenty and Competency for ſo wiſe a Mind.

BESIDES

BESIDES his Acquaintance with *Umbritius* a famous *Aruſpex*, mentioned in his third Satire, he was ſingularly beloved and eſteemed among his chief Friends, by *Martial* the Poet, who addreſſes three ſeveral Epigrams to him, (*Lib.* 7. *Ep.* 23, and 91. and *Lib.* 12. *Ep.* 18.) where he gives him the Title of the Eloquent, and proves that *Juvenal* followed the Bar. The laſt was written by *Martial*, after he was retired to *Bilboa*, which was under *Trajan*; he ſpeaks of our Author as a Man yet in full Vigour, and as if he had written but few Satires yet: The greateſt Part of his Works came out very late in Life, and he had long diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Eloquence at the Bar, and improved his Fortune and Intereſt at *Rome*, before he thought of Poetry; the very Stile of which, in his Satires, ſpeaks a long Habit of declaiming.

WE are told, he recited his firſt Eſſay which he made, being above Forty, to a ſmall Audience of his Friends; but being encouraged by their Applauſe, he hazarded a greater Publication: Which reaching the Ear of *Paris*, *Domitian*'s chief Favourite at that Time, tho' but a *Pantomine* Player, whom he had ſeverely inſulted, that Minion made his Complaint to the Emperor, who baniſhed the offending Poet into *Egypt*, (to *Pentapolis*, a City of *Libya*, ſays *Suidas*) tho' he was eighty Years old, (as *Gyraldus* obſerves

obſerves in his Account of the *Latin* Poets) under the Pretence of giving him the Præfecture of a Cohort. He was not idle during his ſtay there, but made ſuch Obſervations upon the Superſtition and Religious Differences of that blind People, as he afterwards wrought up into a Satire, which is the Fifteenth, in the Order they are commonly publiſhed.

After *Domitian*'s Death, *Juvenal* returned to *Rome*, ſufficiently cautioned not only againſt attacking the Characters of thoſe in Power, under arbitrary Princes, but againſt all Perſonal Reflections upon the Great Men living; and therefore he thus wiſely concludes the Debate he is ſuppoſed to have maintained with a Friend, in the Firſt Satire, which ſeems to be the firſt he wrote after his return from Baniſhment, *Experiar quid concedatur*, &c. He is ſuppoſed to have died about the Eleventh of *Adrian*'s Reign: That he lived to be an old Man, we may conclude from the Eleventh Satire, where he ſays of himſelf, and of *Perſius* to whom he writes,

Noſtra bibat vernum contracta cuticula ſolem,
Effugiatque Togam.

As to his Perſon, we are told that he was of a large Stature, which made ſome think him to have been of *Gallic* Extraction; we meet with nothing relating to his moral

moral Character or Way of Life; but both from the Manner of his Puniſhment by *Domitian*, and the whole Tenor of his Writings, he ſeems to have been a real Friend to Sobriety and Virtue. There is no mention that he ever was married, nor is it at all probable, if we conſider the Opinion he had of the Women of thoſe Times, whom he bitterly, and with extravagant Acrimony, laſhes in his Sixth Satire.

5 JY61

JUVENAL's

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SATIRES,

TRANSLATED.

DEC. JUNII JUVENALIS

SATIRÆ.

SATIRA I.

SEMPER ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseïde Codri?
Impunè ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic Elegos? impunè diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus? aut summi plenâ jam margine libri
Scriptus & in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?

MUSEI

Nota

JUVENAL's SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

MUST I for ever hear? and ne'er reply? ſtunn'd as I've been ſo oft with the hoarſe Voice of [a] *Codrus*, bawling out his *Theſeïs?* Muſt this Rogue read me o'er his Comedies, and That his Elegies, unpuniſh'd? Shall the huge Tragedy of [b] *Telephus* murder me a a long Day ſcot-free? Plagu'd with the Furies of [c] *Oreſtes* too, with Margin and both Sides ſtuffed cloſe, and ſtill unfiniſh'd?

[a] A poor wretched Poet who wrote an *Heroic* Poem, and choſe for his Subject the Exploits of *Theſeus*.

[b] *Telephus*, a baſe Son of *Hercules* by *Auge*, the Daughter of *Alæus*. He attempted to hinder the March of the *Grecians* towards *Troy*, through his Kingdom of *Myſia*, but was mortally wounded by *Achilles*; he afterwards made Peace, and was cured by the Ruſt of the Spear that gave him the Wound.

[c] The Tragedy of *Oreſtes*, Son to *Agamemnon* and *Clytemneſtra*. He ſlew his own Mother, and *Ægiſthus* her Adulterer, who had murder'd his Father. He alſo ſlew *Pyrrhus* the Son of *Achilles*, in the Temple of *Apollo*, for which the God ſent Furies to haunt him for the Profanation of his Temple, and forced him to expiate his Crimes at the Altar of *Diana Taurica*.

Nota magis nulli domus eſt ſua, quàm mihi lucus
Martis, & Æoliis vicinum rupibus Antrum
Vulcani. Quid agant venti; quas torqueat umbras
Æacus; unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum

Pelliculæ

No Man's Houſe is more familiar to him than are to me ſuch Themes, the Grove of [d] *Mars*, or [e] *Vulcan*'s Cave near the *Æolian* Rocks. The Portico's of [f] *Fronto*, ſhaded with Plane-Trees, the Marble-Pillars ſhaken with the Noiſe, [g] the Statues broken with the frequent Blaſts of theſe Repeaters, ring with common Tales, ſuch as the Roaring of the Winds, what guilty Souls are torturing by [h] *Æacus*, whence [i] *Jaſon* ſtole the *Golden Fleece*, what monſtrous Mountain

[d] *Mars*, the God of War, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, had ſeveral Groves conſecrated to him, particularly (which is here meant) one at *Alba*, where *Rhea* brought forth *Romulus* and *Remus*.

[e] *Vulcan* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, or, as ſome feign, of *Juno* alone. He was *Jupiter*'s Founder, and with his Servants, the *Cyclops*, forged his Bolts. His Cave was the Hollow on the Top of Mount *Ætna*, where, becauſe of the conſtant Eruptions of Fire, the Poets ſuppoſed that *Vulcan* made *Jove*'s Thunderbolts; and, therefore, in *Strongyle*, the neareſt of the *Liparæan* or *Æolian* Iſlands, they placed *Æolus*, the God of the Winds, the more conveniently to blow the God of Fire's Bellows.

[f] *Fronto*, a noble *Roman*, famous for his Learning, who uſed to lend his ſtately Portico's to the Poets of his Time to to recite their Verſes. Theſe Portico's were ſhaded with Plane-Trees, ſupported with Marble-Pillars, and adorned with Statues.

[g] Our Author might well be offended at the Recitations of theſe Poetaſters, at whoſe horrid Noiſe and Yellings, even the Statues, as in ſtrong Convulſions, ſhrunk up together, and ſeemed to tremble for fear.

[h] *Æacus* was one of the three Judges of Hell, his Office was to execute Judgment.

[i] *Jaſon*, the Son of *Æſon*, King of *Theſſaly* and *Polymela*. His Father dying, left his Brother *Pelias* his Son's Guardian, who ſent his Nephew on a deſperate Enterprize, to fetch the *Golden Fleece*, in hopes he might not return. He manned the Ship *Argos* with the Flower of *Theſſaly*, and arriving at *Colchos*, the King's Daughter, *Medea*, fell in love with him, taught him to tame the brazen-footed Bulls, and caſt the watchful Dragon aſleep that kept the *Fleece*, and carried it and *Medea* along with him.

Pelliculæ: quantas jaculetur Mònychus ornos;
Frontonis platani, convulſaque marmora clamant
Semper, & aſſiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ,
Expectes eadem à ſummo, minimoque poëtâ.
Et nos ergo manum ferulæ ſubduximus: & nos
Conſilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret. Stulta eſt clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.
Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tener uxorem ducat ſpado: Mævia Tuſcum
Figat aprum, & nudâ teneat venabula mammâ:
Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,

Aſh-Trees were flung by [k] *Monychus* engaged in Fight. Theſe are the Topics you are to expect from Poets of all Sizes, beſt and worſt.

[l] I FEAR no *Ferule* now, I've paſs'd the Rules of School, and in an *Exerciſe* adviſ'd [m] *Sylla* to drop the Sword, and to retire to private Life, and ſleep at Eaſe 'till Noon. Shall I then fear to write? 'Tis fooliſh Pity, in ſuch ſwarms of Poets, to ſpare waſte Paper, they are ſure to ſpoil.

BUT why we chuſe to [n] traverſe o'er the Plain where great *Lucilius'* Muſe had run before, if you have Time and pleaſe to hear, I'll tell you.

TO ſee a ſmock-faced Eunuch wed: When *Mævia* [o] fights in the [p] *Circus* with a *Tuſcan* Boar, and ſhakes the Boar-ſpear with her Breaſts all bare; to ſee a Fellow vie with a whole Se-

[k] *Monychus*, one of the *Centaurs*, who, in the Fight with the *Lapithæ*, plucked up Trees by the Roots, and flung them at the Enemy.

[l] He was no longer a School-Boy; he had declaimed upon the common Topics, ſuch as adviſing *Sylla* to reſign the ſovereign Power, *&c.*

[m] *Sylla*, a noble *Roman*, who after many remarkable Victories abroad, returned to *Rome*, and got the Government into his Hands, which he adminiſter'd with the greateſt Cruelty. He publicly fixed up Tables of Proſcription or Outlawry, put ſome thouſands of *Romans* to Death, tho' unarmed, and deſiring Quarter; and ſo filled *Rome* with Blood. At length, laying down his Dictatorſhip, he fell into a general Contempt, and retiring to *Puteoli*, died of the louſy Diſeaſe.

[n] He means to write Satires, as *Lucilius* did, a *Latin* Poet, and an eminent Satiriſt, born at *Aurunca*, a City of the *Rutilians*, in *Italy*.

[o] A Woman that had the Impudence to fight in the *Circus*, with a *Tuſcan* Boar remarkable for Fierceneſs.

[p] A large Place in *Rome*, between Mount *Aventine* and *Palatine*, walled about by *Tarquinius Priſcus*, wherein the People ſat and ſaw the Games called *Circenſes*, in imitation of the Olympic Games.

Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba ſonabat:
Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi
Criſpinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet æſtivum digitis ſudantibus aurum,
Nec ſufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ:
Difficile eſt Satiram non ſcribere. Nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe?
Cauſidici nova cùm veniat lectica Mathonis
Plena ipſo: & poſt hunc magni delator amici,
Et citò rapturus de nobilitate comesâ
Quod ſupereſt: quem Maſſa timet: quem munere palpat
Carus; & a trepido Thymele ſummiſſa Latino:

Cum

nate in Wealth, [q] whoſe Sciſſars ſnip'd my youthful Beard, grown ſomewhat long. To ſee the Scum of [r] *Nile*, *Criſpinus*, once a vile [s] *Canopian* Slave, (his Shoulders ſhifting wantonly his Cloak of purple Dye) cool his Fingers, ſweating under the Weight of a thin Summer's Ring, not able to endure a heavier Gem; 'tis hard to hold from Writing. Where's the Man ſo unconcern'd in this licentious Town, ſo ribb'd with Iron, to be reſtrain'd from flying out?

SEE the new Chair of Lawyer [u] *Matho* comes cramm'd with his own fat Guts, and after him [x] the Villain that inform'd againſt his Patron, one that will ſoon devour the poor Remains left to the half-ſtarv'd Nobles; one that [y] *Maſſa* fears, and *Carus* ſmooths with Preſents, vile Informers; and [z] *Latinus* trembling ſoftens with the

[q] *Cynnamus*, a Barber who raiſed himſelf by his Whores to the Quality of a *Roman* Knight.

[r] The greateſt River in all *Africa*, to which the *Egyptians* deſervedly paid divine Honours, becauſe the Fruitfulneſs of their Country depended upon its overflowings. It diſcharges it ſelf by ſeven Mouths into the *Mediterranean* Sea.

[s] A City of *Egypt*, addicted to all ſorts of Riot and Effeminacy, built by *Menelaus* in memory of his Pilot *Canopus*, who died there.

[t] *Criſpinus*, a Freedman of *Nero*, born at *Canopus*, who wantonly wore his Cloak looſe, it being the *Roman* Cuſtom to faſten the *Lacerna* about their Neck. The *Romans* became ſo delicate, as to wear large Rings in Winter, and lighter in Summer.

[u] A pitiful Advocate, who grew ſo rich and corpulent by informing, that he kept his Chair or Sedan, and filled it.

[x] *Heliodorus*, a Stoic Philoſopher, a great Favourite of the Emperor *Domitian*.

[y] *Maſſa* and *Carus*, common Informers of a lower Rank.

[z] *Latinus* and *Thymele*, two famous Mimicks, who had often upon the Stage played the Parts of an Adulterer and an Adultereſs, in which the Adulterer had either been taken or ſuſpected by the Huſband of the Adultereſs; ſhe, by the Advice of her Lover, applies to her Huſband with much Flattery and Careſſing, to ſoften the Matter; which Stage-Device

Cum te ſummoveant, qui teſtamenta merentur
Noctibus, in cælum quos evehit optima ſummi
Nunc via proceſſûs, vetulæ veſica beatæ.
Unciolam Proculeius habet, ſed Gillo deuncem:
Partes quiſque ſuas, ad menſuram inguinis hæres;
Accipiat ſanè mercedem ſanguinis, & ſic
Palleat, ut nudis preſſit qui calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunenſem rhetor dicturus ad aram.
Quid referam? quantâ ſiccum jecur ardeat irâ,
Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic ſpoliator
Pupilli proſtantis? & hic damnatus inani
Judicio (quid enim ſalvis infamia nummis?)
Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit, & fruitur Dîs
Iratis: at tu victrix provincia ploras.

Hæc

the Charms of his lov'd *Thymele*. See the ſtrong-back'd Stallions defeat thee of thy Right, and earn their Legacies by Night-work; the high Road to Preferment, to raiſe them to the Pinacle of Wealth, lies through the Channel of thy Grandame's Luſt: Each has his Share according to his Meaſure; [a] *Proculeius* gains *an Ounce*, *Gillo* eleven. Let him enjoy the Price of his thin Blood, and look as pale, as if he preſſed a Snake with naked Feet, [b] or play'd the *Rhetor*'s Prize at *Lyons*, at the hazard of his Life.

WHAT ſhall I ſay? what Rage inflames my Breaſt, to ſee a Plunderer of the Orphan now a Proſtitute, choak up the Streets with Throngs of his Attendants? [c] *Marius* an Exile now condemn'd in vain for pillaging his Province, (for what avails the Shame to ſave the Pence?) begins to drink at two, carouſes in ſpite of all the Gods; the poor prevailing Province weeps in vain.

vice was generally known in *Rome*: By way of Alluſion, the Poet introduces a Female-Advocate, interceding by her Beauty and other Allurements, with ſome Informer of Note, to ſave her Friends, who had offended, from Puniſhment.

[a] *Proculeius* and *Gillo*, famous Adulterers. An Heir to an *Ounce* had only one Part, an Heir to *eleven Ounces*, carried away eleven Parts of the Eſtate.

[b] *Caligula* the Emperor inſtituted Exerciſes for Rhetoricians at *Lyons* in *France*, where was a famous Altar dedicated to *Auguſtus Cæſar*: He that was overcome was to write the Praiſes of the Conqueror, and beſtow a Reward upon him, or to lick out his Oration with his Tongue, unleſs he choſe rather to be puniſhed with a *Ferula*, and ducked deſperately over Head and Ears in the next River.

[c] *Marius Priſcus*, Proconſul of *Africa*, was proſecuted by the *Africans* for pillaging the Province, and was caſt; but the Plaintiffs could never recover the Charges of the Suit, tho' the Fine was paid into the Treaſury at *Rome*. He was baniſhed, but with the Money he had reſerved, he lived in great Riot; and inſtead of bathing and ſupping at the ninth Hour, after the *Roman* Cuſtom, he began at the eighth, (which anſwer'd to two o'Clock in the Afternoon) which was reckoned the higheſt Luxury.

Are

Hæc ego non credam Venuſinâ digna lucernâ?
Hæc ego non agitem? ſed quid magis Heracleas,
Aut Diomedeas, aut mugitum labyrinthi,
Et mare percuſſum puero, fabrumque volantem?
Cum leno accipiat mœchi bona, ſi capiendi 55
Jus nullum uxori, doctus ſpectare lacunar,
Doctus & ad calicem vigilanti ſtertere naſo:

Cum

Are not ſuch Crimes as theſe worthy the piercing Eye of [d] *Horace*, to be laſh'd? And laſh'd by me? What? ſhould I rather write *Poetic* Tales, Fables of [e] *Hercules*, or [f] *Diomede*, how loud the [g] Labyrinth roar'd in *Crete*, or how the *Architect* flew ſafe, the *Boy* with broken Wings daſh'd in the Sea? When the Man, Pandar to his Wife, enjoys ([h] ſhe ſtands excluded by *Domitian*'s Law) the Adulterer's Eſtate bequeath'd by Will; he knew when to wink hard, gaze at the Cieling, and nodding o'er his Glaſs, pretend a Sleep, ſnoaring aloud.

[d] *Horace*, the Prince of the *Roman* Lyric Poets, and a ſevere Satiriſt; he was born at *Venuſium*, a City of *Apulia*; he ſtudied Philoſophy at *Athens*, was admitted afterwards into the Friendſhip of *Mæcenas*, and by him recommended to the Favour of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

[e] The Son of *Jupiter* by *Alcmena*: The twelve Labours impoſed upon him by *Juno*, was a Subject much handled by the *Roman* Poets.

[f] *Diomedes*, King of *Ætolia*, the Son of *Tydeus* and *Deipyla*, an eminent Captain among the *Grecians*, who went to the *Trojan* Wars. Engaging *Æneas*, he wounded *Venus*, who aſſiſted her Son. Returning from *Troy*, he was aſhamed to go home, becauſe of the Lewdneſs of his Wife *Ægiale*, but went into *Italy*, and there ſettled.

[g] *Paſiphaë*, the Wife of *Minos* King of *Crete*, fell in love with a Bull; and by the Art of *Dædalus*, an ingenious Artificer of *Athens*, was incloſed in a Cow of Wood, and ſo attained her Deſire. She conceived, and was deliver'd of the *Minotaur*, a fierce Monſter, half Man, half Bull; for which *Dædalus* built a Labyrinth, with inextricable Turnings and Windings, to ſecure him. But *Minos* diſcovering the Inſtruments of his Wife's Wickedneſs, ſhut up the Builder and his Son in that very Labyrinth, from whence they eſcaped by artificial Wings; the Father flew ſafe into *Sardinia*, and from thence to *Cumæ*; but *Icarus* the Son, neglecting his Father's Advice, flew too high, whereby the Wax of his Wings melted, and he fell into that Part of the Sea, which is between *Mycon* and *Gyaros*, from him called the *Icarian Sea*.

[h] Such infamous Women were incapable of Legacies, by a Law of the Emperor *Domitian*; but the Force of it was evaded, by making their Huſbands Pandars to their Luſts, and ſo cauſing the Legacies to be given to them.

Another

Cum fas eſſe putet curam ſperare cohortis,
Qui bona donavit præſepibus, & caret omni
Majorum cenſu, dum pervolat axe citato
Flaminiam: puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,
Ipſe lacernatæ cum ſe jactaret amicæ.
Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio? cum jam ſextâ cervice feratur
Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ penè cathedrâ,
Et multùm referens de Mæcenate ſupino
Signator falſo, qui ſe lautum, atque beatum
Exiguis tabulis, & gemmâ fecerat udâ.
Occurrit matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum
Porrectura viro miſcet ſitiente rubetam,
Inſtituitque rudes melior Locuſta propinquas,
Per famam, & populum nigros efferre maritos.
Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,

[i] Another has the Modeſty to hope for a Commiſſion, all his Fortune conſumed on Race-Horſes, his Anceſtor's Eſtate ſquander'd and gone, he drives full-ſpeed o'er [k] the *Flaminian* Way, to Court; where, when a Boy, he loved to hold the Reins, and drove his Maſter, when with Luſt inflam'd he kiſſed his *Sporus* in a Soldier's Cloak.

WHO dares not, thus provok'd, fill a whole Volume, write in the open Streets? To ſee a Villain, [l] Forger of Wills, borne by ſix luſty Slaves, fond of being ſeen alone in his Sedan, affect the lolling Poſture of *Mæcenas*, raiſe himſelf into Luxury and Riches by ſhort Codicils, then apply the Seal firſt wet, to make the Impreſſion beautiful.

NEXT the rich Lady comes, her Huſband's Thirſt to eaſe, inſtead of the ſoft Wine of [m] *Cales*, ſhe ſqueez'd a filthy Toad into the Cup: More ſkilful than [n] *Locuſta*, ſhe inſtructs her harmleſs neighbouring Goſſips to behold (in ſpite of Fame, and what the Town ſays of 'em) their Huſbands ſpotted Corps upon the Bier. Would'ſt thou be great? then dare ſome monſtrous Crime, that calls for Fetters or for Ba-

[i] He means *Fuſcus*, a young Nobleman, whom he calls *Automedon*, who was Coachman to *Achilles*; he uſed to drive *Nero* with his Boy *Sporus*, who was caſtrated in order to make a Woman of. This Paſſage has given great trouble to Expoſitors; but this Conſtruction ſeems the moſt plauſible.

[k] A Road made by *Caius Flaminius*, from *Rome* to *Ariminum*, a Town in *Italy*, near the River *Rubicon*.

[l] *Tigellinus*, who poiſoned three of his Uncles (as appears in the End of this Satire) and by forging their Wills, made himſelf Heir to all they had.

[m] *Cales*, a Town of *Campania* in *Italy*, famous for excellent Wine.

[n] An infamous Woman retained by *Nero*, execrably ſkilled in the Art of Poiſoning.

niſhment.

Si vis esse aliquis: Probitas laudatur, & alget.
Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas,
Argentum vetus, & stantem extra pocula caprum.
Quem patitur dormire nurûs corruptor avaræ?
Quem sponsæ turpes, & prætextatus adulter?
Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum,
Qualemcumque potest: quales ego, vel Cluvienus.
Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus æquor,
Navigio montem ascendit, sorteſque poposcit,
Paulatimque animâ caluerunt mollia saxa,
Et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas:
Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.
Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ.
Prælia quanta illic dispensatore videbis
Armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum

Perdere,

niſhment. Honeſty is prais'd, but ſtarves? 'Tis to their Crimes they owe their Gardens, Palaces, rich Tables, their antique Silver Plate, their Cups emboſs'd with a Goat brouſing the Vine. Who can ſleep at eaſe, to ſee the Father-in-law corrupt the Daughter, a mercenary Proſtitute? To ſee He-Wives and unfledg'd Boys of noble Blood debauch'd? Even againſt Nature, Rage would dictate Verſes ſuch as they are, ~~much~~ ſuch as I or [o] *Cluvienus* write.

E'ER ſince [p] *Deucalion* (the Sea toſſed by Storms) moored his ſmall Veſſel on *Parnaſſus* Top, implored the Oracle, and by degrees the ſoftned Stones grew warm with vital Heat, and *Pyrrha* ſhew'd her naked Maids juſt formed, to their fond Lovers; whatever Men ſince did, Vows, Fear, Anger, Pleaſure, Joys, Inconſtancy, ſhall be the medley Subject of this Book.

AND when had Villainy a richer Harveſt? When did Avarice ſpread her Poiſon wider? when were the Dice thrown with ſuch a Spirit? The Green Purſe is not enough to riſque upon the Chance, but all the dirty Acres muſt be ſet. What hot Words paſs between the Lord and Steward, forc'd to attend him with the Box and Dice? Is it not more than Madneſs at one Throw to loſe [q] a hundred *Seſtertiums*, and not to leave

[o] Such another ſorry Poet as *Codrus*.

[p] The Son of *Prometheus* King of *Theſſaly*, and Huſband to *Pyrrha* Daughter to *Epimetheus*. In his time happened a Deluge which drowned a great part of *Greece*; only he and his Wife got into a ſmall Ship, which ſettled on *Parnaſſus*, a Mountain of *Phocis*. Conſulting with the Oracle how Mankind might be repaired, he was anſwered, If he caſt his great Mother's Bones behind his Back; whereupon he and his Wife caſt Stones over their Shoulders; his became Men, and her's Women.

[q] The *Romans* had their *Seſtertium* and *Seſtertius*; the firſt is here meant, and contains a thouſand of the latter; a *Seſtertius* is about a Penny, Half-penny, and the fourth part of a Farthing.

Perdere, & horrenti tunicam non reddere ſervo?
Quis totidem erexit villas? quis fercula ſeptem
Secretò cœnavit avus? nunc ſportula primo
Limine parva ſedet, turbæ rapienda togatæ.
Ille tamen faciem priùs inſpicit, & trepidat ne
Suppoſitus venias, ac falſo nomine poſcas:
Agnitus accipies, jubet a prœcone vocari
Ipſos Trojugenas: nam vexant limen & ipſi
Nobiſcum: da Prætori, da deinde Tribuno.

Sed

your Footman, ſtarv'd with Cold, his Livery? Who of our Anceſtors raiſed ſo many Villa's? Which of them on ſeven Diſhes ſupp'd alone? [r] Clients of old were feaſted, now the [s] *Sportula* a little Baſket for the ſcrambling Poor hangs at the outward Gate. The Porter firſt ſurveys their Faces; he quakes leſt one ſhould uſe another's Name, and carry off the Dole unjuſtly: If you're known, you are ſerv'd; the Crier calls aloud, The noble Sons of *Troy*; (the very Nobles ſubmit to dance attendance at the Door as well as we) I am a [t] *Prætor*, Sir, and

[r] A Client depended upon ſome Nobleman as his Patron. The Patron was obliged to protect his Client, the Client, beſides his Attendance in publick, was bound by Law to contribute towards his Patron's Taxes, and the Marriage of his Daughters. If any Client could be proved unfaithful to his Patron, to have informed, made Oath, or given his Vote, againſt him, or for his Enemy, he was for ſuch Diſloyalty devoted to the infernal Gods, and not only accurſed by the Prieſt, but outlawed by the criminal Judge, ſo that it was lawful for any Man to kill him.

[s] It was the *Roman* Cuſtom at firſt to admit their Clients to their Table, and give them a good Supper, after they had graced them with their Attendance; but their Luxury and Pride increaſing, inſtead of a Supper, they were received by the Porter at the Gate, who gave them the *Sportula* or Dole, put up in a little Baſket, and conſiſting of about a hundred Farthings, tho' ſometimes they were entertained with Meat.

[t] After the Expulſion of the Kings, the *Conſul* was called *Prætor*, as having kingly Power both for Civil and Military Affairs; afterwards the Conſuls being employed abroad in War, there was an Officer conſtituted, with Power to judge Matters of Law between Citizen and Citizen, called *Prætor Urbanus*, like our Lord Mayor; and becauſe there was a great Company of Strangers at *Rome*, another was appointed to judge Caſes between them, called therefore *Peregrinus*, like our Sheriff of *Middleſex*: At laſt, as the Empire became extended, and Cauſes increaſed, there were eight *Prætors* made, and ſo continued till *Julius Cæſar* made them ten.

Sed libertinus prior eſt : prior, inquit, ego adſum,
Cur timeam, dubitemve, locum defendere ? quamvis
Natus ad Euphratem, molles quod in aure feneſtræ
Arguerint, licét ipſe negem : ſed quinque tabernæ
Quadringenta parant : quid confert purpura majus
Optandum, ſi Laurenti cuſtodit in agro
Conductas Corvinus oves ? Ego poſſideo plus
Pallante, & Licinis : expectent ergo Tribuni.
Vincant divitiæ ; ſacro nec cedat honori
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis :
Quandoquidem inter nos ſanctiſſima divitiarum
Majeſtas : etſi, funeſta Pecunia, templo
Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
Quæque ſalutato crepitat Concordia nido,
Sed cum ſummus honor finito computet anno,
Sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat :
Quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc eſt,

Et

I a [u] Tribune, let me be ſerv'd; hold, ſays the Freedman, I am firſt, firſt come firſt ſerv'd; why ſhould I fear to claim any Turn, tho' born upon *Euphrates*'s Banks; which if I ſhould deny, my ſoft Ears, bored through, would call me Lyar: but then I have five Houſes, worth full four-hundred *Seſtertiums*, a Knight's Eſtate; what greater Honours can the Purple give? [x] *Corvinus*, with his noble Blood, is forc'd to watch the Sheep in the *Laurentian* Plains; nor [y] *Pallas*, nor the *Licini* had my Wealth: then let the *Tribunes* wait, let Riches bear the Bell; I'll not give way to theſe moſt [z] ſacred Beggars, tho' I trudg'd up to Town [a] with chalked Feet. The Majeſty of Money here is held moſt ſacred, though, thou curſed Gold, we build no Temples to thee yet, nor Altars raiſe, ſuch as we conſecrate to Peace, to Faith, to Victory, Virtue, Concord, where the Stork builds, and is welcomed by her creaking Young.

BUT ſince our begging Senators compute at the Year's end, how much the *Sportula* has brought them in, in what a wretched Caſe ſtand the poor Clients, who from hence provide their Clothes, their Shoes, their Bread,

[u] The *Tribunes*, at their firſt Inſtitution, were two, but afterwards came to be ten; they were Keepers of the Liberties of the People againſt the Incroachments of the Senate.

[x] One of the noble Family of the *Corvini*, but ſo wretchedly poor, that he was obliged to keep Sheep near the Town of *Laurentum*, in his own native Country. He is therefore inſulted by this infranchiſed Slave. A *Roman* Knight was obliged to have an Eſtate worth four hundred *Seſtertia*; and a Freedman worth ſo much, might claim the Privilege of a Knight.

[y] *Pallas* was a Freedman of *Claudius Cæſar*, one *Licinus* was a Freedman of *Auguſtus*; I ſuppoſe there were more of the ſame Name; Fellows immenſely rich.

[z] The *Tribunitial* Power was eſteemed ſacred.

[a] Slaves expoſed to Sale, had their Feet marked with Chalk, and their Ears bored.

Et panis, fumuſque domi? denſiſſima centum
Quadrantes lectica petit, ſequiturque maritum
Languida, vel prægnans, & circumducitur uxor.
Hic petit abſenti, notâ jam callidus arte,
Oſtendens vacuam, & clauſam pro conjuge ſellam:
Galla mea eſt, inquit; citiùs dimitte: moraris?
Profer, Galla, caput: Noli vexare, quieſcit.
Ipſe dies pulchro diſtinguitur ordine rerum;
Sportula, deinde forum, juriſque peritus Apollo,
Atque triumphales, inter quas auſus habere
Neſcio quis titulos Ægyptius, atque Arabarches;
Cujus ad effigiem non tantùm meiere fas eſt.
Veſtibulis abeunt veteres, laſſique clientes,
Votaque deponunt, quanquam longiſſima cœnæ
Spes homini: caules miſeris, atque ignis emendus.
Optima ſylvarum interea, pelagique vorabit
Rex horum, vacuiſque toris tantùm ipſe jacebit:
Nam de tot pulchris, & latis orbibus, & tam
Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonia menſâ.
Nullus jam paraſitus erit: ſed quis feret iſtas
Luxuriæ ſordes? quanta eſt gula, quæ ſibi totos
Ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum?

and Houſhold Fire? This Largeſs, a poor hundred Farthings, is attended by a long Train of Chairs; here the Huſband lugs his ſick breeding Wife, and claims her Dole. Another, (who often with ſucceſs had play'd this Trick) begs for the Abſent, ſhews a cloſe empty Chair. Here, Mr. Porter, is my Wife, my *Galla*, don't let her wait; why this Delay? *Pray*, *Madam* Galla, *put out your Head*; don't fright her, ſhe's aſleep.

SUCH are the choice Employments of the Day purſued in Order: firſt the *Sportula*, and then the [b] *Forum*; next [c] *Apollo*'s Temple, where Lawyers wrangle; then the noiſy *Roſtra*, where the Triumphal Statues ſtand; and in the Row, I know not what *Egyptian* Tax-gatherer has the Impudence to have his placed, inſcrib'd with pompous Titles, fit to be piſs'd againſt, or ſomething worſe.

OLD Clients now muſt leave their Patron's Gate, out of all hope, tho' they had waited long expecting their Dole; now the deſpairing Wretches muſt buy their own Herbs and Fire, or elſe muſt ſtarve. Mean time their Lord devours the Rarities ranſack'd from Woods and Seas, lies lolling alone on ſpacious Couches; from ſo many Tables, fair, large, of antique Form, he chooſes one, where he crams down his Throat his whole Eſtate. The Paraſite finds no admittance here. But who can bear ſuch ſordid Luxury? Prodigious Gullet! that alone requires whole Boars to ſwallow at a Meal, a Creature by Nature form'd to furniſh

[b] The great *Roman Piazza*, where the Courts of Juſtice ſat, to which the Client waited upon his Patron.

[c] A Library of Civil Law-Books, made by *Auguſtus Cæſar* in the Temple of *Apollo Palatinus*, where the Judges alſo heard Cauſes.

Pœna tamen præſens, cum tu deponis amictus
Turgidus, & crudum pavonem in balnea portas:
Hinc ſubitæ mortes, atque inteſtata ſenectus.
It nova, nec triſtis per cunctas fabula cœnas:
Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.
Nil erit ulterius, quod noſtris moribus addat
Poſteritas: eadem cupient, facientque minores.
Omne in præcipiti vitium ſtetit: *utere velis,*
Totos pande ſinus: dicas hîc forſitan, undè
Ingenium par materiæ? undè illa priorum
Scribendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen?
Quid refert dictis ignoſcat Mucius, an non?
Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ,
Quâ ſtantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
Et latum mediâ ſulcum deducit arenâ.

out a Feaſt. Yet preſent Pains purſue thee, when undreſs'd to bathe, and ſurfeited, [d] the Peacock in thy Maw, hard of Digeſtion, broils; the Conſequence is ſudden Death, old Age without a Will. The ſtrange but unlamented Story of thy End, furniſhes Table-talk all o'er the Town; thy Friends, mad at their Diſappointment, yet laugh out to ſee thy Body carried to the Pile.

THERE'S nothing left for the ſucceeding Age to add to the Iniquity of ours. Poſterity muſt act the ſame Part o'er again. All Crimes are at the height. Then, Satire, hoiſt thy Sail, ſpread all thy Canvaſs: 'You'll ſay, perhaps, 'hold, Sir, not too faſt; where can you find a 'Muſe ſufficient for ſo wide a Field? can you 'expect that Freedom of the Pen, enjoy'd by 'Satiriſts of old, when fir'd with Rage, they 'laſh'd the reigning Vices of the Times, a Free-'dom, which but to mention now is Death? 'What cared *Lucilius*, whether [e] *Mutius*, whom 'he ſeverely ſcourged, was pleas'd or not? Now 'touch *Tigellinus*, and you're ſure [f] to burn in 'a pitched Shirt, like thoſe that ſtanding Smoke 'tied to a Stake, their Chin ſupported by a 'Fork, and dragg'd by Hooks made large 'Furrows in the Sand.'

SHALL

[d] *Hortenſius* the Augur was the firſt that introduced the eating of this Fowl, at his Inſtallation-Feaſt; it is ſaid the Fleſh of it never putrifies, and conſequently muſt be very hard of Digeſtion.

[e] A poor Raſcal; for in a Cauſe of Defamation againſt *Lucilius*, who publiſhed his Knavery, he had not Money to fee an Advocate.

[f] It is confeſſed by learned Commentators, that this Paſſage is very perverſe, and almoſt incorrigible, and that no Place in *Juvenal* can leſs grammatically be underſtood; however, it is generally ſuppoſed to allude to the Barbarity of the *Romans*, practiſed againſt the Chriſtians, which

Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehetur
Penſilibus plumis, atque illinc deſpiciet nos?
Cùm veniet contrà, digito compeſce labellum:
Accuſator erit, qui verbum dixerit, hic eſt.
Securus licet Æneam, Rutilumque ferocem
Committas: nulli gravis eſt percuſſus Achilles,
Aut multùm quæſitus Hylas, urnamque ſecutus.
Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacitâ ſudant præcordia culpâ.
Inde iræ, & lachrymæ, tecum priùs ergo voluta
Hæc animo ante tubas; galeatum ſerò duelli
Pœnitet. Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ.

SATIRA

SHALL he that poiſoned his three Uncles, loll high-mounted in his Eaſy-chair, thence caſt diſdainful Glances upon us below him? 'If in 'the Street you meet him, clap your Finger 'cloſe to your Lips; to point, or cry *That's he*, 'brings the Informer on your Back. You 'might, indeed, with Safety introduce [g] *Æneas*, 'and the fierce *Rutilian* Hero engaging; no 'Offence to ſhew [h] *Achilles* wounded, or [i] *Hylas* 'long ſought after, with his Pitcher drown'd? 'But when *Lucilius*, raging, brandiſhes his 'killing Pen, like a drawn Sword, the Hearer 'reddens; conſcious of its Crimes the Heart is 'frozen, a cold Sweat betrays the hidden Guilt. 'Then Rage and Tears ſucceed; theſe things 'conſider well, before you ſound the Alarm; 'the Soldier once engag'd repents too late.' Since then I dare not laſh the Living, I'll try what can be ſaid about the Dead, [k] buried long ſince in the *Flaminian* or in the *Latin* Way.

which was to put them on a pitched Shirt, and then drag them to a Stake, where they were ſet on fire, to ſerve for Lights by Night.

[g] The Son of *Anchiſes* by the Goddeſs *Venus*. When *Troy* was on fire, he carried his Father through the Flames upon his Shoulders; and after many Dangers arrived in *Italy*, where he engaged in ſingle Fight with *Turnus* General of the *Rutilians*.

[h] The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, a valiant *Grecian*, without whom *Troy* could not have been taken; he was ſhot into the Heel with an Arrow by *Paris*, the only Place capable of being wounded.

[i] The Son of *Theodamus*, beloved by *Hercules*, and waited on him; but ſtooping with his Pitcher for Water out of the River *Aſcanius*, he fell in, was drowned, and was ſought by *Hercules* with great Lamentation.

Litus, Hyla, Hyla, *omne ſonabat*. VIRG. Eclog. 6.

[k] The *Romans* were forbidden by their Laws to bury within the City; the Rich were buried, and had ſtately Monuments over them, on the ſides of the public Roads, ſuch as the *Flaminian*, &c.

SATIRE

SATIRA II.

ULtra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glacialem
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent
Qui Curios ſimulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.
Indocti primùm: quanquam plena omnia gypſo
Chryſippi invenias: nam perfectiſſimus horum eſt,
Si quis Ariſtotelem ſimilem, vel Pittacon emit,

Et

SATIRE II.

I COULD wiſh to fly [a] beyond *Sarmatia* and the frozen Sea, when I hear Lectures of Morality from thoſe who pretend to the Virtues of [b] the *Curian* Family, yet live like the Votaries of [c] *Bacchus*. A Sett of Pedants, who have no other Pretence to Learning, than by filling every Corner of their Studies with Buſtos [d] of *Chryſippus*. He among them is the beſt Scholar who has purchaſed the Statue of [e] *Ariſtotle*, or *Pittacus* [f] done to the Life; or has in his Li-

[a] Beyond the *Tartars*, and the moſt barbarous Nations, to paſs the River *Tanais*, and fly over the frozen Sea, which was then thought to be innavigable; but the *Hollanders* have ſailed ſo far as within twelve Degrees of the North Pole.

[b] The *Curian* Family was honoured in *Rome* upon the account of *Marcus Curius Dentatus*. The Embaſſadors of the *Samnites* finding him at Supper roaſting of Roots, and eating out of an Earthen Diſh, offered him a great Sum of Money, which he refuſed; and anſwered, he choſe to eat out of Earth, and to command the *Samnites* who were ſerved in Gold.

[c] The Son of *Jupiter* by *Semele*. His Feaſts were celebrated with monſtrous Debauchery, Virtue was puniſhed with Death, and they that refuſed to ſacrifice to Luſt, were torn to pieces by the Fury of the *Bacchanals*, his Votaries.

[d] A *Stoic* Philoſopher, Scholar to *Zeno*, and an excellent Logician.

[e] The Son of *Nicomachus* the Phyſician, born at *Stagyra* a City of *Thrace*, ſeated upon the River *Strimon*. He was Scholar to *Plato*, and ſtudied at *Athens*; he became Tutor afterwards to *Alexander* the Great, and the Founder of the *Peripatetic* Philoſophy.

[f] A Philoſopher of *Mitylene*, one of the ſeven Wiſe Men of *Greece*.

brary

Et jubet archetypos pluteum ſervare Cleanthis.
Fronti nulla fides: *quis enim non vicus abundat*
Triſtibus obſcœnis? caſtigas turpia, cùm ſis
Inter Socraticos notiſſima foſſa cinædos?
Hiſpida membra quidem, & duræ per brachia ſetæ
Promittunt atrocem animum: ſed podice lævi
Cæduntur tumidæ, medico ridente, mariſcæ.
Rarus ſermo illis, & magna libido tacendi,
Atque ſupercilio brevior coma; veriùs ergo,
Et magis ingenuè Peribonius: hunc ego fatis
Imputo, qui vultu morbum, inceſſuque fatetur.
Horum ſimplicitas miſerabilis, his furor ipſe
Dat veniam: ſed pejores, qui talia verbis
Herculis invadunt, & de virtute locuti
Clunem agitant: ego te ceventem, Sexte, verebor,
Infamis Varillus ait? quo deterior te?

Loripedem

brary an Original of [g] *Cleanthes.* There is no judging by the Outside; for you meet in every Street with the most obscene Vices under the most formal Appearances. Have you the face to censure the Crimes of others, when thou art the most noted Sink of Sodomy, a Catamite with the Gravity of a Philosopher? Indeed the Complexion of your Body, your rough Limbs, your Arms with Hair like Bristles, seem to promise a vigorous and a manly Mind; but see how your Surgeon smiles, when he launces the swell'd Piles from your smooth Posteriors. These Saints are seldom heard to speak, they affect a wonderful Taciturnity, they wear their Hair shorter than their Eye-brows; but commend me to the Frankness [h] of *Peribonius*, who acts openly and above-board: I ascribe this Man's Vices to his Destiny, you may know the Part he plays by his Face and his Step; the plain-dealing of these Wretches is really to be pitied, the Madness of their Conduct pleads in their Excuse. Much worse are those venerable Sinners, who are always thundering their Censures against Crimes of this sort, are ever preaching up Virtue, and yet vilely prostitute themselves, and wag the Tail. Shall I, said the infamous [i] *Varillus*, be afraid of *Sextus*, whose Haunches are

[g] A *Stoic* Philosopher, Scholar to *Crates*, and Successor to *Zeno*; for his excessive Pains in improving Knowledge he was called another *Hercules*. He was so poor, that he was used at Nights to get his Living by drawing Water for the Gardens, that he might apply himself to the Study of Philosophy by Day. He wrote the Doctrine of his Master upon Ox-bones, and broken Tiles, for want of Money to buy Paper.

[h] Supposed to be the Chief Priest of *Cybele*, Principal of an Order of Rogues, so scandalous for Drunkenness and Debauchery, that it was not lawful for a free-born *Roman* to be one of the Number.

[i] A poor infamous Fellow, that would own no Difference between himself and *Sextus*, as vicious as he, but very rich.

the

Lorepēdem rectus derideat, Æthiopem albus.
Quis tulerit Gracchos de ſeditione quærentes?
Quis cælum terris non miſceat, & mare cælo, 25
Si fur diſpliceat Verri, aut homicida Miloni?
Clodius accuſet mœchos, Catilina Cethegum?
In tabulam Syllæ ſi dicant diſcipuli tres?
Qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter

Concubitu:

the common Sink of the Town, in what am I worſe than he? Indeed a ſtrait-limbed Fellow may be allowed to play upon his bandy-legg'd Companion, and a fair-ſkinn'd *European* deride the Blackneſs of an *Æthiop*; but for Vice to correct Sin! Who can bear the factious [k] *Gracchi* railing againſt Sedition? Who would not ſwear the Planets from their Spheres, when [l] *Verres* falls out with Thieving, or [m] *Milo* with Murder? To hear [n] *Clodius* preaching againſt Adulterers, or [o] *Catiline* impeach [p] *Cethegus* for plotting? Or the Triumvirs [q] *Auguſtus*, *Lepidus* and *Antonius*, the Diſciples of *Sylla*, condemn the cruel Proſcriptions of their Maſter? Such was the Imperial Lecher [r] *Domitian*, polluted

[k] Two factious Brothers, who affecting too much Popularity were killed; *Tiberius*, as he was making a Speech to the People, was ſlain by *Publius Naſica*, and *Caius* by the Command of the Conſul *Opimius*.

[l] He was made *Prætor* of *Sicily*, which Province he miſerably plundered and robbed, for which he was condemned and baniſhed.

[m] He murdered *Clodius* Tribune of the People.

[n] An impudent and ſacrilegious Adulterer. He came to the Solemnity of the *Good Goddeſs*, where no Man ought to be preſent, in the Habit of a ſinging Woman, to meet *Julius Cæſar*'s Wife.

[o] A dangerous Conſpirator, whoſe Plots were defeated by *Cicero*; he was a Perſon ſo infamous for a debauched Life, that his Name is frequently uſed to denote the vileſt of Men.

[p] A Fellow-Conſpirator with *Catiline*.

[q] *Auguſtus*, *Lepidus*, and *M. Antonius*, three famous *Romans*, who by Agreement divided the Empire between them. In the Beginning of the Triumvirate they followed the Example of *Sylla*, that bloody Tyrant, who proſcribed ſo many thouſand noble *Romans*, put them to Death, and ſeized upon their Eſtates.

[r] A *Roman* Emperor, who corrupted many Mens Wives. He took away *Domitia Longina* from her Huſband *Ælius Lamia*, and defiled *Julia*, Daughter to his Brother *Titus*, when ſhe was Wife to another; yet he made a Law againſt Inceſt, revived the *Scantinian* Law againſt unnatural Luſt, and another againſt the Violation of the *Veſtal Virgins*.

Concubitu: qui tunc leges revocabat amaras
Omnibus, atque ipſis Veneri, Martique timendas:
Cùm tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, & patruo ſimiles effunderet offas.
Nonne igitur jure, ac merito, vitia ultima fictos
Contemnunt Scauros, & caſtigata remordent?
Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quendam
Clamantem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia? dormis?
Atque ita ſubridens: felicia tempora! quæ te
Moribus opponunt: habeat jam Roma pudorem;
Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. *Sed tamen unde*
Hæc emis, hirſuto ſpirant opobalſama collo
Quæ tibi? ne pudeat dominum monſtrare tabernæ:
Quòd ſi vexantur leges, ac jura, citari
Ante omnes debet Scantinia; reſpice primùm
Et ſcrutare viros: faciunt hi plura; ſed illos

Defendit

with the impious Marriage of his Niece, who reviv'd the rigid Laws dreaded by all (terrible even to [s] *Mars* and *Venus)* at that very time when the fruitful *Julia*, by force of Drugs, had ſo often miſcarried by him of crude Births: Abortives the very Picture of the Uncle. May not the laſt of Vices juſtly and deſervedly contemn theſe falſe [t] *Scauri*, theſe counterfeit Reformers; and when cenſured turn again and recriminate? *Laronia* the Curteſan could not bear one of theſe ſupercilious Hypocrites, who was always crying out, What is become of the [u] *Julian* Law? Is it aſleep? She with a diſdainful Smile retorts, 'Happy Days, indeed, 'that made thee Cenſor of the Age! *Rome* 'muſt reform now for Shame. [x] *Cato* the 'third is dropped from the Clouds! But, 'grave Sir, where did you buy this Balſam that 'ſo ſweetly perfumes your hairy Neck? Don't 'be aſham'd to tell me the Maſter of the Shop's 'Name. If old Laws and Proceedings are to 'be reviv'd, pray let the [y] *Scantinian* againſt '*Pathicks* be one. Look at home, examine 'your own Sex, they outdo us in Wickedneſs,

[s] *Mars* played the Adulterer with *Venus*, and was ſurprized in a Net by *Vulcan*.

[t] *Æmilius Scaurus* was a factious and daring *Roman*, but had the Art of concealing his Vices.

[u] This Law was made upon the Account of *Clodius* and *Julius Cæſar*'s Wife, which puniſhes Adultery with Death.

[x] There were two eminent Perſons of that Name. *Cato Cenſorinus*, remarkable for his Gravity and ſtrict Diſcipline when he was Cenſor. *Cato Uticenſis*, his Great Grandchild, a ſevere Moraliſt, who ſlew himſelf at *Utica*, after *Cæſar* had conquered *Pompey*; our rigid *Stoic* here, it ſeems, was the third.

[y] *Caius Scantinius* was proſecuted by *Caius Marcellus*, for an unnatural Attempt upon his Son, which occaſioned a Law that fined him in a very large Sum, which he was to pay or forfeit his Life.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Magna inter molles concordia: non erit ullum
Exemplum in noſtro tam deteſtabile ſexu;
Tædia non lambit Cluviam, nec Flora Catullam:
Hippo ſubit juvenes, & morbo pallet utroque.
Nunquid nos agimus cauſas? civilia jura
Novimus? aut ullo ſtrepitu fora veſtra movemus?
Luctantur paucæ, comedunt coliphia paucæ:
Vos lanam trahitis, calathiſque peracta refertis
Vellera: Vos tenui prægnantem ſtamine fuſum
Penelope meliùs, leviùs torquetis Arachne,
Horrida quale facit reſidens in codice pellex.
Notum eſt, cur ſolo tabulas impleverit Hiſter
Liberto; dederit vivus cur multa puellæ.
Dives erit, magno quæ dormit tertia lecto.
Tu nube, atque tace: donant arcana cylindros.
De nobis poſt hæc triſtis ſententia fertur:
Det veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas.
Fugerunt trepidi vera, ac manifeſta canentem

Stoicidæ:

'but their Numbers and united Force ſecure 'them. There is a wonderful Love and Fel-'low-feeling among theſe Catamites. You 'will find no ſuch unnatural Practices commit-'ted by us. [z] *Tædia* never careſſes *Cluvia*, nor '*Flora Catulla*. *Hippo* acts the Part of both 'Sexes, and grows pale by unnatural Proſtitu-'tions. Do we invade your Province? do we 'offer to plead Cauſes, to ſtudy the Law, or 'to diſturb the Courts with our noiſy Bawlings? 'Some few of us, indeed, will fight a Prize up-'on the Stage, and one now and then you will 'find dieting herſelf for a wreſtling Match; 'but you Men ſubmit to ſpin Wooll, to carry 'your Work home in Baſkets, you load the 'Spindle with as fine a Thread as [a] *Penelope*, 'and twiſt more nimbly than [b] *Arachne*, or the '[c] dirty Harlot that ſpins tied to a Clog at her 'Maſter's Door. It is well known why *Hiſter* 'left his whole Eſtate to his Freedman, why 'he made ſo many noble Preſents to his young 'Wife while he lived; ſhe muſt needs be rich 'that can ſubmit to make a Third in Bed. 'Then marry my Girls, hold your Tongues, 'keep Counſel, and you'll ſparkle in Diamonds. 'Yet for all this the *Julian* Law muſt be re-'vived, forſooth, againſt us. Cenſure acquits 'the Crow, condemns the Dove.' The effe-minate [d] *Stoics* with all their Philoſophy could not

[z] *Tædia*, *Cluvia*, *Flora*, *Catulla*, famous *Roman* Curteſans in *Juvenal*'s time.

[a] The Wife of *Ulyſſes*, noted for Spinning and Weaving.

[b] A *Lydian* Maid turned into a Spider by *Pallas*, whom ſhe had challenged to weave with her.

[c] The Wife ſuſpecting the Familiarity of the Huſband with the Maid, uſed, in his Abſence, or after his Death, to expoſe her, by tying her to a Clog, and ſetting her to ſpin before the Door.

[d] Philoſophers ſo called from Στόα a Portico in *Athens*,

Stoïcidæ: quid enim falsi Laronia? sed quid
Non facient alii, cùm tu multitia sumas,
Cretice, & hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas, & Pollineas? est mœcha Fabulla:
Damnetur si vis, etiam Carfinia: talem
Non sumet damnata togam. Sed Julius ardet,
Æstuo: nudus agas; minùs est insania turpis.
En habitum, quo te leges, ac jura ferentem
Vulneribus crudis populus modò victor, & illud
Montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris.
Quid non proclames, in corpore Judicis ista
Si videas? quæro an deceant multitia testem.
Acer, & indomitus, libertatisque magister,
Cretice pelluces! Dedit hanc contagio labem,
Et dabit in plures: sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, & porrigine porci;
Uvaque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.
Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu:
Nemo repentè, fuit turpissimus, *accipient te*
Paulatim, qui longa domi redimicula sumunt
Frontibus, & toto posuêre monilia collo,

Atque

not ſtand this true and open Charge, they fled trembling with Guilt; for what had *Laronia* ſaid that could poſſibly be denied?

What will not others dare, when thou, [e] *Metellus Creticus*, trieſt Cauſes in Taffeta, a cobweb Veſt that ſhews thy Skin? When thou harangueſt againſt Whores and Adultereſſes before a wondering Audience? *Fabulla*, you ſay, is a Bawd, let her ſuffer the Law, and *Carfinia* too if you pleaſe; yet theſe Proſtitutes have not the Impudence to do penance in ſo thin a Veil. *But July is raging hot, I burn*; then go naked, to be thought mad would not be half the Scandal. See here a Gown Judicial! What would our Anceſtors with Conqueſt crowned, and their Wounds green, thoſe old Mountaineers leaving their Plough to come to *Rome*, what would they have ſaid to hear a ſilken Judge explaining their Laws and Liberties? Heavens! that a Judge ſhould ſit ſo lewdly dreſſed. Tell me, would ſuch a Robe become a Witneſs? *Metellus* fierce and implacable to Vice, the Patron of Liberty, lolls wantonly tranſparent on the Bench. Thy Example is infectious, the Plague ſpreads wider every Day; ſo one ſcabbed Sheep corrupts a Flock: Swine catch the Meaſles the ſame way; and one Grape touching another that is tainted, ſucks the Poiſon, and rots.

But it will not end here, you'll ſoon attempt a Habit more ſcandalous than this; for no Man becomes completely infamous at once. You'll ſoon be Company for thoſe lewd Prieſts, who in their looſe Retirements, like female Votaries, bind their Foreheads with long Fillets, and, their

where they uſed to meet and to diſpute; they affected to preach up Moral Virtue, and to be diſtinguiſh'd by the Severity of their Manners.

[e] Deſcended from the Family of that *Metellus*, who was called *Creticus*, from his Conqueſt of *Crete*.

Atque Bonam teneræ placant abdomine porcæ,
Et magno cratere Deam: ſed more ſiniſtro
Exagitata procul non intrat fœmina limen.
Solis ara Deæ maribus patet: ite profanæ,
Clamatur: nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu.
Talia ſecretâ coluerunt Orgia tædâ
Cecropiam ſoliti Baptæ laſſare Cotyttô.
Ille ſupercilium madidâ fuligine tactum
Obliquâ producit acu, pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos; vitreo bibit ille Priapo,
Reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
Cærulea indutus ſcutulata, aut galbana raſa;
Et per Junonem domini jurante miniſtro.
Ille tenet ſpeculum, pathici geſtamen Othonis,
Actoris Aurunci ſpolium, quo ſe ille videbat

Armatum

Necks ſurrounded with a String of Jewels, appeaſe the [f] *Good Goddeſs* with a Sacrifice of a young Sow's Belly; and a large Goblet of Wine for a Libation; but contrary to ancient Rites, Women find no admittance here, they are kept aloof, Men only are the Votaries of this Goddeſs. Be gone, unholy Females, hence, they cry; we'll have no Minſtrel with her Cornet here. So celebrated were the Orgies of the *Baptæ* by private Torch-light at *Athens*, when they uſed to tire the lewd [g] *Cotytto* with their Impurities. One ſmooths his Eye-brows with a Pencil dipt in Soot infuſed, and paints his trembling Eyes. Another, like a wanton *Bacchanal*, drinks out of a glaſs *Priapus*, and ties up his long Treſſes of Hair in a Caul woven with Gold, dreſſes in a Robe wrought with Figures like Cobwebs, or in a ſoft white Veſt. Led by the Example, the lewd Slave ſwears by [h] *Juno* the Deity of his Maſter. Another, proud as if he bore the Spear that [i] *Turnus* won from *Actor* of *Aurunca*, carries a Mirror, the Shield of Pathic [k] *Otho*, in which he view'd himſelf arm'd *Cap-a-pee*,

[f] A *Roman* Lady, famous for Chaſtity, Wife to one *Faunus*, and after her Death conſecrated. Some take her for *Proſerpine*. Her Sacrifice was a Sow-Pig. She was worſhip'd by Women only, who were ſummoned to her Service by the blowing of a Horn; till there aroſe an execrable Society of Men, acting the moſt impure and filthy Rites in honour of this Deity, and the Women were excluded.

[g] *Cotytto* was a Strumpet, whoſe Feſtival was celebrated at *Athens*, (a City of *Greece*, whoſe firſt King was *Cecrops*) with all Lewdneſs; the *Baptæ* were her Prieſts, called ſo becauſe they were waſhed in hot Water, before they were admitted to her filthy Sacrifice.

[h] Women ſwore by *Juno*, and Men by their *Genius*.

[i] *Turnus*, King of the *Rutilians*, overcame *Actor* of *Aurunca* a City in *Italy*, and carried off his weighty Spear.

[k] He killed *Galba* and ſucceeded him, but was conquered by *Vitellius* at *Bedriacum*, a Village between *Verona* and *Cremona*,

Armatum, cùm jam tolli vexilla juberet.
Res memoranda novis annalibus, atque recenti
Hiſtoriâ ; ſpeculum civilis ſarcina belli.
Nimirum ſummi ducis eſt occidere Galbam,
Et curare cutem ſummi conſtantia civis ;
Bedriaci in campo ſpolium affectare Palatî,
Et preſſum in faciem digitis extendere panem :
Quod nec in Aſſyrio pharetrata Semiramis orbe,
Mœſta nec Actiacâ fecit Cleopatra carinâ.
Hîc nullus verbis pudor, aut reverentia menſæ :
Hîc turpis Cybeles, & fractâ voce loquendi
Libertas, & crine ſenex fanaticus albo
Sacrorum antiſtes, rarum ac memorabile magni
Gutturis exemplum, conducenduſque magiſter.
Quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat jam
More ſupervacuam cultris abrumpere carnem ?

Quadringenta

pee, when he gave out the Signal to engage. A memorable Event fit to be recorded in the Annals of the preſent Age, or modern Hiſtory! A Looking-Glaſs, choice Baggage for a civil War! An Action worthy of a gallant General, to kill old *Galba* in the *Forum*, and then to paint becomes the mightieſt Citizen of *Rome*; To fight at *Bedriacum* for the Sceptre of the World, then dawb the Face with a ſoft Paſte of Bread ſteept in the Milk of Aſſes! A Softneſs the great *Semiramis* abhorr'd, arm'd with her Quiver in the *Syrian* Plains, and *Cleopatra* too, flying dejected in her *Actian* Galley. No Decency of Converſation, no Regard to the Decorum of Diſcourſe at Table is obſerv'd here, they affect an unbounded Licentiouſneſs, and a liſping Dialect like the vile Prieſts of [1] *Cybele*, the Maſter of the Ceremonies being an old white-headed Pontiff, poſſeſſed with Luſt, ſtrange and remarkable for his wide Swallow, and fit to preſide in ſuch filthy Solemnities. Why this Delay? Is it not high time they ſhould, after the *Phrygian* Cuſtom, cut off that ſuperfluous Fleſh they make no uſe of?

Cremona. He was ſo effeminate as to paint his Face in a Glaſs, before the Engagement. *Juvenal* remarks, that *Semiramis* the *Aſſyrian* Queen, and *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt*, (who was preſent at the Fight at *Actium*) behaved more like Men. He is charged with having an unnatural Commerce with *Nero*.

[1] *Cybele*, the Daughter of *Heaven* and *Earth*, called *the Mother of the Gods*; the *Corybantes* were her Prieſts, who worſhipped her by the Sound of Drums, Tabers, Pipes and Cymbals. She loved a beautiful *Phrygian* Youth called *Atys*, and made him her Prieſt, upon Condition that he ſhould live chaſte; but breaking his Vow, ſhe made him run mad, and cut off his Teſticles, and would have deſtroyed himſelf, but in pity ſhe changed him into a Pine-Tree. By his Example her *Phrygian* Prieſts ever afterwards gelt themſelves with the Shell of a Fiſh.

Gracchus

Quadringenta dedit Gracchus ſeſtertia, dotem
Cornicini: ſive hic recto cantaverat ære;
Signatæ tabulæ; dictum feliciter! *ingens*
Cœna ſedet: gremio jacuit nova nupta mariti.
O Proceres, cenſore opus eſt, an haruſpice nobis?
Scilicet horreres, majoraque monſtra putares,
Si mulier vitulum, vel ſi bos ederet agnum?
Segmenta & longos habitus, & flammea ſumit,
Arcano qui ſacra ferens nutantia loro
Sudavit clypeis ancilibus. O pater urbis!
Unde nefas tantum Latiis paſtoribus? unde
Hæc tetigit, Gradive, tuos urtica nepotes?
Traditur ecce viro clarus genere, atque opibus vir:

[m] *Gracchus* gave four hundred *Seſtertia* with himſelf in Dower to one that winds a Horn, or if you pleaſe a Trumpeter; the Marriage-Contract is ſigned, the uſual Joy wiſh'd, a coſtly Supper provided, the He-Bride in his Bridegroom's Arms is laid. Nobles of *Rome*, need we a [n] *Cenſor* to correct, or an [o] *Aruſpex* to expiate theſe Crimes? Impurities that make you tremble, and of more portentous Import than for a Woman to be delivered of a Calf, or a Cow calve a Lamb.

[p] THE luſty Prieſt that ſweated with the Weight of the *Ancilia*, clattering in the Dance, and tied with Thongs of Leather cloſe within, now wears the Necklace, the Veil, the long Robe of a Bride. Thou grand [q] Founder of our City, how came thy *Latian* Shepherds plung'd in ſuch Crimes? How came thy warlike Race infected with ſuch filthy Lechery? See here a Man of Fortune, of the firſt Rank, turn'd up for a Wife! And yet thou never

[m] An infamous Nobleman, a Diſgrace to his Family and Nation.

[n] The *Cenſors* were two Officers choſen by the Conſuls, with the Conſent of the Senate; their Buſineſs was to puniſh evil and indecent Manners, ſuch as the Law took no Cognizance of, by degrading the Senators and Knights, and disfranchiſing the Commonalty.

[o] A Soothſayer, part of whoſe Office it was to luſtrate or purge any Place polluted with any monſtrous or portentous Event.

[p] The ſame *Gracchus*. He was one of the *Salii* or Prieſts of *Mars*, who had the care of the *Ancilia*, or *Brazen Shields*, of which there were twelve; one fell from Heaven, the reſt were made by that Pattern by *Numa*. Theſe Prieſts wore a Cap like a Helmet, and embroidered Coat, a brazen Breaſt-plate, with a little Shield faſtened with a Thong on the Inſide, and ſmall Daggers in their Hands, with which they ſtruck upon the Shields, and thus every Year in *March* they ſolemnly danced about the *Forum* and the *Capitol*.

[q] *Mars*, the ſuppoſed Father of *Romulus*.

ſhak'ſt

Nec galeam quaſſas, nec terram cuſpide pulſas?
Nec quereris patri? Vade ergo, & cede ſeveri
Jugeribus campi, quem negligis. Officium cràs
Primo ſole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini:
Quæ cauſa officii? quid quæris? nubit amicus,
Nec multos adhibet, liceat modò vivere: fient,
Fient iſta palam, cupient & in acta referri.
Interea tormentum ingens nubentibus hæret,
Quòd nequeunt parere, & partu retinere maritos.
Sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora juris
Natura indulget; ſteriles moriuntur, & illis
Turgida non prodeſt conditâ pyxide Lyde,
Nec prodeſt agili palmas præbere Luperco.
Vicit & hoc monſtrum tunicati fuſcina Gracchi,

Luſtravitque

ſhak'ſt thy threatening Helmet, nor ſtrik'ſt the Earth with thy avenging Spear, nor doſt complain to *Jove* thy Father; Prithee be gone, and leave the [r] *Campus Martius* devoted to thy Godſhip, to a more active Deity. Early tomorrow I'm to go to the [s] *Quirinal* Vale to pay my Compliments. *On what Account?* Can't you gueſs? My He-Friend is to be a Bride; indeed he keeps it private, but have a little patience, this ſort, this very ſort of Weddings will be celebrated openly, and inſiſt of being enter'd in the public Regiſters. Theſe Male Wives indeed have one ſad Torment that ſticks cloſe to them, they can't breed, nor engage the Affection of their Huſbands by bringing Children; no, Nature has wiſely denied their Souls the Power of changing the Sex of their Bodies, they die childleſs; nor can plump [t] *Lyde* with her Box of Ointment, nor a ſmart Stroke from the [u] *Luperci*'s Thong, promote Conception, or make the Labour Eaſy.

YET [x] *Gracchus*, armed with his Trident in a common Fencer's Dreſs, exceeds this monſtrous

[r] A Field conſecrated to *Mars*, between *Rome* and the *Tiber*, where the *Roman* Youth went through their Exerciſes.

[s] The Porch of the Temple of *Romulus*, where matrimonial Contracts were ſometimes made.

[t] She went about among the Women with Boxes of Ointments to promote Fruitfulneſs.

[u] In the Month of *February* the Prieſts of *Pan* uſed to run naked about the City, with a Thong of a Goat-ſkin in their Hands; a Stroke of which was believ'd to forward Conception; the married Women who had no Children were ſure to place themſelves in the Way.

[x] This ſcandalous Nobleman debaſed himſelf to play the Part of a *Retiarius*, who was ſo called from the principal Part of his Furniture; for he was dreſſed in a ſhort Coat, he bore a three-pointed Lance in his Left-hand, and in his Right a *Net*, with which he attempted to entangle his Adverſary, by caſting it over his Head, and ſuddenly drawing it

Luſtravitque fugâ mediam gladiator arenam,
Et Capitolinis generoſior, & Marcellis,
Et Catuli, Paulique minoribus, & Fabiis, &
Omnibus ad podium ſpectantibus: hic licèt ipſam
Admoveas, cujus tunc munere retia miſit.
Eſſe aliquos manes, & ſubterranea regna,
Et contum, & Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Atque unâ tranſire vadum tot millia cymbâ,
Nec pueri credunt, niſi qui nondum ære lavantur.
Sed tu vera puta. Curius quid ſentit, & ambo
Scipiadæ? quid Fabricius, maneſque Camilli?
Quid Cremeræ legio, & Cannis conſumpta juventus?

ſtrous Act; when as a Gladiator, he traverſes the Stage, and wheels about 'till he has fix'd his Aim: Tho' nobler born than were the [y] *Manlii*, *Marcelli*, *Catuli*; than the Poſterity of *Paulus*, the *Fabii*; than the Spectators of every Rank in the Front-Boxes; than the very Prætor, at whoſe Expence this noble *Retiarius* throws his Net.

THAT there are Ghoſts and ſubterraneous Realms, and [z] *Charon* with his Pole; that filthy Frogs crawl in the *Stygian* Lake, that ſo many thouſand Souls are wafted over in one leaky Boat, is ſcarce believed by Boys, except when young, under four Years, allowed to bathe for nothing. Theſe Truths do thou believe. What would great *Curius*, and the *Scipio's*, *Camillus'* Ghoſt, [a] the Legion ſlain at *Cremera*, the Youth deſtroyed

it together, and then with his Trident he uſually ſlew him. The other Combatant was called *Myrmillo*, who, beſides a hooked Sword and a Buckler, was allowed alſo a Helmet, on which was the Image of a Fiſh, which gave Occaſion to the *Retiarius* to ſay, when he caſt his Net, *I do not aim at you, I throw at your Fiſh.* The *Myrmillo* is ſometimes called *Secutor* or the *Perſuer*, becauſe if the *Retiarius* did not dexterouſly poiſe his Arm in caſting his Net, but either threw too ſhort, or too far, he inſtantly betook himſelf to his Heels, running about the Amphitheatre for his Life, that he might gather up his Net for a ſecond Caſt; the *Myrmillo* in the mean time as ſwiftly purſuing him (whence he was called *Secutor*) to prevent him of his Deſign.

[y] *Manlii*, *Marcelli*, &c. noble Families, and an Ornament to the *Roman* Name.

[z] The Son of *Erebus* and *Nox*, and Ferryman of Hell; he wafted the Souls of the Dead over the *Stygian* Lake, in an old Boat, which he ſhoved over with a Pole.

[a] After ſome other great Names our Author mentions the Legion ſlain at *Cremera*. They were the noble Family of the *Fabii*; about three hundred of them, who took upon themſelves the War againſt the *Veientes*, and after ſome Advantages, were at laſt, by a Stratagem, all cut off at *Cremera*, a River of *Tuſcany*, to a Man; a Child of the Family happened to be left behind at *Rome*, from whom, after many

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Tot bellorum animæ? quoties hinc talis ad illos
Umbra venit; cuperent luſtrari, ſi qua darentur
Sulphura cum tædis, & ſi foret humida laurus.
Illuc, heu! miſeri traducimur: arma quidem ultra
Littora Juvernæ promovimus, & modò captas
Orcadas, ac minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.
Sed quæ nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
Non faciunt illi, quos vicimus: & tamen unus
Armenius Zelates cunctis narratur ephebis
Mollior ardenti ſeſe indulſiſſe Tribuno.
Aſpice quid faciant commercia: venerat obſes.
Hîc fiunt homines: nam ſi mora longior urbem
Indulſit pueris, non unquam deerit amator:
Mittentur braccæ, cultelli, fræna, flagellum:
Sic prætextatos referunt Artaxata mores.

SATIRA

deſtroyed at [b] *Cannæ*, ſo many warlike Souls, what would they ſay to ſee an unbelieving *Shade* arrive among them? They'd think they were profaned, call for Luſtrations, for [c] Sulphur, and Pine-tree Wood, and for a Laurel-branch to ſprinkle them with pure Water. Hither, alas! we Wretches are conveyed; although our Arms advance beyond [d] *Juverna*'s Shores; tho' the [e] *Orcades* are juſt ſubdued, and [f] Northern *Britons*, in Summer bleſt almoſt with conſtant Sun; but thoſe Impurities which Imperial *Rome* acts daily, to Provinces we conquer, are unknown. Yet one [g] *Zelates* an *Armenian* is ſaid to be more effeminate than all our Striplings, and lays himſelf open to a Tribune's Luſt. See the bleſt Fruits of Commerce! hither he came an Hoſtage; they ſoon grow Maſter of the Trade. If we admit theſe Youths to ſtay much longer with us, they'll ſoon forget the Cuſtoms of their Country, deſpiſe their open Trowſers, ſhort Knives, Whip and Bridles, and ſo bring home to the *Armenian* Capital the Vices of our looſe young Nobles here.

Deſcents came that *Fabius Maximus*, created Dictator againſt *Hannibal*. The Number deſtroyed was not near a Legion, (which conſiſted of 6000 Foot and 700 Horſe) but their Valour and Merit made them equal.

[b] An obſcure Village in *Apulia*, made famous by a great Overthrow which *Hannibal* gave the *Romans*; the *Carthaginians* did execution ſo long, that *Hannibal* himſelf cried out, *Soldiers no more Blood.*

[c] The ancient Way of purging thoſe that were polluted was with Sulphur, and the Wood of the unctuous Pine-tree, to ſprinkle them likewiſe with a Laurel-Branch dipped in Water.

[d] The Coaſt of *Ireland.*

[e] The Iſlands of *Orkney* in the North of *Scotland.*

[f] In the Summer Solſtice, and in the moſt Northern Parts of the Iſland of *Britain*, there is ſcarce any Night.

[g] A Youth, ſent to *Rome* from *Artaxata* the Capital of *Armenia*, debauched by the Tribune who had the Cuſtody of him.

SATIRA III.

QUamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
Janua Baiarum eſt, & gratum littus, amæni
Receſſus. ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ.
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, ac mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe Poëtas?
Sed dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ.

Subſtitit

SATIRE III.

THO' I am disturb'd at the Absence of an old Friend, yet I can't but commend him for fixing upon the Privacy of [a] *Cumæ*, and adding one new Inhabitant to that noted Residence of the *Sibyl*; it lies in the high Road to [b] *Baiæ*, has a pleasant Shore and delightful Retirements. For my own Part, I would rather live at the barren Island of [c] *Prochyta*, than in the middle of [d] *Suburra*; for what Place can be more wretched and solitary, and give you more frightful Apprehensions, than the frequent Fires, the continual falling of Houses, and a thousand other Accidents that every Day happen in this dangerous City, but especially than that execrable Custom of the Poets reciting their Verses in the Dog-days? My Friend waiting for the poor little Cart that was sufficient to carry

[a] A City of *Æolis*, opposite to *Lesbos*, the Country of the *Sibyl* called *Cumæa*, or *Erythræa*, who came afterwards into *Italy*.

[b] A delightful City of *Campania*, situated near the Sea-side, between *Puteoli* and *Misenum*, and abounds in warm Springs; near it are to be seen the Remains of *Caligula*'s Bridge. It was so called from *Baius*, one of *Ulysses*'s Mates, buried there.

[c] A desert and rugged Island in the *Tyrrhene* Sea, near the Cape of *Misenum*.

[d] One of the principal Streets in *Rome*, frequented chiefly by the Vulgar, and Women of bad Fame.

Subſtitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam:
Hîc, ubi nocturnæ Numa conſtituebat amicæ,
Nunc ſacri fontis nemus, & delubra locantur
Judæis: quorum cophinus, fœnumque ſupellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere juſſa eſt
Arbor, & ejectis mendicat ſylva camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ deſcendimus, & ſpeluncas
Diſſimiles veris: quanto præſtantius eſſet
Numen aquæ, viridi ſi margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum?
Hîc tunc Umbritius: quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, herè quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas:

Dum

his whole Furniture, ſtopt at the [e] old Arches near the Conduit-Gate. 'Twas here that [f] *Numa* in the Night conſulted with his beloved *Egeria*. Now that Grove, that ſacred Fount, thoſe hallowed Shrines, are let to *Jews*, whoſe whole Eſtate conſiſts in a Baſket for their own Proviſions, and a Truſs of Hay for their Cattle. Such is the Avarice of the Senate, that every Tree is compelled, as it were, to pay a Tax for its ſtanding. The venerable Grove, devoted to the Muſes, long ſince expelled, is now a Neſt of Beggars. We deſcend into the Vale of *Egeria*, to thoſe fair Wells that are really ſpoil'd by their Ornaments. How much diviner had the Waters been, if with an Edge of never-dying Graſs, the Fount had been incloſed, nor Marble had profaned the native Stone?

HERE then, *Umbritius* begins; Since, ſays he, this City affords no Place for the Improvement of noble Arts, no Encouragement for Induſtry, ſince the Evil grows worſe every Day, and to-morrow will file off ſomething from the little that is left, I'm reſolv'd to go to *Cumæ*, where *Dædalus* put off his

[e] An Arch was a Monument of Stone like the Arch of a Bridge, erected in memory of ſome Triumph or Victory. This was raiſed in honour of the *Horatii*; and over it, and the South-Gate of the City, were Pipes laid to convey the Water from the Fountain of *Egeria*.

[f] The ſecond King of *Rome*, who firſt inſtilled into the *Romans* a Reverence for Religion; and the more ſtrongly to recommend his Laws, he perſuaded them that every Night he converſed with a Goddeſs, or a Nymph called *Egeria*, from whoſe Mouth he received his whole Form of Government: Their Place of Meeting was in a Grove without the *Porta Capena*, dedicated to the Muſes, wherein was a Temple conſecrated to them, and to the Goddeſs *Egeria*, whoſe Fountain waters the Grove; for it ſeems ſhe wept herſelf into a Fountain, for the Death of *Numa*. This Fountain, Grove, and Temple, were let out at a yearly Rent to *Jews*.

Dum nova canities, dum prima, & recta ſenectus,
Dum ſupereſt Lacheſi, quod torqueat, & pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.
Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic,
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt,
Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver
Et præbere caput dominâ venale ſub haſtâ.
Quondam hi cornicines, & municipalis arenæ
Perpetui comites, notæque per oppida buccæ,
Munera nunc edunt, & verſo pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter: inde reverſi
Conducunt foricas: & cur non omnia? cùm ſint
Quales ex humili magna ad faſtigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.
Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare, & poſcere: motus

Aſtrorum

tired Wings. Whilſt gray Hairs juſt begin to appear, whilſt old Age is freſh and upright, and [g] *Lacheſis* has yet ſome Thread to ſpin, whilſt I can ſtand upon my own Legs, and walk without the help of a Staff. Let us leave our native City; let thoſe Villains, [h] *Arturius* and *Catulus*, live there; let thoſe ſtay behind who turn black into white, and confound the Notions of right and wrong; who make nothing of hiring Houſes, Rivers, Havens, to let out for Gain; of cleanſing common Sewers, of undertaking Funerals, of ſelling Slaves, or even themſelves, by Auction. Theſe Fellows were originally no more than Trumpeters, conſtant Followers of a Sett of Strollers, known all the Country over by their ſwelled Cheeks. Now they exhibit Sword-plays at their own Expence, and from an Air of Popularity adjudge to death the vanquiſhed Gladiator, by the [i] Turn of their Thumbs; from thence they return again to their old Trade of Gold-finding, and what not? Theſe are the Men that Fortune, in a merry Humour, raiſes out of the Dirt to the higheſt Pinacle of human Greatneſs.

WHAT ſhall I do at *Rome?* I cannot lye; I cannot praiſe a Book, or beg to read it, if it

[g] The Heathens believed, that the Thread of Man's Life was diſpoſed of by *three* fatal Siſters, Daughters of *Erebus* and *Nox*, called the *Deſtinies*. *Clotho* bore the Diſtaff, *Lacheſis* ſpun the Thread, and *Atropos* (when it came to the appointed End) cut it off.

[h] Two upſtart Fellows, who became rich, and monopolized all Places of Profit and Advantage, of a Scavenger, Gold-finder, *&c.*

[i] In a Fight of *Gladiators*, if the People thought he that was overcome behaved like a Coward, without Courage or Art, they uſed to clench one Hand, the Thumb ſtanding upwards, and to give that Hand a Caſt gently over their Shoulder, in a kind of Contempt; as much as to ſay, *Away with him*, let him be killed, he is not fit to live.

Aſtrorum ignoro : ſunus promittere patris
Nec volo, nec poſſum : ranarum viſcera nunquam
Inſpexi : ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, nôrint alii : me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit ; atque ideo muli comes exeo, tanquam
Mancus, & extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.
Quis nunc diligitur, niſi conſcius, & cui fervens
Æſtuat occultis animus, ſemperque tacendis ?
Nil tibi ſe debere putat, nil conferet unquam,
Participem qui te ſecreti fecit honeſti.
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accuſare poteſt. tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas, ponendaque præmia ſumas
Triſtis, & à magno ſemper timearis amico.
Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipuè fugiam, properabo fateri ;
Nec pudor obſtabit. Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem, quamvis quota portio fæcis Achææ ?

Jampridem

be bad. I know nothing of the Motion of the Stars; I neither will nor can foretell the Death of a rich Father, to a gaping Heir; I never inſpected the Intrails of Toads for Poiſon: Let others value themſelves for their Dexterity in conveying a Preſent or a Letter from the Adulterer to another Man's Wife. I'll be Receiver to no Thief, and therefore you ſee me alone, going out without one Companion, like a Limb lopp'd off, or a wither'd Arm uſeleſs to the Body. Who is the Man careſſed, but he that is conſcious of deep Intrigues, whoſe Heart, labouring with Secrets of another's Guilt, never to be revealed, burns in his Boſom? If a Friend opens his Breaſt, and diſcloſes a Secret that tends to his Honour, he does not think himſelf under an Obligation, nor will he reward you for your pains in keeping it cloſe; but *Verres* muſt load that Man with Favours, who has *Verres*'s Life in his Power, and can arraign him at the Bar when he pleaſes. Let not the golden Sand that [k] *Tagus* rolls within its ſhady Stream as a rich Tribute to the Sea rob thee of ſweet Repoſe, or prevail with thee to touch, at the hazard of thy Conſcience, thoſe Bribes which thou ſhould'ſt ſcorn, which make thee dreaded by thy wealthy Friend, who hires thee to conceal his Guilt.

I'M out of patience, nor ſhall Shame reſtrain me from ſhewing what a foreign Sett of Gentry (Rogues I ſhall carefully avoid) are the choice Favourites of our purſe-proud Citizens. I can't endure, my noble Countrymen, a [l] *Grecian* Town within the Walls of *Rome*; and yet how ſmall the Number of that *Grecian* Crew compared with

[k] A River of *Portugal*, famous in thoſe times for its golden Sands.

[l] Frequented by Raſcally *Greeks* and *Syrians*, who by their Artifices got into the Favour of the Rich.

Syrians?

Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
Et linguam, & mores, & cum tibicine chordas
Obliquas, necnon gentilia tympana secum
Vexit, & ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.
Ite, quibus grata est picta lupa Barbara mitrâ.
Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
Hic altâ Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,
Hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus, aut Allabandis,
Esquilias, dictumque petunt à vimine collem;
Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri.

Ingenium

Syrians? [m] *Orontes* long ago has flow'd into the [n] *Tyber*, and introduced their Language, Cuſtoms, their crooked Harps, Fidlers, and Country-Cymbals, and taught their common Whores to ply publicly for Cullies at the [o] *Circus*. Haſte hither you that love to ride a foreign Hackney, dreſſed with a painted Topknot; O [p] *Romulus*, thy Nation of Clodhoppers wear the looſe [q] Gown of a fawning Client, and hang the Rewards of Victory about their Necks, bedawb'd with Wax and Oil like a Prize-fighter. One comes from the lofty [r] City of *Sicyon*, a ſecond from [s] *Amydon*, a third from [t] *Andros*, a fourth from [u] *Samos*, a fifth from [x] *Tralles*, or [y] *Alabanda*; hither they flock to Mount [z] *Eſquiline*, or the *Viminal* Hill, get into the Secrets of great Families, ſoon turn out the old Maſters, and

[m] A River of *Syria* riſing in Mount *Libanus*, and diſcharging it ſelf by *Antioch* into the Sea.

[n] A famous River of *Italy* that runs by *Rome*.

[o] Underneath the Seats of the *Circus* there were Cells or Vaults, where Women, eſpecially Foreigners, proſtituted themſelves for Money.

[p] The ſuppoſed Son of *Mars* by *Ilia* the Niece of *Numitor*; he was the Founder of *Rome*.

[q] Our Author obſerves here, (tho' this Place has proved troubleſome to Expoſitors) that while the *Greeks* and other Nations were exquiſite in Flattery, and in getting Money, the dull *Romans* were good for nothing but to trudge about for the Benefit of the *Sportula*, or to purſue the idle Fame ariſing from their Skill in Fencing.

[r] *Sicyon*, a City of *Peloponneſus*.

[s] *Amydon*, a City of *Macedon*.

[t] *Andros*, an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea.

[u] An Iſland in the *Icarian* Sea, oppoſite to *Ionia*.

[x] *Tralles*, a City of the leſſer *Aſia*, between *Caria* and *Lydia*.

[y] *Alabanda*, a City in *Caria*, infamous for effeminate Men, and looſe ſinging Women.

[z] The ſeven Hills that *Rome* ſtood upon were the *Palatine*, the *Quirinal*, the *Aventine*, the *Eſquiline*, the *Tarpeian* or *Capitoline*, and the *Viminal*, called ſo from the Oziers growing upon it.

become

Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo
Promptus, & Iſæo torrentior : ede quid illum
Eſſe putes ? quemvis hominem ſecum attulit ad nos :
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus : omnia novit
Græculus eſuriens ; in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit.
Ad ſummum non Maurus erat, nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,
Qui ſumpſit pennas, mediis ſed natus Athenis.
Horum ego non fugiam conchylia ? me prior ille
Signabit ? fultuſque toro meliore recumbet,
Advectus Romam, quo pruna coctona, vento ?
Uſque adeò nihil eſt, quòd noſtra infantia cœlum
Hauſit Aventini, baccâ nutrita Sabinâ ?
Quid ? quod adulandi gens prudentiſſima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis, Antæum procul à tellure tenentis ?
Miratur vocem anguſtam, quâ deterius nec
Ille ſonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.
Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : ſed illis
Creditur. an melior cùm Thaïda ſuſtinet, aut cùm
Uxorem Comœdus agit, vel Dorida nullo

Cultam

become Lords themſelves. They are Fellows of a quick Wit, of abandon'd Impudence, of a ready Speech, and a Volubility of Tongue ſuperior to [a] *Iſæus* himſelf. What ſort of a Creature will you call this? He is completely a Jack of all Trades, a Grammarian, a Rhetorician, a Geometrician, a Painter, a Nointer of Wreſtlers, a Soothſayer, a Rope-dancer, a Phyſician, a Conjurer, this hungry *Greek* knows every thing; bid him fly in the Air, he'll do it: In ſhort, *Dædalus* who invented Wings was no *Moor*, no *Sarmatian*, no *Thracian*, but born in the middle of *Athens*. Shall I not avoid theſe Raſcals ſtrutting in Purple? Shall he ſign his Name before mine, or ſit above me at Table, that ſail'd to *Rome* with the ſame Wind that brought a Freight of Prunes and *Syrian* Figs? Is it then ſo deſpicable a thing to draw our firſt Breath on Mount *Aventine*, and be brought up with *Sabine* Olives? Who can bear this crafty Nation of Hypocrites, crying up the Wit of a rich Blockhead their Patron, commending his Lordſhip's ugly Face, comparing his long Crane-neck, tottering on his weak Shoulders, with the Strength of *Hercules* ſhaking [b] *Antæus* in the Air, applauding his ſqueaking Voice, tho' he creaks like a Hen, when the Cock bites and treads her? We indeed can flatter as well as they, but they are believ'd before us. Who can act more to the life when he repreſents a Curteſan, a Wife or a Sea-Nymph naked, upon the Stage? 'Tis not the Player,

[a] An *Athenian* Orator, the Maſter of *Demoſthenes*.

[b] A Giant begot by *Neptune* upon the Earth; when he found himſelf weary, he recovered his Strength and Spirits by touching the Earth his Mother; and therefore when *Hercules* wreſtled with him, he held him up in the Air, that the Earth ſhould not refreſh him.

but

Cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipſa videtur,
Non perſona loqui: vacua & plana omnia dicas
Infrà ventriculum, & tenui diſtantia rimâ.
Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratocles, aut cum molli Demetrius Hæmo:
Natio comæda eſt: rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur: flet, ſi lachrymas conſpexit amici,
Nec dolet: igniculum brumâ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit Endromidem: ſi dixeris, æſtuo, ſudat.
Non ſumus ergo pares: melior qui ſemper, & omni
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum;
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectùm minxit amicus,
Si trulla inverſo crepitum dedit aurea fundo.
Præterea ſanctum nihil eſt, & ab inguine tutum:
Non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipſe
Sponſus lævis adhuc, non filius antè pudicus.
Horum ſi nihil eſt, aviam reſupinat amici.
Scire volunt ſecreta domûs, atque inde timeri.
Et quoniam cæpit Græcorum mentio, tranſi
Gymnaſia, atque audi facinus majoris abollæ.

but the very Woman ſeems to ſpeak, you'd ſwear (allowing a ſmall matter of difference) 'twas all plain and bare below the Girdle. In ſhort, the moſt famous *Greek* Actors, *Antiochus*, *Stratocles*, *Demetrius*, or *Hæmus* with his ſoft Voice, will be quite out of date; for *Greece* is a whole Nation of Mimicks: do but ſmile, he laughs out till his Sides ſhake; to ſee a Friend in tears, he weeps, but with no manner of concern; call for a little Fire in Winter-time, he inſtantly claps on this thick Shag-Coat; ſay you're hot, he ſweats. So that we are not upon a level with theſe Fellows, who have always an artificial Face to clap on, eſpecially a Copy of their Patron's Countenance; are ever ready to lift up their Hands with Admiration, and bleſs themſelves if their Lord does but ſo much as belch with a Grace, if he piſſes with a clear Stream, if he does but [c] ſmack with an Air, after he has turn'd up the Bottom of the golden Bowl, and ſupp'd up the laſt Drop.

BESIDES, there is nothing ſo ſacred that can eſcape the Luſt of theſe rank *Greeks*, not the Miſtreſs of the Family, not the Maiden Daughter, not the young Bridegroom, nor the Son before untainted; if you have none of theſe in your-Houſe, they will take up with your old Grandame; they work themſelves into the Secrets of your Family, then you fear them as your Maſters. And now we are ſpeaking of theſe Sycophants, do but ſtep into their *Schools*, and you'll hear an Account of Villainy perpetrated by a grave Profeſſor with his Philoſophic

[c] This Paſſage refers to the *Greek* Cuſtom of applauding a Man after he had drank a large Veſſel (ſuch as the *Trulla* was) at a Draught; which clean Carouſing was generally expreſſed by a Smack, or kiſſing the Bottom of the Cup.

Stoïcus occîdit Baream, delator amicum,
Diſcipulumque ſenex, ripâ nutritus in illâ,
Ad quam Gorgonei delapſa eſt penna caballi.
Non eſt Romano cuiquam locus hîc, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus,
Qui gentis vitio nunquam partitur amicum;
Solus habet. Nam cùm facilem ſtillavit in aurem
Exiguum de naturæ, patriæque veneno,
Limine ſummoveor: periêrunt tempora longi
Servitii: nuſquam minor eſt jactura clientis.
Quod porrò officium (ne nobis blandiar) aut quod
Pauperis hîc meritum? ſi curet nocte togatus
Currere, cùm Prætor lictorem impellat, & ire
Præcipitem jubeat, dudum vigilantibus orbis,

Cloke. [d] *Egnatius* the Stoic murder'd his Pupil *Bareas*, the Informer betray'd his Friend, the old Tutor was the Death of his Scholar; this Monſter was a *Greek*, bred upon the Coaſts of [e] *Tarſus*, where *Pegaſus* ſtumbling in the Air, dropt a Feather from his Heel. This is no Place for a true *Roman*, where none are careſſed but a Sett of *Greek* Flatterers, a *Protogenes*, a *Diphilus*, or *Erymanthus*, who, by the wicked Cuſtom of their Nation, never admit a Partner into the Confidence of their Friend, but keep him cloſe to themſelves. For if one of theſe Fellows does but infuſe one Drop of his Country's Poiſon, or his own, into the eaſy Ear of my old Patron, I'm immediately turn'd out of doors, my long ſlaviſh Attendance is all forgot; and indeed nothing is leſs regretted here, than the Loſs of an old Client. But (not to flatter our ſelves) what do we poor Dependants get? what Advantage have we Wretches by waiting before Day at the Gates of the Rich, when the very Magiſtrates, the *Prætor* himſelf, hurries on his [f] *Lictor* to get there before us, orders him, Neck or nothing, to be firſt at the Levee of the Wealthy and Childleſs (who riſe early

[d] He impeached *Bareas Soranus* his Pupil of High Treaſon in *Nero*'s time, but he was himſelf condemned and executed in the Reign of *Veſpaſian*, upon the Information of *Muſonius Rufus*.

[e] A City of *Cilicia*, where *Pegaſus* (a Poetical winged Horſe, generated from the Blood of *Meduſa*) as he was rode by *Bellerophon*, ſtumbled in the Air, and ſpraining his Fetlock, dropt a Feather from his Heel, from whence the Town was called *Tarſus*.

[f] The *Prætor* was attended by a *Lictor*, a ſort of Executioner, that carried on his Shoulder an Axe within a Bundle of Rods, ſignifying the different Puniſhments of petty and capital Offenders, thoſe being only whipt, theſe beheaded.

Ne prior Albinam, aut Modiam collega ſalutet?
Divitis hîc ſervi claudit latus ingenuorum
Filius: alter enim, quantum in legione Tribuni
Accipiunt, donat Calvinæ, vel Catienæ,
Ut ſemel atque iterùm ſuper illam palpitet: at tu
Cùm tibi veſtiti facies ſcorti placet, hæres,
Et dubitas altâ Chionem deducere ſellâ.
Da teſtem Romæ tam ſanctum, quam fuit hoſpes
Numinis Idæi: procedat vel Numa, vel qui
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam:
Protinus ad cenſum; de moribus ultima fiet
Quæſtio: quot paſcit ſervos? quot poſſidet agri
Jugera? quam multâ, magnâque paropſide cœnat?
Quantum quiſque ſuâ nummorum ſervat in arcâ,
Tantum habet & fidei. *jures licèt & Samothracum,*
Et noſtrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
Creditur, atque Deos, Dîs ignoſcentibus ipſis.

Quid,

expecting the Ceremony) and is afraid leſt his Collegue ſhould pay his Compliments to rich *Albina* or *Modia* before him?

HERE you ſhall ſee the Sons of Gentlemen giving the wall to a purſe-proud Slave; another Raſcal ſhall afford as much for a Night's Lodging or two with *Calvina* or *Catiena*, as a Captain's Pay, when you are glad to take up with a common maſked Strumpet; you ſtick cloſe to her, and dare not ſo much as offer your Hand to *Chione*, to help her from her ſtately Chair.

PRODUCE an Evidence at *Rome*, as juſt as [f] *Scipio Naſica* the Protector of the *Idæan Cybele*, let *Numa* himſelf appear, or [h] *Lucius Metellus*, who ſnatch'd *Minerva* trembling from the Flames, the firſt Inquiry is about his Fortune, his Honeſty is laſt examined. How many Servants does he keep? What Eſtate has he in Land? How many Courſes has he at his Table? The Credit of an Evidence in Court is believed in proportion to the Money in his Purſe. Swear, if you pleaſe, by the Altars of the great [i] *Samothracian* Gods, or by the Deities of [k] our own, yet a poor Witneſs is ſuppoſed to deſpiſe the Terrors of Thunder, to bid defiance to the Powers divine, who know he ſwears for Bread, and therefore abſolve him of the Perjury.

[g] When *Cybele* Mother of the Gods was firſt brought to *Rome*, with Advice from the Oracle, that ſhe ſhould be lodged in the Houſe of the beſt Man in the City, the Senate voted ſhe ſhould be received in the Houſe of *Scipio Naſica*.

[h] When the Temple of *Veſta* was burned down, *Lucius Metellus*, *Pontifex Maximus*, reſcued the *Palladium*, or the wooden Image of *Pallas* brought from *Troy*; but venturing too deſperately into the Fire, he loſt both his Eyes.

[i] They were *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Minerva*, and *Veſta*, brought by *Dardanus* from *Samothracia*, an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea, into *Phrygia*, and by *Æneas* from *Troy* into *Italy*; they are called by *Virgil*, *Dii Patrii*.

[k] He means all the other Gods added to thoſe above, at different times, in the many Ages ſince *Æneas*.

Quid, quòd materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem, si fœda & scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, & ruptâ calceus alter
Pelle patet: vel si consuto vulnere crassum.
Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit. *Exeat, inquit,*
Si pudor est, & de pulvino surgat equestri,
Cujus res legi non sufficit, & sedeant hîc
Lenonum pueri, quocunque in fornice nati.
Hîc plaudat nitidi præconis filius inter
Pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ.
Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
Quis gener hîc placuit censu minor, atque puellæ
Sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur hæres?
Quando in consilio est Ædilibus? agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrâsse Quirites,

Beſides, what an everlaſting Subject for Jeſt and Raillery is ſuch a poor Fellow as this, if his Gown be a little ſoil'd, or if the Sole of one of his Shoes gapes from the upper Leather, or if the many Seams ſhew the freſh and clumſy Thread where the Rents have been cobbled up? Poverty with all its Plagues has no greater Curſe attending it than that it makes Men ridiculous. Get out, ſays the Pit-keeper, move from theſe cover'd Benches, for ſhame, they belong to the Knights, you are not qualified by Law to ſit here; this Place is taken up by the Spawn of Cock-bawds, whatever Brothel they were born in. Here let the Son of ſome ſpruce Cryer ſit, attended by the gallant Youth train'd up by Sword-players and Fencing-maſters. Thus was vain [l] *Otho* pleas'd to fix the Seats. Who can hope to be a Son-in-law, if he be of leſs Fortune, or his Bags are lighter than thoſe of his Miſtreſs? Who makes a poor Man his Heir? When ſits he in Council with the [m] *Ædiles?* The poor *Romans* ought long ago to have ſeparated from the rich in a Body, and never to have return'd. 'Tis no ſmall Difficulty for a Man to

[l] *L. Roſcius Otho*, when he was Tribune, paſſed a Theatrical Law, wherein he diſtinguiſhed the *Roman* Knights from the Commonalty, aſſigning fourteen Benches in the Theatre only for the Knights; that is, for ſuch as had a Knight's Eſtate, four hundred *Seſtertia*.

[m] The *Romans* had three ſorts of *Ædiles*; the firſt were *Ædiles Curules*, from the Chariot they rid in; theſe were choſen out of the Senate, and had the care of repairing the Temples and private Houſes. The ſecond were *Ædiles Plebeii*, choſen out of the People; theſe had the Charge of Weights and Meaſures, of looking after the public Conduits, and making proviſion for Feſtival-Plays. The third were Clerks of the Market, inſpecting the Corn and Victuals; theſe were the *Ædiles Cereales* in ordinary, the extraordinary were the *Annonæ Præfecti*.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi ; *ſed Romæ durior illis*
Conatus : magno hoſpitium miſerabile, magno
Servorum ventres, & frugi cœnula magno.
Fictilibus cœnare pudet, quod turpe negavit
Tranſlatus ſubitò ad Marſos, menſamque Sabellam,
Contentuſque illic Veneto, duroque cucullo.
Pars magna Italiæ eſt, ſi verum admittimus, in quâ
Nemo togam ſumît, niſi mortuus. Ipſa dierum
Feſtorum herboſo colitur ſi quando theatro
Majeſtas : tandémque redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium, cùm perſonæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat ruſticus infans :
Æquales habitus illic, ſimilemque videbis
Orcheſtram, & populum ; clari velamen honoris,
Sufficiunt tunicæ ſummis Ædilibus albæ.
Hîc ultra vires habitûs nitor : hîc aliquid plus
Quàm ſatis eſt ; interdum alienâ ſumitur arcâ.

Commune

ſtrike out to advantage in Life, whoſe Virtues are crampt by a narrow Fortune; but the Attempt is much more difficult at *Rome*. A wretched Lodging comes dear, Servants are kept at a great Charge, a ſmall Supper at the beſt hand is expenſive. We are aſhamed to eat off earthen Diſhes, yet a Man would think it no Reproach, where he to remove ſuddenly among the [n] *Marſians*, or to ſee the hard Fare of the [o] *Sabellians*, he would there be content to wear the common Dreſs, the blue Hood, coarſe as it is.

To ſpeak the Truth, there is a great Part of *Italy*, where no one puts on the *Roman* [p] Gown 'till he dies. When the Solemnity of a Country-Feſtival is celebrated by acting of Plays upon a Theatre of Turf; when the well-known Farce at length diverts the Audience, and the Country Boy trembles in his Mother's Lap at the ſight of a pale gaping Goblin with his wide Mouth, you'll ſee every body in the ſame Dreſs, the ſame Simplicity appears in the Pit, and on the Stage, and the chief *Ædiles*, as a Diſtinction of their high Office, are known only by their plain white Coats. But here every one goes fine beyond his Fortune; here a Nicety of Dreſs prevails, more than People can afford, beyond what is neceſſary, often upon Cre-

[n] They were a ſtout People of *Italy*, deſcended from *Marſus*, Son to the Witch *Circe*.

[o] They inhabited that Part of *Italy* lying upon the Mountains, between the *Marſians* and the *Sabines*.

[p] The *Roman* Confederates, in many Parts of *Italy*, lived plainly and without Pomp all their Life-times, and never wore the *Toga* or *Gown*, 'till they were dead, and carried to their Funerals, and then it was put on. The *Toga* was a Garment without Sleeves, of a ſemicircular Form, different in largeneſs according to Mens Wealth or Poverty, tho' the juſt Size of it was ſix Ells. Under this they wore a ſhort Garment, the *Tunica*, or *Coat*.

dit,

Commune id vitium eſt: Hic vivimus ambitiosâ
Paupertate omnes: *quid te moror?* Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio. *Quid das, ut Coſſum aliquando ſalutes?*
Ut te reſpiciat clauſo Veienta labello?
Ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati:
Plena domus libis venalibus: accipe, & illud
Fermentum tibi habe: præſtare tributa clientes
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.
Quis timet, aut timuit gelidâ Prænesſte ruinam;
Aut poſitis nemoroſa inter juga Volſiniis, aut
Simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce?
Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
Magnâ parte ſui: nam ſic labentibus obſtat
Villicus, & veteris rimæ contexit hiatum,
Securos pendente jubet dormire ruinâ.
Vivendum eſt illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
Nocte metus: jam poſcit aquam, jam frivola tranſfert
Ucalegon: tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant:
Tu neſcis; nam ſi gradibus trepidatur ab imis,

Ultimus

dit, and out of another's Purſe. This is a common Vice. We are all poor and prodigal; in ſhort, every thing at *Rome* is bought and ſold. What would you give once to pay your Compliments to *Coſſus?* or that proud *Veiento*, without ſpeaking a Word, would vouchſafe to look down upon you with a gracious Eye? One you'll ſee ſubmitting to ſhave the Face, another to conſecrate the [q] firſt Beard of a favourite Page: the Houſe is full of delicate light Sweetmeats, which theſe Fellows ſell, the ſour Leaven which heaves and ſwells in your Stomach, keep to yourſelf; we poor Clients are forced to pay ſtanding Wages, and to increaſe the Vails of theſe ſmooth-ſkin'd Servants at our own Expence.

WHO fears, or ever fear'd, the Fall of a Houſe, at the cold City of [r] *Præneste?* or at *Volſinium*, ſituated between ſhady Mountains? or at innocent *Gabii?* or at the Tower of *Tibur* hanging on the Brow of a Hill? We live in a City that for the moſt part ſtands upon Stilts; for ſo the Steward props up the Houſes ready to fall; he dawbs over the Gapings of the old Cracks, then bids you ſleep ſecure, the Walls at the ſame time tumbling about your Ears. Let me live out my Days where there is no Alarm of Fire, nothing to terrify me in the Night. My Neighbour *Ucalegon* frightens me to death; now he cries out for Water, then he moves off his good-for-nothing Lumber; your third Story is now all of a ſmoke, and you know nothing of it; for if the Ground-floor is

[q] It was the Cuſtom to dedicate the Hair and firſt Beard to ſome Deity; accordingly *Suetonius* obſerves, that *Nero*'s Beard was put in a Box adorned with Pearls and conſecrated.

[r] *Præneste, Volſinium*, &c. Towns of *Italy*.

on

Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula ſola tuetur
A pluviâ; molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.
Lectus erat Codro Proculâ minor, urceoli ſex
Ornamentum abaci; necnòn & parvulus infra
Cantharus, & recubans ſub eodem marmore Chi-
ron;
Jamque vetus Græcos ſervabat ciſta libellos,
Et divina Opici rodebant carmina mures.
Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? & tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quòd nudum, & fruſta rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.
Si magna Aſturii cecidit domus: horrida mater,
Pullati proceres, differt vadimonia Prætor.
Tunc gemimus caſus urbis, tunc odimus ignem:
Ardet adhuc? & jam accurrit, qui marmora do-
net,
Conferat impenſas: hic nuda & candida ſigna;
Hic aliquid præclarum Euphranoris, & Polycleti;
Hæc Aſianorum vetera ornamenta deorum;
Hic libros dabit, & forulos, mediamque Minervam;
Hic modium argenti: meliora, ac plura reponit
Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus, & meritò jam

Suſpectus,

on fire, your Cock-loft will ſoon be in a blaze, which the Roof alone defends from the Rain, and where tame Pigeons uſually harbour to lay their Eggs.

Codrus lies in a Bed ſhorter than his ſhort-legg'd Wife *Procula*; ſix ſmall Jugs are the Ornament of his Cupboard's Head; beneath alſo ſtand a little Can, and the Figure of a [s] *Chiron* lying along as a Supporter of the Marble Furniture. An old mouldy Cheſt ſecures his *Greek* Poets, and barbarous Mice gnaw Verſes tho' divine. *Codrus* indeed has little or nothing to loſe; who denies that? yet the poor Wretch loſt all that nothing; and to complete the Weight of his Misfortunes, no one would relieve him naked, and begging hard for a Cruſt of Bread, or offer him a Bit of Meat, or Houſe-room, or a Bed to lie on. But if the Palace of *Aſturius* is on fire, the Women run with their Hair about their Ears, the Senators are in mourning, the *Prætor* adjourns the Courts of Juſtice; then we lament the Misfortune of the City, then we hate the very Name of Fire. Is it ſtill burning? You'll meet one hurrying with a Preſent of Marble, and computing the Expence of the Building; another ſends in naked Statues and poliſhed with the niceſt Art; a third offers ſome remarkable Piece, finiſhed by the maſterly Hand of [t] *Euphranor* or *Polycletus*; and then comes a Lady with a Curioſity, the ancient Ornaments of the *Aſiatic* Deities. Another will give him Books and Book-Caſes, and an exact Figure of *Minerva* to the Waiſt. Another runs with a Peck of Silver. In ſhort, this moſt prodigal *Perſian* without a Child, has better Furniture and more of it than before; ſo that he becomes juſtly ſuſ-

[s] One of the Centaurs, half Man half Horſe.

[t] *Euphranor* and *Polycletus*, two excellent Statuaries.

pected

Suſpectus, tanquam ipſe ſuas incenderet ædes.
Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fruſinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum:
Hortulus hîc, puteuſque brevis, nec reſte movendus,
In tenues plantas facili diffunditur hauſtu.
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.
Eſt aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque receſſu,
Unius ſeſe dominum feciſſe lacertæ.
Plurimus hîc æger moritur vigilando: ſed illum
Languorem peperit cibus imperfectus, & hærens
Ardenti ſtomacho; nam quæ meritoria ſomnum
Admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
Inde caput morbi: rhedarum tranſitus arcto
Vicorum inflexu, & ſtantis convicia mandræ
Eripiunt ſomnum Druſo, vituliſque marinis.
Si vocat officium, turbâ cedente vehetur
Dives, & ingenti curret ſuper ora Liburno,
Atque obiter leget, aut ſcribet, aut dormiet intus;
Namque facit ſomnum clausâ lectica feneſtrâ.
Ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus obſtat

Unda

pected to have set his own House on fire for the purpose.

COULD you but be forced from the Pleasures of the *Circensian* Games, you might buy an excellent House at *Sora*, at [u] *Fabrateria*, or *Frusino*, for one Year's Rent that you pay for a dark Dog-hole at *Rome*. Here you have a little Garden, a Well not so deep as to want a Rope for the Water, which spreads it self among the tender Plants with a gentle Stream. Live here fond of thy Rural Fork, cultivate thy little Spot, and you'll soon furnish out a Feast for a hundred *Pythagoreans* (that live upon Pulse.) It is something to be Master of so much Ground, in any Place, be it never so retired, as a Lizard can turn himself about in.

HERE many a sick Man dies for want of Sleep; the Disease is first occasioned by a bad Digestion, the Meat clogging his burning Stomach; for who can sleep within the Noise of Taverns? The Rich must pay dear for a Night's Rest in this City. Thus begins the Distemper: The passing of Chariots in the narrow Turning of the Streets, and the Brawling of the Drivers when there is a full Stop, will not suffer even drowsy *Drusus* or the sleepy Sea-Calves so much as to nod. If a rich Man has Business abroad, he is easily carried, the Croud making way for him, he sweeps over our Heads, borne on the Shoulders of his tall [x] *Liburnians*, he can read or write, or take a Nap if he pleases, as he moves along; for his Chair, when the Windows are drawn up, composes him to sleep; yet he arrives first at the Place. A Croud before us hinders our Speed, and a Mob with its heavy

[u] *Fabrateria*, &c. Poor Towns in *Italy*.

[x] The Chairmen at *Rome* commonly came from *Liburnia* a Part of *Illyria*, between *Istria* and *Dalmatia*.

Weight

Unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
Qui ſequitur: ferit hic cubito, ferit aſſere duro
Alter; at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
Pinguia crura luto: plantâ mox undique magnâ
Calcor, & in digito clavus mihi militis hæret.
Nonne vides quanto celebretur ſportula fumo?
Centum convivæ; ſequitur ſua quemque culina:
Corbulo vix ferret tot vaſa ingentia, tot res,
Impoſitas capiti, quot recto vertice portat
Servulus infelix; & curſu ventilat ignem.
Scinduntur tunicæ ſartæ: modò longa coruſcat
Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
Plauſtra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque minantur.
Nam ſi procubuit, qui ſaxa Liguſtica portat
Axis, & everſum fudit ſuper agmina montem,
Quid ſupereſt de corporibus? quis membra, quis oſſa
Invenit? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
More animæ. Domus intereà ſecura patellas
Jam lavat, & buccâ foculum excitat, & ſonat
unctis

Strigilibus,

Weight preſſes upon us behind; one hunches me with his Elbow, another puſhes me with the hard Pole of his Chair; here a Beam ſtrikes me on the Head, there a Tub. My Legs are perfectly plaiſtered with Dirt; I am trod upon by ſome flat Foot or other every Step I take, and a Soldier with his Hobnails in his Shoes, ſticks cloſe upon my Corns.

DON'T you ſee with what a Smoke the *Sportula* is purſued? A hundred Gueſts at a time! every one followed by his [y] portable Kitchen to keep his Dole of Meat hot. *Corbulo* with all his Strength could ſcarce bear ſo many large Veſſels, ſuch a Load of Pans upon his Head, as one of theſe wretched Fellows carry with a ſteady Neck, fanning the Fire as he goes along. His Clothes, juſt come from the Botcher's, are torn from his Back. Now a long Piece of Fir ſhakes as the Cart joggs forward; another Waggon is loaded with a huge Pine; theſe Trees lying out beyond the Carriage, tremble aloft, and threaten the People as they paſs; for if the Axle-tree ſhould break, that ſupports a Load of [z] *Ligurian* Stones, and tumble the Weight of this Rock as it were upon the Croud, what becomes of their Bodies, who can find their Limbs, or their Bones? Every Carcaſe of them is ground to powder, and is inviſible as their Souls. The Family at home in the mean time knowing nothing of the Misfortune, prepare for the *Sportula*, they waſh the Plates, blow the

[y] A Veſſel of the ſame uſe with a Kitchen; it was divided into two Cells, in the uppermoſt of which they could put their *Sportula*, or Dole of Meat; in the lower one they had Fire to dreſs the raw, or keep the dreſſed Fleſh warm. This was portable, and the faſter they went with it, the better the Fire burned in it.

[z] Marble digged out of the Quarries in *Liguria*, upon the *Apennine* Mountains.

Strigilibus, pleno & componit lintea gutto.
Hæc inter pueros variè properantur: at ille
Jam ſedet in ripâ, tetrumque novitius horret
Porthmea; nec ſperat cænoſi gurgitis alnum
Infelix, nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.
Reſpice nunc alia, ac diverſa pericula noctis:
Quod ſpatium tectis ſublimibus, undè cerebrum
Teſta ferit, quoties rimoſa & curta feneſtris
Vaſa cadunt, quanto percuſſum pondere ſignent,
Et lædant ſilicem: poſſis ignavus haberi,
Et ſubiti caſûs improvidus, ad cænam ſi
Inteſtatus eas; adeò tot fata, quot illâ
Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte, feneſtræ.
Ergo optes, votumque feras miſerabile tecum,
Ut ſint contentæ patulas effundere pelves.
Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum fortè cecîdit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidæ; cubat in faciem, mox deinde ſupinus:
Ergo non aliter poterit dormire: Quibuſdam

Fire with their Mouths, clean the Scrapers well oiled, to prevent hurting the Skin, fold the Rubbing-Cloths, and get ready the Horn of Oil, to drop upon the Maſter as he bathes. Thus the Servants, every one in their Place, haſten their Work. When, alas! the Man that ſhould bring the Supper, ſits upon the Bank of *Styx*, trembles, being juſt come, at the grim Look of *Charon*, is out of hopes, poor Ghoſt, of being ferried over the muddy Lake, not having in his Mouth the Farthing to pay for his Paſſage.

NOW reflect upon the many other Sorts of Dangers that attend walking the Streets by Night; conſider how lofty the Buildings are, from whence a Pot-ſherd daſhes out your Brains; how often are Pieces of crack'd or broken Pitchers thrown from the Windows, with what a Weight they mark the Pavements, and bruiſe the very Stones? You would be thought indolent, and unguarded againſt ſudden Accidents, if you ſhould venture abroad to Supper without making your Will. So many fatal Misfortunes are in your way, as there are Lodgers awake with their Windows open in the Street where you paſs. Therefore you may pray and be glad to get off with this wretched Comfort, that nothing worſe than a Cloſe-ſtool is emptied upon your Head.

THE drunken Bully, if he chances to fight with no body, lies upon Thorns, he is reſtleſs in the Night, as *Achilles* lamenting the Loſs of his Friend [a] *Patroclus*; now he lies upon his Face, then toſſes upon his Back; he can't otherwiſe ſet his Eyes together. Theſe Scourers can't ſleep

[a] He was ſlain by *Hector* at the Siege of *Troy*, which ſo enraged *Achilles* (who dearly loved him) that he never reſted 'till he had ſacrificed *Hector* to the *Manes* of his Friend.

Somnum rixa facit: *ſed quamvis improbus annis,*
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, & comitum longiſſimus ordo;
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.
Me, quem Luna ſolet deducere, vel breve lumen
Candelæ, cujus diſpenſo & tempero filum,
Contemnit: miſeræ cognoſce proœmia rixæ,
Si rixa eſt, ubi tu pulſas, ego vapulo tantúm.
Stat contrà, ſtarique jubet; parêre neceſſe eſt;
Nam quid agas, cùm te furioſus cogat, & idem
Fortior? unde venis? exclamat: cujus aceto,
Cujus conche tumes? quis tecum ſectile porrum
Sutor, & elixi vervecis labra comedit?
Nil mihi reſpondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem:
Ede ubi conſiſtas: in quâ te quæro proſeuchâ?
Dicere ſi tentes aliquid, tacituſve recedas,
Tantundem eſt: feriunt pariter: vadimonia deindè
Irati faciunt. Libertas pauperis hæc eſt:
Pulſatus rogat, & pugnis conciſus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.
Nec tamen hoc tantùm metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, poſtquam omnis ubique
Fixa catenatæ ſiluit compago tabernæ.
Interdum & ferro ſubitus graſſator agit rem,
Armato quoties tutæ cuſtode tenentur
Et Pontina palus, & Gallinaria pinus.
Sic inde huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt.

without a Quarrel; yet ſaucy as he is by the heat of Youth, and mad with Wine, he has Wit enough in his Cups not to joſtle a Man of Quality, whoſe Purple Robe, and a long Train of Attendants, that guard him with Flambeaus and brazen Lamps, oblige him to keep his diſtance. But poor me, that uſually walk home by Moon-light, or the Benefit of a Candle, whoſe Wick I manage and huſband to the beſt advantage, he uſes with ſcorn. Hear now the Prologue to this unhappy Fray, if you can call it a Fray where you lay on with your Cudgel, and I bear the Blows. He ſtops you, and bids you ſtand, you muſt ſubmit; for what can you do when you are in a Madman's Hands, who is likewiſe too ſtrong for you? Whence come you, he cries, whoſe Vinegar and windy Beans ſwell in your Maw? What Cobler have you club'd with for chop'd Leeks, and a boil'd Sheep's-head? Don't you anſwer? Speak, or you'll be kick'd. Say, where do you live? At what Temple-Door ſhall I find you begging? Now, if you offer to ſpeak, or go off without ſaying a Word, the Caſe is the ſame, they lay on as heavily. Then in a Paſſion they bind you over for an Aſſault. Such is a poor Man's Liberty at *Rome!* Drub'd as he is, he is forced to aſk pardon, and bruiſed with Fifty-Cuffs, he begs hard to walk off with a few Teeth in his Head.

NOR is this alone what you have to fear; for a Thief may rob you when the Houſe is cloſe barr'd, and the Shutters of all the Shops are pinn'd, and the Doors chain'd. Sometimes a Street-Robber attacks you ſuddenly with his Dagger, and does your buſineſs; eſpecially ſince they are driven by a ſtrong Guard from their lurking Holes in the *Pontine* Fen, and the *Gallinarian* Wood; from thence to *Rome* they run

Quâ fornace graves, quâ non incude catenæ?
Maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & ſarcula deſint.
Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, qùæ quondam ſub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
His alias poteram, & plures ſubnectere cauſas:
Sed jumenta vocant, & ſol inclinat; eundem eſt:
Nam mihi commotâ jamdudum mulio virgâ
Innuit: ergò vale noſtri memor; & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis: Satyrarum ego (nî pudet illas)
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

SATIRA

in Shoals for better Quarters. Such a Neſt of Rogues we have, that every Forge, every Anvil is employed to make Chains for them. So much Iron is uſed for Fetters, that you may well fear we ſhall want Plough-ſhares, Mattocks, and Rakes. Happy were our great Anceſtors, happy may you call thoſe times, when, under the Government of Kings and Tribunes, one Priſon was ſufficient for all the Criminals in *Rome*.

To theſe I could add many other Reaſons for leaving the City; but my Team calls me, the Sun grows low, I muſt be gone, the Carter long ago gave me Notice by cracking his Whip. Farewell therefore; remember your Friend; and as often as you hurry out of Town, to refreſh yourſelf at your beloved [b] *Aquinum*, draw me from *Cumæ* with you to the Temple of *Ceres* of the Marſhes, and your adored *Diana*. I will come prepared to aſſiſt you, if you pleaſe, in your Satires, (if they are not aſhamed of my poor Help) in that cold Place of your Retirement.

[b] A Town of the *Latins* near *Samnium*, famous for the Birth-place of *Juvenal*, and likewiſe of that great Schoolman *Thomas Aquinas*, called, by our Countrymen, St. *Thomas of Watering*, from the Moiſtneſs of the Situation. *Ceres* had a Temple there, called *Elvina Ceres*, or *Ceres of the Waſhes*, from whence the Spring and River of *Elvis* took their Names. Yet *Juvenal* had ſome dry Ground there belonging to his Eſtate, called *Diana*'s Hill.

SATIRA IV.

ECCE iterum Criſpinus; & eſt mihi ſæpe vocandus
Ad partes; monſtrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis, æger, ſolâque libidine fortis:
Delicias viduæ tantùm aſpernata adulter.
Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quantâ nemorum vectetur in umbrâ,
Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes?
Nemo malus felix; *minimè corruptor, & idem*
Inceſtus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat
Sanguine adhuc vivo terram ſubitura ſacerdos,

Sed

SATIRE IV.

ONCE more behold *Criſpinus!* I ſhall often have occaſion to call him upon the Stage, a Monſter that has not the Pretence of one ſingle Virtue to qualify his Vices; feeble and weak; ſtrong only in his Luſt. All but a Widow's loathſome Charms go down with this Adulterer. What matters it then in what large [a] *Portico's* he tires his Mules, to ſave him from the Rain, or in what ſhady Groves he is carried by his Slaves from the Sun's Heat, how many Acres he owns near the [b] *Forum*, or what ſtately Houſes he has bought? The Villain can never be happy, much leſs a Corrupter of Chaſtity, guilty of Inceſt likewiſe, one that lately debauched a [c] veiled Veſtal, who muſt ſoon ſuffer the Puniſhment of being buried alive. But theſe

[a] The luxurious *Romans* expended vaſt Sums of Money in building Ground-Galleries (like our *Piazzas*) ſtanding upon Marble Pillars; they were uſed ſometimes to ride in them.

[b] There were many *Forums* in *Rome*. This was the *Forum vetus*, the old *Forum*, in the heart of the City, where were the *Roſtra*, or Pulpits for Orations, and their Courts of Juſtice ſat. It was ſurrounded with Rows of ſtately Buildings.

[c] The Veſtal Virgins had the Charge of keeping the ſacred Fire. If one was convicted of Inchaſtity, ſhe was either immured alive, or buried alive in the Ground, which was executed in this Form; She was led to the *Campus Sceleratus*, a Field within the Walls of the City, near the *Colline* Gate. In a Vault under ground there was a Bed prepared, a burning Light, a little Bread, Water, and Milk; the Veſtal was bound alive, and laid on a Bier, and ſo carried

Sed nunc de factis levioribus : & tamen alter
Si feciſſet idem, caderet ſub judice morum.
Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seioque, decebat
Criſpinum : quid agas, cùm dira, & fœdior omni
Crimine perſona eſt ? mullum ſex millibus emit,
Æquantem ſanè paribus ſeſtertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Conſilium laudo artificis, ſi munere tanto
Præcipuam in tabulis ceram ſenis abſtulit orbi.
Eſt ratio ulterior, magnæ ſi miſit amicæ,
Quæ vehitur clauſo latis ſpecularibus antro.
Nil tale expectes : emit ſibi : multa videmus,
Quæ miſer & frugi non fecit Apicius : hoc tu
Succinctus patriâ quondam, Criſpine, papyro.

Hoc

theſe are ſmall Faults, yet if another had been guilty of them, he would have fallen under the Judgment of the Cenſors; for what would be infamous in a Man of Character, in *Titius* and *Seius*, is becoming in *Criſpinus*. What can you do with ſuch a Wretch, whoſe Perſon is more filthy and forbidding than his Crimes? He gave ſix *Seſtertia* for a *Barbel* of ſix Pound weight, amounting to a *Seſtertium* a Pound, as they tell the Story who hear great Matters, but make them greater by telling. I ſhould commend him as a Man of Deſign, if by ſo noble a Preſent he had prevail'd upon ſome old Fellow, rich and childleſs, to name him firſt in his Will; or, which would have been more to the purpoſe, he had ſent it to ſome Whore of Quality, that is carried in her cloſe Chair with the wide Glaſſes drawn up. You are to expect no ſuch matter, he bought it for himſelf. We ſee many Extravagancies which the poor and frugal [d] *Apicius* was never guilty of, thou, *Criſpinus*, wrapped up when thou cameſt to *Rome* in thy own Country [e] Flags, haſt the Impudence to attempt. What, give ſo much

ried through the *Forum* with great Silence and Horror; when they came to the Cave, the Bier being ſet down, and ſhe unbound, the Prieſt praying ſecretly, brought her and ſet her on a Ladder, by which ſhe deſcended; and preſently turning back from her, the Ladder being drawn up, they threw in the Earth, and filled up the Cave's Mouth. The Reaſon of which Puniſhment, was either becauſe they would not honour ſuch an Offender with the common Rite of Burning, who had ſo ill attended upon the Holy Fire, or becauſe they would not ſeem to offer violence, by a forced Death, to a conſecrated Virgin, thinking that after this manner they ſuffered her to die as it were of her own accord.

[d] A noted Epicure in the time of *Nero*; he ſpent an immenſe Eſtate upon his Guts, and growing poor and deſpiſed, hanged himſelf.

[e] A coarſe Garment made of the Bark of the Reed *Papyrus*, that grows in the fenny Places of the Rivers in *Egypt*.

for

Hoc pretium ſquamæ? potuit fortaſſe minoris
Piſcator, quàm piſcis, emi. Provincia tanti
Vendit agros: ſed majores Appulia vendit.
Quales tunc epulas ipſum glutîſſe putemus
Induperatorem? cùm tot ſeſtertia, partem
Exiguam, & modicæ ſumptam de margine cœnæ
Purpureus magni ructârit ſcurra palatî,
Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce ſolebat
Vendere municipes pactâ de merce ſiluros?
Incipe Calliope, licet hîc conſidere: non eſt
Cantandum, res vera agitur: narrate puellæ
Pierides, proſit mihi vos dixiſſe puellas.
Cùm jam ſemianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
Ultimus, & calvo ſerviret Roma Neroni;
Incidit Adriaci ſpatium admirabile rhombi,
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica ſuſtinet Ancon,
Implevitque ſinus: neque enim minor heſerat illis,
Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem

Solibus

for Fins and Scales? No doubt you might have bought the Fiſherman cheaper than the Fiſh; Acres might have been purchaſed in ſome Provinces; in *Apulia* you might come into an Eſtate for the ſame Price.

WHAT a luxurious Meal, think you, was devoured by his Maſter *Domitian*, when this Purple Court-Buffoon gorged himſelf at the Expence of ſo many Seſterces, with a ſmall Diſh fit only to ſtand upon the Side-Board, at an ordinary Imperial Entertainment? A Sycophant now firſt in the Equeſtrian Order, that uſed to get his Living by buying the Refuſe of the Fiſh-market, and bawling out Pieces of his own Country Shads about the Streets.

BEGIN [f] *Calliope*, let me be more particular on this Subject; this is no Fiction, but a true Fact. Aſſiſt me, my [g] *Pierian* Maids, in the Relation; let me have a right to your Favour, for calling you Maids, and aſſerting your Virtue.

WHEN *Domitian*, the laſt of the [h] *Flavian* Family, had torn the World to pieces, half-deſtroyed by the Cruelty of his Reign, and *Rome* was governed by *Nero* the ſecond with his bald Pate, an *Adriatic* Turbut of a wonderful Size chanced to be caught before the Temple of *Venus* at [i] *Ancona*, built by the *Greeks*. It filled the Boſom of the Net, nor was it leſs than thoſe incloſed by Ice in the Lake of [k] *Mæotis*, which

[f] The chief of the nine Muſes, the Mother of *Orpheus*, and ſaid to be the Inventreſs of Heroic Verſe.

[g] The Muſes, ſo called from *Pierius* their Father, who begot them of *Antiopa*.

[h] The *Flavian* Family, as it was Imperial, began in *Veſpaſian*, and ended in *Domitian*.

[i] The Metropolis of *Picenum* in *Italy*, built by the *Greeks*, on the Shore of the *Adriatic* Sea.

[k] A vaſt Lake freezing in Winter, that in Summer diſcharges it ſelf into the *Euxine* Sea, by the *Cimmerian Boſphorus*.

throws

Solibus effundit torpentis ad oſtia Ponti
Deſidiâ tardos, & longo frigore pingues.
Deſtinat hoc monſtrum cymbæ linique magiſter
Pontifici ſummo: quis enim proponere talem,
Aut emere auderet? cùm plena & littora multo
Delatore forent: diſperſi protinus algæ
Inquiſitores agerent cum remige nudo;
Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piſcem,
Depaſtumque diu vivaria Cæſaris, inde
Elapſum, veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
Si quid Palphurio, ſi credimus Armillato,
Quicquid conſpicuum, pulchrumque eſt æquore toto,
Res fiſci eſt, ubicunque natat. donabitur ergò,
Ne pereat, jam lethifero cedente pruinis
Autumno, jam quartanam ſperantibus ægris.
Stridebat deformis hyems, prædamque recentem
Servabat: tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auſter:
Utque lacus ſuberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, ſervat
Ignem Trojanum, & Veſtam colit Alba minorem,
Obſtitit intranti miratrix turba parumper:
Ut ceſſit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ:
Excluſi expectant admiſſa opſonia patres.

Itur

throws them out in Shoals (when the Waters are free by the Sun's Heat) at the Mouth of the *Euxine* Sea, noted for its ſlow Tide; they are unwieldy for want of Exerciſe, and fatten'd by a long Winter's Cold. The Maſter of the Boat and Nets reſolves to preſent this monſtrous Fiſh to the [l] Chief *Pontifex*; for who dares offer ſuch a Prize to Sale, or indeed to buy it? Eſpecially when all the Shore is cover'd with Tide-waiters; thoſe Searchers of Sea-weed, prowling about the Coaſts, would certainly inform againſt the poor Fiſhermen, and not ſcruple to ſay the Fiſh had eſcaped out of the Emperor's Stews, and therefore ought to be returned to its old Maſter. If we credit the ſage Opinion of thoſe ſcandalous Spies, *Palphurius* or *Armillatus*, whatever the Sea affords that is extraordinary, any Fiſh that excels the common Fry, ſwim where it will, belongs to *Cæſar*. I will make a Preſent of it therefore, ſays the Fiſherman, leſt it ſhould ſtink, tho' the Heats of fainty Autumn were over, the Froſts were begun, and the Sickly ſhook with the Apprehenſion of Quartan Agues. Rough Winter whiſtled with the Wind, and kept the Fiſh ſweet, yet the Man hurried as if a Southern Gale blew full in his Teeth. When he came to the Lake, where the City of [m] *Alba*, tho' in ruins, keeps in the *Trojan* Fire, and worſhips the Goddeſs *Veſta* in a meaner way, the gaping Croud at firſt prevented his Entrance; but ſoon making way, the folding Doors flew nimbly open, he is conducted to the Emperor, the Conſcript Fathers wait without to take a view

[l] To the Emperor *Domitian*; for the Emperors were generally Chief Pontiffs.

[m] A City of *Italy*, built by *Aſcanius* the Son of *Æneas*. *Tullus Hoſtillius*, King of *Rome*, took away all the Treaſure and Relics which the *Trojans* had placed there in the Temple of *Veſta*; only out of a ſuperſtitious Fear the Fire was left.

of

Itur ad Atridem: tum Picens, accipe, dixit,
Privatis majora focis; genialis agatur
Iſte dies; propera ſtomachum laxare ſaginis,
Et tua ſervatum conſume in ſæcula rhombum:
Ipſe capi voluit: quid apertius? & tamen illi
Surgebant criſtæ: nihil eſt, quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit, cùm laudatur Dîs æqua poteſtas.
Sed deerat piſci patinæ menſura: vocantur
Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille;
In quorum facie miſeræ, magnæque ſedebat
Pallor amicitiæ. primus, clamante Liburno,
Currite, jam ſedit; raptâ properabat abollâ
Pegaſus, attonitæ poſitus modò villicus urbi:
Anne aliud tunc Præfecti? quorum optimus, atque
Interpres legum ſanctiſſimus; omnia quanquàm
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Juſtitiâ. Venit & Criſpi jucunda ſenectus,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. maria, ac terras, populoſque regenti
Quis comes utilior, ſi clade & peſte ſub illâ
Sævitiam damnare, & honeſtum afferre liceret
Conſilium? ſed quid violentius aure tyranni?

of this delicious Preſent; 'Accept, Great Sir, 'ſays the *Picenian* Fiſherman, this Turbut, too 'large for common Kitchens; let this Day be 'devoted to your Imperial Genius; haſte to un-'load your Stomach, and indulge yourſelf with 'this prodigious Fiſh, preſerved to honour 'your auſpicious Reign; it would force itſelf 'into the Net.' What more fulſome? Yet the Emperor ſwallows the Bait, and ſtruts upon the Compliment; for any thing, however abſurd, will go down when a Prince is flatter'd, and believes himſelf poſſeſs'd of a Power equal with the Gods. But there was no Stew-pan, it ſeems, large enough to dreſs the Fiſh, the Senators therefore, his much hated Counſellors, are preſently ſummoned; a ghaſtly Paleneſs, that always waits upon the dangerous Friendſhip of the Great, appeared in their Faces. Firſt, a *Liburnian* Slave bawls out, *Run, run,* Cæſar *is ſet.* [n] *Pegaſus* the Lawyer tucks up his Gown, and makes the beſt of his way, he was lately made Bailiff of the affrighted City; for what more were the *Præfects* of *Rome* in thoſe Times? He was an excellent Magiſtrate, and moſt religious Diſpenſer of the Laws; yet in thoſe dangerous Days he thought it ſafeſt to adminiſter Juſtice with a very ſlack Hand.

NEXT came *Criſpus* pleaſant in his old Age, as remarkable for Sweetneſs of Temper, as for his Eloquence and Good-nature. What Counſellor could be more uſeful to *Cæſar,* (over Seas and Lands and Men Supreme) had he the Liberty, under that Bane and Plague of Mankind, boldly to condemn his Cruelty, and aſſiſt him with his honeſt Advice? But what's more dreadful than a Tyrant's Ear? His chief Favourite, tho' ſpeaking upon the moſt indifferent Subjects,

[n] An eminent civil Lawyer born in *Alba.*

Cum quo de nimbis, aut æſtibus, aut pluvioſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici.
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem: *nec civis erat, qui libera poſſet*
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogeſima vidit
Solſtitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ.
Proximus ejuſdem properabat Acilius ævi
Cum juvene indigno, quem mors tam ſæva maneret,
Et domini gladiis jam feſtinata: ſed olim
Prodigio par eſt in nobilitate ſenectus:
Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus eſſe gigantum.
Profuit ergo nihil miſero, quòd comminùs urſos
Figebat Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ
Venator: quis enim jam non intelligat artes
Patricias? quis priſcum illud miretur acumen,
Brute, tuum? facilè eſt barbato imponere regi.

Nec

(ſuch as Showers, and Heats, or a wet Spring) runs the Hazard of his Life. This Man, therefore, never attempted to ſwim againſt the Stream, nor was he one of thoſe Citizens who ſpeak freely what they think, or dare to ſacrifice themſelves to the Cauſe of Truth. After this manner, and protected with this Armour, he lived to the Age of [o] eighty Years, even in the Court of *Domitian*.

AFTER him hurried [p] *Acilius*, a Man of the ſame Age, followed by his Son, unworthy of that cruel Death that haſtily diſpatch'd him by the Sword of the Tyrant. But many Years ago, old Age among the Nobles was a ſort of a Prodigy; my Choice, therefore, is to be a Pigmy-Brother of the Giants ſprung out of the Earth. It was of no Advantage to this unhappy Youth, to affect Madneſs, to engage with *Numidian* Bears deſperately and unarmed, in the Amphitheatre at *Alba*; for who can now be a Stranger to theſe Artifices of the Nobility? Who, [q] *Brutus*, any longer wonders at the ſubtle Part you acted? It was an eaſy matter in your Days to impoſe upon the Simplicity of a King, with his Beard much deeper than his Senſe.

[o] *Vibius Criſpus*, a ſubtle ſmooth-tongued Orator, who lived to be fourſcore Years old, in the ſeveral Courts of evil Emperors. He was born in *Placentia*.

[p] *Acilius Glabrio*, a Senator of ſingular Prudence and Fidelity. His Son *Domitius* came with him to this Council about the Turbut; but both of them were afterwards charged with Deſigns of Innovation, and were condemned. The Father's Sentence was changed into Baniſhment, the more to grieve him with the Remembrance of his Son's Death. The Son, to ſave his Life, affected Madneſs, and fought naked with Lions in the *Albane* Theatre; but the Tyrant *Domitian* was not to be deceived, he put him to death.

[q] *Lucius Junius Brutus*, who ſaved his Life by affecting to play the Fool in the Court of *Tarquinius Superbus*.

Nec melior vultu, quamvis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offenſæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ;
Et tamen improbior Satiram ſcribente cinædo.
Montani quoque venter adeſt, abdomine tardus:
Et matutino ſudans Criſpinus amomo:
Quantum vix redolent duo funera: ſævior illo
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire ſuſurro:
Et qui vulturibus ſervabat viſcera Dacis
Fuſcus, marmoreâ meditatus prælia villa:
Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
Qui nunquam viſæ flagrabat amore puellæ,
Grande, & conſpicuum noſtro quoque tempore monſtrum!
Cæcus adulator, diruſque à ponte ſatelles,
Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaque devexæ jactaret baſia rhedæ.
Nemo magis rhombum ſtupuit: nam plurima dixit
In lævum converſus: at illi dextrà jacebat
Bellua: ſic pugnas Cilicis laudabat, & ictus;
Et pegma, & pueros inde ad velaria raptos.

Non

Rubrius followed next, with no better a Face than his Companions, tho' of a *Plebeian* Family, guilty of an old Crime not fit to be named; and yet more addicted to Scandal than the *Pathic Nero* who took upon him to write Satire.

Montanus likewiſe thruſt in his Belly, unwieldy with his fat Guts, and *Criſpinus* dropping with Eaſtern Ointments, more than is commonly uſed at two Funerals. Then *Pompey*, the more cruel of the two, who, by ſoft Whiſpers in the Tyrant's Ear, is Cut-throat to the Court; and [r] *Fuſcus* (whoſe Body was reſerv'd for *Dacian* Vultures) ſtudying the Art of War among the ſoft Retirements of his Marble Villa. Cunning *Veiento* next, with bloody [s] *Catullus*, raging with Luſt at the very Name of a Beauty which he could not ſee, the grand and noted Monſter of theſe Times; a blind baſe Flatterer, raiſed from begging on the Bridge to be a murdering Miniſter of State; fit ſtill to run beſide the Waggon-Wheels upon the Road to *Aricia*, and fawningly to kiſs his Hand, intreating for Alms. None ſeemed more aſtoniſhed at the Fiſh, tho' unhappily he made his Compliments with his Face the wrong way; for the Mullet lay upon his right Hand. So he uſed, blind as he was, to praiſe the Sword-Plays of the *Cilician* Fencers, to cry aloud, *Well hit*, to applaud the Scenical Machines, and the Boys that ſeemed to fly above the Coverings of the Theatre.

[r] *Cornelius Fuſcus* was ſent General by *Domitian* againſt the *Dacians*, where his Army and himſelf were loſt.

[s] *Catullus Meſſalinus*, a bloody Villain tho' blind, whoſe Informations coſt many their Lives. He was raiſed by *Domitian* from begging at the Foot of the *Aricine* Hill, in the *Via Appia*, to be a Miniſter of State.

Non cedit Veiento, ſed ut fanaticus æſtro
Percuſſus, Bellona, tuo divinat; & ingens
Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi:
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus: peregrina eſt bellua, cernis
Erectas in terga ſudes? hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & annos.
Quidnam igitur cenſes? conciditur? abſit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait; teſta alta paretur,
Quæ tenui muro ſpatioſum colligat orbem;
Debetur magnus patinæ ſubituſque Prometheus:
Argillam, atque rotam citiùs properate: ſed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæſar, figuli tua caſtra ſequantur.
Vicit digna viro ſententia: noverat ille
Luxuriam imperii veterem, noctesque Neronis
Jam medias, aliamque famem, cùm pulmo Falerno
Arderet: nulli major fuit uſus edendi
Tempeſtate meâ. Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad ſaxum, Rutupinove edita fundo

Oſtrea

Veiento came not ſhort of him; but as [t] *Bellona*'s Prieſt with Prophecy inſpired, he thus divines: 'See, Sir, the mighty Omen of a 'Triumph great and illuſtrious! ſome Captive 'King, or fierce [u] *Arviragus*, tumbling from 'his *Britiſh* Chariot, ſhall own your Power; 'the Fiſh, obſerve, comes from a diſtant Sea; 'd'ye ſee the Fins, like Spears, briſtling upon 'his Back?' This Flatterer ſaid every thing upon the Occaſion, except diſcovering the Mullet's Country and his Age. What think you, muſt he be cut? ſays *Cæſar*. Far, cries *Montanus*, be ſo great Diſhonour from this noble Fiſh; rather provide a deep earthen Pan, whoſe thin Sides may contain his great Circumference; call in a ſkillful Potter, that like *Prometheus* can ſoon make a Diſh; haſte hither with the Clay and Wheel; for, *Cæſar*, from this time your Camps ſhould never want ſuch uſeful Workmen. This Counſel, worthy of the Author, prevail'd; he knew the old Luxury of the Imperial Court, and *Nero*'s Midnight Suppers, and what raiſed a new Appetite when his Lungs were heated with [x] *Falernan* Wine. No one in our Days underſtood better the Delicacy of Eating; he could tell at the firſt Taſte whether an Oyſter was bred upon the [y] *Circæan* or *Lucrine* Rocks, or was drudged

[t] The ſame as *Minerva* the Goddeſs of War, Siſter to *Mars*, called likewiſe *Enys* and *Pallas*, whoſe Prieſts ſacrificed their own Blood to her, and were immediately ſo inſpired as to explain things preſent, and to foretel what was to come.

[u] A King of *Britain*, and an inveterate Enemy to the *Romans* in the time of *Domitian*.

[x] Wine made of Grapes growing upon the *Falernan* Mountains in *Campania*.

[y] The *Circæan* Rocks were about *Cajeta*, where was a Temple dedicated to *Circe*; the *Lucrine* Rocks were in the Bay of *Lucrinum* in *Campania*.

Oſtrea, callebat primo deprendere morſu;
Et ſemel aſpecti littus dicebat echini.
Surgitur, & miſſo Proceres exire jubentur
Concilio, quos Albanam Dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos, & feſtinare coactos,
Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torviſque Sicambris
Dicturus; tanquam diverſis partibus orbis
Anxia præcipiti veniſſet epiſtola pennâ.
Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dediſſet
Tempora ſævitiæ, claras quibus abſtulit urbi
Illuſtreſque animas impunè, & vindice nullo.
Sed periit, poſtquam cerdonibus eſſe timendus
Cœperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.

SATIRA

for at the bottom of the *Britiſh* Sea at *Richborough*; and at the firſt ſight of a Crab, would name the Shore he came from.

THEY riſe, the Council is diſmiſſed, the Nobles by command withdraw, whom the great General's Summons forced againſt their Wills, trembling, to attend with haſte at *Alba*; as if ſome ſudden News he would declare of the fierce [z] *Catti*, or the ſtern *Sicambri*; or if Expreſſes of ſome freſh Alarm had arrived by flying Poſts, from different Parts of the Empire.

AND indeed I could wiſh that ſuch Trifles had taken up the whole time of this cruel Reign, that, unpuniſhed, deprived the City of ſo many brave and illuſtrious Souls, who fell unreveng'd. At length the Tyrant periſhed; for when he offered to exerciſe his Cruelty againſt the Rabble, they took him off, reeking with the Blood of the [a] *Lamian* Family, and the chief Nobility in *Rome*.

[z] *Catti* were *Germans*, now ſubject to the Landgrave of *Heſſe*. The *Sicambri* were the Inbabitants of *Guelderland*.

[a] The *Lamian* Family was moſt noble, being derived from Kings, who (by the Teſtimony of *Homer*) reigned in *Cajeta*. Of this Family was *Ælius Lamia*, whoſe Wife, *Domitia Longina*, *Domitian* took away, and afterwards put the Huſband to Death.

SATIRE

SATIRA V.

SI te propoſiti nondùm pudet, atque eadem eſt mens,
Ut bona ſumma putes alienâ vivere quadrâ ;
Si potes illa pati, quæ nec Sarmentius iniquas
Cæſaris ad menſas, nec vilis Galba tuliſſet,
Quamvis jurato metuam tibi credere teſti.
Ventre nihil novi frugalius : *hoc tamen ipſum*
Defeciſſe puta, quod inani ſufficit alvo :
Nulla crepido vacat ? nuſquam pons, & tegetis pars
Dimidiâ brevior ? tantine injuria cœnæ ?
Tam jejuna fames ; cùm poſſis honeſtiùs illic
Et tremere, & ſordes farris mordere canini ?
Primo fige loco, quòd tu diſcumbere juſſus
Mercedem ſolidam veterum capis officiorum :
Fructus amicitiæ magnæ cibus : imputat hunc Rex,
Et quamvis rarum, tamen imputat. Ergo duos
poſt

SATIRE V.

IF you are not aſhamed of your way of Life, and continue ſtill to think the chiefeſt Happineſs conſiſts in eating at another's Table; if you can tamely digeſt thoſe Affronts which neither [a] *Sarmentus* nor ſervile *Galba* could bear, when they dined with *Cæſar*, I ſhould be afraid to believe your Evidence, tho' upon Oath. Nature, I know, is content with a little; yet, ſuppoſe you wanted that little to ſatisfy your empty Belly, is there no Hole by the Highway, no vacant Bridge to beg at, no Piece of an old torn Mat to cover you, and plead for Charity? Is a Supper with ſuch ſour Sauce worth your while? Is Hunger ſo craving? when you might with more Reputation ſhrug your Shoulders and beg, or gnaw a hard Cruſt fit for the Dogs?

TAKE this for granted in the firſt place, that one Invitation makes you ample amends for all your paſt Services. A Meal's Meat is the Reward of a long Friendſhip. This your mighty Lord calls a Favour; he charges it ſo, though he invites you but ſeldom: therefore if

[a] A *Roman* Knight, that by his Buffoonry inſinuated himſelf into the Favour of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and often came to his Table; where, to the Diſhonour of his Quality, he bore all manner of Scoffs and Affronts. *Galba* was ſuch another Droll in the time of *Tiberius*.

he

Si libuit menſes neglectum adhibere clientem,
Tertia ne vacuo ceſſaret culcitra lecto,
Unà ſimus, ait: votorum ſumma; quid ultra
Quæris? habet Trebius, propter quod rumpere ſomnum
Debeat, & ligulas dimittere; ſollicitus, ne
Tota ſalutatrix jam turba peregerit orbem
Sideribus dubiis, aut illo tempore, quo ſe
Frigida circumagunt pigri ſarraca Boôtæ.
Qualis cæna tamen? vinum, quod ſuccida nolit
Lana pati: de convivâ Corybanta videbis.
Jurgia proludunt: ſed mox & pocula torques
Saucius, & rubrâ deterges vulnera mappâ;
Inter vos quoties, libertorumque cohortem
Pugna Saguntinâ fervet commiſſa legenâ?
Ipſe capillato diffuſum Conſule potat,
Calcatamque tenet bellis ſocialibus uvam,
Cardiaco nunquam cyathum miſſurus amico.
Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus, aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam, titulumque ſenectus

Delevit

he vouchſafes, after two Months, to ſend for you, half-ſtarved, to his Table, only to make a [b] third Man, hear him but ſay, *Let's ſup together*, you enjoy the height of your Wiſhes; what can you deſire more? *Trebius* for this will break his Reſt, and hurry away with his Clothes unbuttoned, leſt the Circle that attends his Lord's Levee ſhould have finiſhed their Compliments, by break of Day, when the Stars almoſt diſappear, or earlier, when *Charles*'s *Wain* is ſeen to roll ſlowly about the North Pole.

BUT what ſort of a Supper is this at laſt? The Lees of Wine not fit for the Dyers to ſoke their greaſy Wool in, which made the Gueſts as mad as the Prieſts of *Cybele!* You begin with calling Names, then, provok'd by Blows, you fling the Bottles about, and wipe your Wounds with Napkins ſtain'd with Blood. How often have you and the Troop of Freedmen of the Houſe engaging in pitch'd Battle with [c] *Saguntine* Stone-Pots? Your Patron at the ſame time indulges with old Wine, laid in when our Conſuls wore their Beards long, and admires the Juice of the Grape preſſed in the time of the *Social War*, not vouchſafing a Cup of it to a Friend, tho' ſick at heart. Then for change he drinks the Growth of the [d] *Albane* or [e] *Setine* Hills; the Age of theſe Wines, and the thick Mouldineſs

[b] In the *Roman* Dining-room was a Table in faſhion of a Half-Moon or Hemicycle, againſt the round Part whereof they ſet three Beds, every one containing three Perſons, when they had their full Number; the Hemicycle being left for the Waiters.

[c] Coarſe Earthen Veſſels made at *Saguntum* a City of *Spain*, famous for holding out againſt *Hanibal*.

[d] The *Albane* Hills bore a pleaſant Grape, and the Vines have not yet degenerated; for the *Vino Albano* is now eſteemed the beſt Stomach-Wine in *Italy*.

[e] *Setia*, the City that gives name to theſe Hills, lies not far from *Terracina* in *Campania*.

of

Delevit multâ veteris fuligine teſtæ :
Quale coronati Thraſea, Helvidiuſque bibebant,
Brutorum & Caſsî natalibus. Ipſe capaces
Heliadum cruſtas, & inæquales beryllo
Virro tenet phialas : tibi non committitur aurum ;
Vel ſi quando datur, cuſtos affixus ibidem,
Qui numeret gemmas, ungueſque obſervet acutos.
Da veniam, præclara illic laudatur iaſpis ;
Nam Virro (ut multi) gemmas ad pocula transfert
A digitis ; quas in vaginæ fronte ſolebat
Ponere zelotypo juvenis prælatus Hiarbæ.
Tu Beneventani ſutoris nomen habentem
Siccabis calicem naſorum quatuor, ac jam
Quaſſatum, & rupto poſcentem ſulphura vitro.

of the old Caſks, have quite defaced the Marks which ſhould ſhew the Place and the Date when they were made. Such generous Wine [f] *Thraſeas* and *Helvidius*, [g] crown'd with Flowers, drank on the Birth-days of the two illuſtrious *Bruti* and *Caſſius*.

Virro carouſes in large Amber Bowls (Tears of the [h] *Heliades*) ſet round with Beryls; you are not truſted with a golden Cup, or if you are, he places a Guard upon you to count the Stones, and mark your long ſharp Nails, leſt you ſhould ſcratch them out. You muſt excuſe it; for a Jaſper of great value ſparkles full in your Eyes. *Virro* (like many others) removes the Stones from his Rings and ſets them in his Cups; ſuch as *Æneas* (preferr'd by *Dido* before the jealous [i] *Hiarbas*) uſed to wear upon the Top of his Scabbard. You, at the ſame time, muſt drink out of the [k] *Beneventine* Cobler's Glaſs with four Ears, crack'd, and fit for nothing but to be chang'd for Brimſtone-Matches.

[f] *Thraſeas Pætus* was Son-in-law to *Helvidius Priſcus*; both would as willingly have laid down their Lives to preſerve *Rome* from the Tyranny of *Nero*, as *D. Junius Brutus* ventured his to free the *Romans* from the *Tarquin* Family; or *M. Brutus* and *Caſſius* theirs, to deliver their Country from the Power of *Julius Cæſar*. *Thraſeas* bled to death by the command of *Nero*, and *Helvidius* was baniſhed.

[g] The *Romans*, upon Feſtival-Days, when they uſed to drink hard, crowned their Heads with cooling Flowers, to allay the Heat of the Wine, and to bind their Foreheads to ſuppreſs the Fume's aſcending.

[h] The Daughters of *Phœbus* and *Clymene*, who bewailing their Brother *Phaeton*, were turned into Poplar Trees, of whoſe Tears came Amber.

[i] *Hiarbas*, a King of *Gætulia*, who courted *Dido* who built *Carthage*. But ſhe (according to *Virgil*) preferr'd *Æneas* before him.

[k] An ugly Glaſs, that bore the name of *Vatinius*, the drunken Cobler of *Beneventum*; the four Noſes of it, it ſeems, were ſtudded and boſſed like his Noſe. It was the Cuſtom then to change away broken Glaſs for Brimſtone-Matches.

Si ſtomachus domini fervet vinove cibove,
Frigidor Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.
Non eadem vobis poni modò vina querebar?
Vos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula curſor
Gætulus dabit, aut nigri manus oſſea Mauri,
Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
Clivoſæ veheris dum per monimenta Latinæ.
Flos Aſiæ ante ipſum, pretio majore paratus,
Quàm fuit & Tullî cenſus pugnacis, & Anci:
Et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
Frivola. Quod cùm ita ſit, tu Gætulum Ganymedem
Reſpice, cùm ſities: neſcit tot millibus emptus
Pauperibus miſcere puer: ſed forma, ſed ætas
Digna ſupercilio. quando ad te pervenit ille?
Quando vocatus adeſt calidæ, gelidæve miniſter?
Quippe indignatur veteri parêre clienti;
Quodque aliquid poſcas, & quòd ſe ſtante recumbas.
Maxima quæque domus ſervis eſt plena ſuperbis.
Ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
Vix fractum, ſolidæ jam mucida fruſta farinæ,
Quæ genuinum agitent, non admittentia morſum.
Sed tener, & niveus, mollique ſiligine factus
Servatur domino: dextram cohibere memento:

Salva

IF your Patron's Stomach is overheated with Wine and High-feeding, Water is got ready, which after Boiling grows colder than *Scythian* Froſt. Did I complain juſt now that you were not ſerv'd with the ſame Wine? Why, you are not allow'd the ſame Water. Some *Gætulian* Foot-boy, or the Hand of a raw-boned Blackmoor, gives you the Cup; ſuch a frightful Figure you would not care to meet at Midnight, when you ride over the ſteep *Latin* Way among the Tombs. Before *Virro* the Flower of *Aſia* ſtands, a Boy purchaſed at a higher Price than warlike [l] *Tullus* or *Ancus* were ever worth; in ſhort, of more value than the trifling Fortunes of all the *Roman* Kings. So then, when you want a Glaſs, call upon your own black [m] *Ganymede* behind you. A Boy that coſt ſo many Thouſands, ſcorns to cool the Wine for ſuch ſpunging Gueſts; his Beauty, his Age, make him look upon you with diſdain. When does he offer to come near you? If you call, does he ſtir a ſtep to ſerve you with hot Water or cold? Indeed he can't bear to wait upon an old Hanger-on at his Maſter's Table; he reſents it that you ſhould offer to command him, and lie along at your eaſe while he ſtands. The Houſes of Men of Quality are abundantly ſupplied with ſuch inſolent Servants.

SEE with what muttering another of them gives you Bread, hard and mouldy Cruſts of the coarſer ſort, that ſtrain your very Grinders. But the moſt delicate and white Manchet of the fineſt Flour is reſerv'd for your Maſter. Remember to hold your Hands off? keep in the good gra-

[l] Two of the *Roman* Kings.

[m] The Son of *Tros* King of *Troy*, ſo beautiful that *Jupiter* ſent his Eagle to fetch him up to Heaven, where he made him his Cup-bearer.

Si ſtomachus domini fervet vinove cibove,
Frigidor Geticis petitur decoĉta pruinis.
Non eadem vobis poni modò vina querebar ?
Vos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula curſor
Gætulus dabit, aut nigri manus oſſea Mauri,
Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noĉtem,
Clivoſæ veheris dum per monimenta Latinæ.
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Quæ genuinum agitent, non admittentia morſum.
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Servatur domino : dextram cohibere memento :

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Salva ſit artoptæ reverentia : finge tamen te
Improbulum ; ſupereſt illic qui ponere cogat.
Vin' tu conſuetis, audax conviva, caniſtris
Impleri, paniſque tui noviſſe colorem ?
Scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod ſæpe relictâ
Conjuge, per montem adverſum, gelidaſque cucurri
Eſquilias, fremeret ſævâ cùm grandine vernus
Jupiter, & multo ſtillaret penula nimbo.
Aſpice, quàm longo diſtendat pectore lancem,
Quæ fertur domino, ſquilla ; & quibus undique ſepta
Aſparagis, quâ deſpiciat convivia caudâ,
Cùm venit excelſi manibus ſublata miniſtri.
Sed tibi dimidio conſtrictus Cammarus ovo
Ponitur, exiguâ feralis cæna patellâ.
Ipſe Venafrano piſcem perfundit : at hic, qui
Pallidus offertur miſero tibi caulis, olebit
Laternam ; illud enim veſtris datur alveolis, quod
Canna Micipſarum prorâ ſubvexit acutâ ;
Propter quod Romæ cum Bocchare nemo lavatur ;
Quod tutos etiam facit à ſerpentibus Afros.
Mullus erit domino, quem miſit Corſica, vel quem
Taurominitanæ rupes, quando omne peractum eſt,

es of that great Man the Butler: But ſuppoſe you had the aſſurance to take a Piece, you have one near you that will ſoon make you lay it down: 'Can't you, ſaucy Fellow, be content 'to cram your ſelf out of the Baſket you have 'been uſed to? Don't you know the Colour of 'your own Bread?' Alas! was it for this I ſo often got out of a warm Bed from my Wife, and hurried up the ſteep Aſcent of cold Mount *Eſquiline*, through *April* Showers and cruel Hail, the Water all the while running from my great Coat in ſtreams?

SEE how the Lobſter, a Dainty for your Maſter, with his long Body ſtretches out the Diſh; with what Herbs and Pickles he lies ſurrounded? with what a Tail he ſeems to ſcorn the Table, as he comes born aloft by the Hands of a tall Slave; Your Commons is a poor Crab, beat up with half an Egg, ſerv'd in a little Platter, a Supper for the [n] Dead. *Virro* makes his Fiſh ſwim in Oil of [o] *Venafrum*; but ſuch a poor Fellow as you muſt take up with Herbs half-wither'd, and Lamp-Oil. Your wooden Saucer is filled with greaſy Stuff, brought hither in ſharp-beaked Canoes of *Africa*. It ſtinks ſo, that when *Bocchar* the *Mauritanian* King was at *Rome*, no one would go into the ſame Bath with him; the naſty Smell of it ſecured the *Moors* even from the black Serpents of the Country.

YOUR Patron muſt have a Barbel caught upon the [p] *Corſican* Shore, or among the [q] *Touromi-*

[n] The *Romans* uſed to place upon the Sepulchres of the Dead, to appeaſe their Ghoſts, a little Milk, Honey, Water, Wine, and Olives, and ſtrewed Flowers.

[o] The Oil made at *Venafrum*, a City of *Campania*, was the pureſt in *Italy*.

[p] *Corſica* is an Iſland in the *Mediterranean*, between *Sardinia* and *Italy*.

[q] The Sea-Coaſts near *Taurominium* in *Sicily*.

Et jam defecit noſtrum mare ; dum gula ſævit,
Retibus aſſiduis penitus ſcrutante macello
Proxima ; nec patitur Tyrrhenum creſcere piſcem :
Inſtruit ergo focum provincia : ſumitur illinc
Quod captator emat Lenas, Aurelia vendat.
Virroni muræna datur, quæ maxima venit
Gurgite de Siculo : nam dum ſe continet Auſter,
Dum ſedat, & ſiccat malidas in carcere pennas,
Contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
Vos anguilla manet, longæ cognata colubræ,
Aut glacie aſperſus maculus Tiberinus, & ipſe
Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloacâ,
Et ſolitus mediæ cryptam penetrare Suburræ.
Ipſi pauca velim, facilem ſi præbeat aurem :
Nemo petit, medicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Senecâ ; quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat
Largiri : namque & titulis, & faſcibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria : ſolùm
Poſcimus, ut cœnes civiliter : hoc face, & eſto,
Eſto (ut nunc multi) dives tibi, pauper amicis.

Anſeris

nian Rocks; for our own Seas fails us, and are quite exhauſted: ſo boundleſs is the Gluttony of the Age, that our Fiſhermen are continually ſearching the neighbouring Waters with their Nets, nor will they ſuffer the Fry in the *Tyrrhene* Sea to come to a proper Growth. Our Provinces therefore are obliged to ſupply our Kitchens; from thence *Lenas* is furniſhed to make Preſents to the rich *Aurelia*, in hopes of being her Heir, who ſells them again, having more than ſhe can uſe at home.

Virro has a Preſent made him of an extraordinary Lamprey, caught in the *Sicilian* Sea; for when the South Wind is ſtill and calm, and ſits in his *Æolian* Cave, pruning his dropping Wings, the adventurous Fiſhermen deſpiſe the Dangers of the Waves, even [r] *Charibdis* it ſelf. You muſt take up with a muddy Eel, Siſter of the ſlender Snake, or with a Pike bred in the *Tiber*, ſpotted by Winter's Ice, confined within the Banks, fed with the Ordure of the common Shore, and uſed to ſwim through the Drains as far as the *Suburra*. A word with *Virro*, if he can hear with patience; no one expects from you the ſame Civility that [s] *Seneca* ſhew'd to his poor Clients, or the Bounty that the generous *Piſo* and *Cotta* uſed (for in thoſe times the Glory of giving was eſteemed a greater Honour than high Titles and Offices) we only deſire that you would be upon a level with your Gueſts; behave ſo, and then (as many do) be as luxurious as you pleaſe when you ſup alone, and as ſparing with your Friends, provided you all fare alike.

[r] A dangerous Whirlpool in the Streights of *Sicily*.

[s] *Seneca*. *C. Piſo Calfurnius*, *Aurelius Cotta*, noble *Romans*, of great Courteſy and Munificence.

Anſeris ante ipſum magni jecur, anſeribus par
Altilis, & flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Fumat aper: poſt hunc raduntur tubera, ſi ver
Tunc erit, & faciunt optata tonitrua cœnas
Majores; tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
O Libya, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.
Structorem intereà, ne qua indignatio deſit,
Saltantem ſpectes, & Chironomonta volanti
Cultello; donec peragat dictata magiſtri
Omnia; nec minimo ſanè diſcrimine refert,
Quo geſtu lepores, & quo gallina ſecetur.
Ducêris plantâ, velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus,
Et ponêre foris, ſi quid tentaveris unquam
Hiſcere, tanquam habeas tria nomina. Quando propinat
Virro tibi, ſumitque tuis contacta labellis
Pocula? quis veſtrûm temerarius uſque adeò, quis
Perditus, ut dicat regi, bibe? Plurima ſunt quæ
Non audent homines pertusâ dicere lænâ.
Quadringenta tibi ſi quis Deus, aut ſimilis Dîs,
Et melior fatis donaret; homuncio, quantus
Ex nihilo fieres! quantus Virronis amicus!
Da Trebio, pone ad Trebium: vis, frater, abiſtis

Ilibus?

YOUR Patron has the Liver of a large Gooſe ſet before him, or of a crammed Capon full as large, or a Boar ſmoaking, worthy of fair-hair'd [t] *Meleager*'s Spear. Then if it be in the Spring, the wiſh'd-for Thunder furniſhes the Table with Muſhrooms, theſe are ſhredded in the Diſh. O *Lybia*, ſays *Alledius* the Glutton, keep your Corn to your ſelf, unyoke your Oxen, ſo that you'll ſupply us with Muſhrooms. And to put you out of all patience, you'll ſee a finical Carver capering and brandiſhing his nimble Knife according to Art, till he has gone through his Work, and executed the Orders of his Maſter; nor is it a Matter of ſmall concern, let me tell you, with what an Air you uncaſe a Hare, or ſpoil a Fowl. You will be dragged by the heels (as [u] *Cacus* when *Hercules* had killed him) and turned out of doors, if you offer to act the Man of Quality, or make the leaſt Complaint. When does *Virro* ſo much as drink to you? or takes the Cup you have once touch'd with your Lips? Which of you has the aſſurance, who is ſo deſperate among you as to ſay to your great Monarch, *Drink Sir.* There are many things that will not bear mentioning by a Man in Rags.

BUT if any God, or Godlike Man (kinder than the Fates) would beſtow upon you a Knight's Fortune, poor Mortal, how great would you become from nothing? how much reſpected by *Virro? Preſent this Plate to* Trebius; *ſet this*

[t] The ſon of *Oeneus* King of *Caledonia*; his Father, ſacrificing to the Gods, made his Offering to all the Deities except *Diana*; which ſo incenſed her, that ſhe ſent a wild Boar that deſtroyed the whole Country of *Ætolia*. *Meleager*, with his Miſtreſs *Atalanta*, hunted this Boar, and ſlew him.

[u] A Robber and Stealer of Cattle in *Italy*, the Son of *Vulcan*; he was ſlain by *Hercules*, and dragged out of his Cave by the Heels.

Ilibus? O Nummi, vobis hunc præſtat hono-
rem;
Vos eſtis fratres. *Dominus tamen, & domini rex*
Si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus aulâ
Luſerit Æneas, nec filia dulcior illo.
Jucundum & charum ſterilis facit uxor amicum.
Sed tua nunc Micale pariat licèt, & pueros tres
In gremium patris fundat ſimul; ipſe loquaci
Gaudebit nido; viridem thoraca jubebit
Afferri, minimaſque nuces, aſſemque rogatum,
Ad menſam quoties paraſitus venerit infans.
Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
Boletus domino; ſed qualem Claudius edit,
Ante illum uxoris, poſt quem nihil amplius edit.
Virro ſibi, & reliquis Virronibus illa jubebit
Poma dari, quorum ſolo paſcaris odore;
Qualia perpetuus Phæacum autumnus habebat;
Credere quæ poſſis ſurrepta ſororibus Afris.
Tu ſcabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit.

Qui

Diſh before Trebius; *will you accept*, dear Brother, *of this choice Bit?* O Gold, to thee he pays this Honour; thou and he are the Brothers. But would ye be call'd my Lord, or my Lord's Lord, you muſt have no Child to prevent *Virro*'s being your Heir, no little Boy playing in your Hall, or a Daughter more endearing of the two. A barren Wife never fails to procure a Man the moſt kind and engaging Friends. Yet if your Wife *Micale* is brought to bed, and makes you a Preſent of three Boys at a time, if you are rich, *Virro* will pleaſe himſelf with prattling with them in the Cradle, he will order the green Stomacher to be brought in, the ſmall Nuts and the Silver Penny, ſo often as the coaxing Boy comes to his Table.

WRETCHED Gueſts as You are, ſhall have Toad-ſtools ſet before you, Muſhrooms are Meat for your Maſter, ſuch as [x] *Claudius* ſwallowed before his Wife's fatal Preſent, after which he eat no more. *Virro* will order for himſelf and his Companions the choiceſt Fruits, the very Smell of which will fill your Belly, ſuch as perpetual Autumn produces in the Garden of [y] *Alcinous*, or you'd believe ſtolen from the Orchard of the [z] *Heſperides*. You at the ſame time have the Pleaſure of four Crabs, [a] ſuch

[x] The *Roman* Emperor; he married *Aggripina* his Niece, who ſent him into the other World, by poiſoning his Muſhrooms, which was his favourite Diſh.

[y] A King of the Iſland *Corcyra*; his Orchard was famous for the choiceſt Fruits.

[z] The Daughters of *Heſperus*, who had Orchards in *Africa*, that bore golden Fruit.

[a] This has been reckoned a perplexing Paſſage; ſome have render'd it thus: *Such as the young Soldiers armed with Shield and Helmet, are forced to gnaw in Garriſon, trembling under the Rod of* Capella, *that rough Centurion, as he teaches them the Exerciſe of throwing the Dart*; which, perhaps, may be the better of the two.

as

Qui tegitur parmâ & galeâ; metuenſque flagelli
Diſcit ab hirſuto jaculum torquere Capellâ.
Forſitan impenſæ Virronem parcere credas:
Hoc agit, ut doleas: nam quæ comœdia? mimus
Quis melior plorante gulâ? ergo omnia fiunt,
Si neſcis, ut per lachrymas effundere bilem
Cogaris, preſſoque diu ſtridere molari.
Tu tibi liber homo, & Regis conviva videris;
Captum te nidore ſuæ putat ille culinæ:
Nec malè conjectat: Quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
Bis ferat, Hetruſcum puero ſi contigit aurum,
Vel nodus tantùm, & ſignum de paupere loro?
Spes benè cœnandi vos decipit: ecce dabit jam
Semeſum leporem, atque aliquid de clunibus apri:
Ad nos jam veniet minor altilis: inde parato,
Intactoque omnes, & ſtricto pane tacetis.
Ille ſapit, qui te ſic utitur: omnia ferre
Si potes, & debes; pulſandum vertice raſo
Præbebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis
Flagra pati, his epulis, & tali dignus amico.

SATIRA

as the Ape mumps upon in Garriſon, where (armed with Helmet and Shield, and quaking at his Maſter's Laſh) he learns to caſt the Dart like a Soldier, from the Back of a Goat on which he is ridiculouſly placed. You may think perhaps that *Virro* does this to ſave Charges; no, he does it to vex ye. For what Comedy, what Mimic can be more diverting than Gluttony diſappointed? All this, if you don't know it, is done to make you vent your Rage by your Tears, to fly out with open Mouth, and gnaſh aloud with your Grinders. You may think yourſelf a Perſon of ſome Figure, and fancy you are a welcome Gueſt at your Lord's Table, but he knows you are led only by the Smell of his Kitchen. Nor does he think amiſs; for who is ſo wretched as to bear ſuch a Tyrant twice? eſpecially if he be a Perſon of Family, and, when a Youth, wore the [b] Golden Boſs, or if he be no more than a Freedman, diſtinguiſhed by his poor [c] Leathern Boſs, as a Mark of Liberty. The Hope of a good Supper deceives you. 'Sure he'll ſend us that half Hare, ſome 'of that Boars Haunch, or that fat Hen will 'come down to us.' So there you all ſit with your ſtale Bread untouch'd before you, in ſtrong Expectation, without daring to ſay a Word. Every Man of Senſe would uſe you ſo; if you can bear all this, you ought; you'll ſoon come to take a knock on your ſhaven Pate, like a Slave; you'll not be afraid of a ſound Drubbing, worthy of ſuch a Feaſt and ſuch a Friend.

[b] The *Golden Boſs* (brought in among the *Romans* by the *Etrurians*) permitted firſt only to Noblemen's Children, afterwards to all Freeborn, was made in the Shape of a Heart, and worn before the Breaſt, to prompt their young Age to the Study of Wiſdom.

[c] The Sons of thoſe whoſe Parents had been firſt Servants wore *Boſſes* of Leather.

SATIRE

SATIRA VI.

CRedo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris, viſamque diu; cùm frigida parvas
Præberet ſpelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrâ:
Silveſtrem montana torum cùm ſterneret uxor
Frondibus & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus: haud ſimilis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer ocellos:
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
Et ſæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.
Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cæloque recenti
Vivebant homines; qui rupto robore nati,
Compoſitique luto nullos habuere parentes.
Multa pudicitiæ veteris veſtigia forſan,

Aut

SATIRE VI.

I GRANT that Chaſtity in the Reign of [a] *Saturn* ſtaid and was ſeen for ſome time upon Earth, when a damp Cave afforded a narrow Shelter for the Fire and the Houſhold God, and cover'd the Flock and the Shepherd with its common Shade: when the Mountain Wife made her rural Bed with Leaves and Chaff, and with the Skins of neighbouring wild Beaſts, far unlike you [b] *Cynthia*, or you [c] *Leſbia*, whoſe Eyes ſmarted with crying for the Death of your Sparrow; but our Dame put out her full Breaſts, to be drawn by a luſty Offſpring, and often made a rougher Figure than her Huſband, who indulg'd himſelf with Acorns 'till he belch'd again: For Men lived otherwiſe than they do now, when the World was young, and the Air freſh, they ſeemed as if they were cut out of Heart of Oak, and, without Parents to corrupt them, originally formed out of the Earth. Perhaps many Footſteps of ancient Chaſtity, or

[a] The Son of *Cælum* and *Veſta*. Under his Reign, in *Italy*, the Poets place the Golden Age, when the Earth, not forced by the Plough and Harrow, afforded all Sorts of Grain and Fruit, the whole World was common, and without Incloſure.

[b] *Cynthia*, Miſtreſs to the Poet *Propertius*.

[c] Miſtreſs to *Catullus*, who writ an Elegy on the Death of her Sparrow.

ſome

Aut aliqua extiterant, & ſub Jove, ſed Jove nondum
Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis
Per caput alterius: cùm furem nemo timeret
Caulibus, aut pomis, ſed aperto viveret horto.
Paulatim deinde ad ſuperos Aſtræa receſſit
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugêre ſorores.
Antiquum & vetus eſt, alienum, Poſthume, lectum
Concutere, atque ſacri Genium contemnere fulcri.
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas:
Viderunt primos argentea ſæcula mœchos.
Conventum tamen, & pactum, & ſponſalia noſtrâ
Tempeſtate paras; jamque à tonſore magiſtro
Pecteris, & dîgito pignus fortaſſe dediſti.
Certè ſanus eras: uxorem, Poſthume, ducis?
Dic, quâ Tiſiphone? quibus exagitare colubris?
Ferre potes dominam ſalvis tot reſtibus ullam?
Cùm pateant altæ, caligantesque feneſtræ?
Cùm tibi vicinum ſe præbeat Æmilius pons?
Aut ſi de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum puſio dormit?

Puſio

ſome at leaſt remained, even under [d] *Jove*, but it muſt be whilſt he was young, before he had Hair upon his Chin, before the *Greeks* broke their Oaths, though ſworn in the Name of their Deities, when no one feared a Thief would rob him of his Herbs or Apples, but every one had his Garden without Incloſure. At length Juſtice by degrees retired to the Gods with Chaſtity her Companion, and the two Siſters left the Earth at once.

IT has been a Practice of old ſtanding, Friend *Poſthumus*, to violate another's Bed, and to deſpiſe the *Genius* that attends upon the ſacred Marriage-Rites. Every other Vice was the Produce of the Iron Age; Adultery was introduced in the Silver Times. But in this Age of ours, Thou, it ſeems art entering into Treaties, making of Jointures and Contracts; thy Hair, forſooth, is trimm'd by a Maſter-Barber, and perhaps thou haſt made a Preſent of the Wedding-Ring. There was a time when thou waſt in thy Wits: What? *Poſthumus* think of a Wife? Tell me what Fury haunts thee, what Snakes of Hell poſſeſs thee? Canſt thou bear the Tyrant a Wife, when ſo many kind Halters may be had? When ſo many dazzling high Windows lie open from whence to take a Leap? When the [e] *Æmilian* Bridge over the *Tiber* is ſo near you? But if none of theſe Ways of making your *Exit* pleaſe, is it not better, think you, to have your Page lie by you, your Page, I ſay, who

[d] The Son of *Saturn* and *Ops*; the time of his Reign was called the *Silver Age*. The moſt innocent Part of the Silver Age was before *Jove* had a Beard; for when once Down grew upon his Chin, what Pranks he played with the Ladies are well known; Iron Bars and Locks could not hold againſt his Golden Key.

[e] A Bridge built over the *Tiber* by *Æmilius Scaurus*, about a Mile from *Rome*.

never

Puſio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te
Nulla jacens illic munuſcula, nec queritur quòd
Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum juſſit, anheles.
Sed placet Urſidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem
Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello.
Quid fieri non poſſe putes, ſi jungitur ulla
Urſidio? ſi mœchorum notiſſimus olim
Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capiſtro,
Quem toties texit periturum ciſta Latini?
Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi
Quæritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam:
Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
Paucæ adeò Cereris vittas contingere dignæ;
Quarum non timeat pater oſcula. nectte coronam

Poſtibus,

never torments you with Curtain-Lectures, deſires no favour of you, nor complains that you don't uſe him as he deſires, but takes all care to preſerve your Health.

BUT *Urſidius*, it ſeems, is mightily pleaſed with the *Julian* Law, which puniſhes Adultery with Death, and thinks to have a ſweet Boy of his own to inherit his Eſtate, tho' he forfeits all the [f] Preſents given in expectation of being his Heir, the fair Trout, the Barbel with its large Fins, and all the tempting Delicacies of a full Market. What can you think impoſſible to come to paſs, if you ſhould once ſee a Woman yoked to *Urſidius?* If one, formerly the moſt noted of Debauchees, ſhould thruſt his aukward Neck into the Marriage-Nooſe? One who, quaking every Joint of him, had been ſo often hid in a Cheſt, like [g] *Latinus* in the Play? O but he looks out for a Wife of the ſame Virtue with thoſe of former times! Bleed him, Doctor, in the middle Vein. A very nice Gentleman? down on your bare Knees at the Door of the Capitol, and offer a Heifer with gilded Horns to *Juno* the Regent of the Marriage-Bed, if ſuch a Rake as thou ſhouldſt chance to have a Wife of tolerable Modeſty. There are few Women, let me tell you, qualified by their Chaſtity to be admitted to the Rites of *Ceres*, few that their very Fathers dare ſalute with Safety.

[f] Perſons that were rich, without Children, were courted with valuable Preſents by fawning *Sycophants*, in hopes of being their Heir.

[g] The Comedian *Latinus* play'd upon the Stage the Gallant to an Adultereſs, who, upon the unexpected Return of her Huſband, locked him up in a Cheſt; a Part, it ſeems, that had been really acted by *Urſidius*, in his younger Days.

Poſtibus, & denſos per limina tende corymbos.
Unus Iberinæ vir ſufficit? ocyùs illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta ſit uno.
Magna tamen fama eſt cujuſdam rure paterno
Viventis: vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro;
Vivat Fidenis, & agello cedo paterno.
Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
Speluncis? adeò ſenuerunt Jupiter & Mars?
Porticibuſne tibi monſtratur fœmina voto
Digna tuo? cuneis an habent ſpectacula totis
Quod ſecurus ames, quodque inde excerpere poſſis?
Chironomon Ledam molli ſaltante Batyllo,
Tuccia veſicæ non imperat: Appula gannit
Sicut in amplexu: Subitum & miſerabile longum
Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc ruſtica diſcit.

BUT, *Poſthumus*, [h] dreſs your Gates with Garlands, and ſpread Branches of Ivy thick at your Door; will one Man be enough for your Lady *Iberina?* You will as ſoon force her to confeſs ſhe will be content with one Eye. Yet you ſay, there is a mighty Talk of one honeſt Girl brought up at her Father's Farm in the Country; that's for want of Temptation; let her come to [i] *Gabii*, and ſee if ſhe lives there with the ſame Innocence; try her at [k] *Fidenæ*, and if ſhe preſerves her Virtue, I will allow that poſſibly there may be ſuch a thing as an honeſt Laſs in the Country under her Father's Care. But who can ſay, that no Love-Tricks were ever play'd upon the Top of a Hill, or in the Hollow of a Cave? Are *Jupiter* and *Mars* grown ſo old?

CAN a Woman, worthy of your Wiſh, be ſhewn you in any of our public Walks? Can the Boxes, Pit, or Gallery, afford one that you may place your Love upon with ſafety? or make a choice of? That Country Creature *Tuccia* could not contain her ſelf, when ſoft *Batyllus* charm'd her by the Motion of his Hands, as he was dancing the [l] *Leda*; *Appula* was all Ecſtaſy; and *Thymele* attends patiently to every Action, the quick, the languiſhing Air; *Thymele*, Country as ſhe is, practiſes till ſhe becomes Miſtreſs of the Trade.

[h] Upon Wedding-Days the common People crown'd their Doors and Door-poſts with Ivy; but Perſons of Fortune made uſe of Laurel, and built Scaffolds in the Streets, for the Spectators to ſee the Nuptial Solemnity.

[i] A Town of the *Volſcians*, about ten Miles from *Rome*.

[k] A City of *Italy*.

[l] The Daughter of *Theſtius* embraced by *Jupiter* in the ſhape of a Swan: This Action, it ſeems, was imitated in a Dance by *Batyllus* the Pantomime, whoſe laſcivious Poſtures were wonderfully pleaſing to the Country Ladies, *Tuccia*, *Appula*, and *Thymele*.

Aſt aliæ, quoties aulæa recondita ceſſant,
Et vacuo clauſoque ſonant fora ſola theatro,
Atque a plebiis longè Megaleſia ; triſtes
Perſonam, thyrſumve tenent, & ſubligar Accî.
Urbicus exodio riſum movet Attelanæ
Geſtibus Autonoës ; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula. ſunt, quæ
Chryſogonum cantare vetent. Hiſpulla tragœdo
Gaudet : an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur ?
Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharœdus Echion
Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambroſiuſve choraules,
Longa per anguſtos figamus pulpita vicos :

Ornentur

THERE are other Ladies, who as often as the Playhouſe Scenes are lock'd up, when there is no Noiſe but at the Bar, the Theatres being empty and ſhut, and in the long Vacation between the [m] *Plebeian* and *Megaleſian* Games, theſe Ladies are ſo melancholy and impatient, that they divert themſelves with the Dreſs of the Actors, by handling the Maſk, the [n] *Thyrſus*, and Saſh of *Accius* the Player. *Urbicus*, the noted Buffoon, makes them merry with a ridiculous [o] *Atellan* Interlude, wantonly acted in imitation of [p] *Autonoe:* For this, *Ælia*, poor as ſhe is, doats upon him; the Stroller lets himſelf out to the beſt Bidder. *Chryſogonus* the fine Singer is ſo admired by the Ladies, that they have crack'd his Voice. *Hiſpulla* doats upon a Tragedian; for you don't ſuppoſe ſuch a one as ſhe ſhould be captivated with the Gravity of a [q] *Quintilian*. Still thou muſt have a Wife! So *Echion* the Harper, or *Glaphyrus* the Fidler, or *Ambroſius* the Piper, may make thee a Father. Come, get every thing ready, let us erect a

[m] The *Megaleſia* were Games dedicated to the Honour of *Cybele*, Mother of the Gods. The *Plebeian* Games were inſtituted, either in remembrance of the People's Liberty after the Expulſion of their Kings, or for the Reconciliation of the People, after their Seceſſion to Mount *Aventine*. The firſt of theſe were exhibited in *April*, the other in *November*.

[n] The *Thyrſus* was a Spear twiſted about with Ivy, proper to *Bacchus*; in every Theatre (form'd like a Half-Moon) at the two Horns, or Ends of it, there were Altars, one conſecrated to *Bacchus*, the other to that God to whom the Shews were dedicated.

[o] The Sort of Interludes were ſo called from *Atella*, a City of the *Oſci*, where they were firſt uſed.

[p] *Autonoe* was the Daughter of *Cadmus*, and Mother of *Actæon*, turned into a Stag, and torn to pieces by his Hounds: There was a ſort of a Play made upon this Subject.

[q] A grave Rhetorician born at *Calaguris* in *Spain*; he taught Rhetoric at *Rome*, and was Tutor to *Juvenal*.

Ornentur poſtes, & grandi janua lauro,
Ut teſtudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
Nupta ſenatori comitata eſt Hippia Ludium
Ad Pharon & Nilum, famoſaque mœnia Lagi,
Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Conopo.
Immemor illa domus, & conjugis, atque ſororis,
Nil patriæ indulſit ; ploranteſque improba gnatos,
Utque magis ſtupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumâque paternâ,
Et ſegmentatis dormiſſet parvula cunis,
Contempſit pelagus ; famam contempſerat olim,
Cujus apud molles minima eſt jactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus, latéque ſonantem
Pertulit Ionium, conſtanti pectore, quamvis
Mutandum toties eſſet mare. Juſta pericli
Si ratio eſt, & honeſta, timent ; pavidoque gelantur
Pectore, nec tremulis poſſunt inſiſtere plantis :

Fortem

Stage in a narrow Alley, to celebrate the Wedding; let your Gates be adorned and your Doors with Laurel-Boughs, that ſo my *Lentulus*, the noble Heir of your wealthy Family, in his Bed of State, may be diſtinguiſhed by his Face to be the Son of *Euryalus* the Sword-Player.

Hippia, married to a Senator, ran away with *Sergius* the Gladiator, to the Iſland [r] *Pharos* and the *Nile*, and to the famous City of *Alexandria*, where *Lagus* the Father of *Ptolemy* reigned, the leud City of *Canopus* condemning ſuch a Prodigy of Laſciviouſneſs, and the Manners of our debauched City. She, unmindful of her Family, her Huſband and Siſter, had no reſpect for her native Country, but, wicked as ſhe was, abandoned her Children crying after her; and, what will more ſurprize you, ſhe left the Pleaſure of the *Circenſian* Games, and [s] *Paris* her favourite Actor. And tho', when a Child, ſhe had ſlept in her Cradle under an embroider'd Quilt, had been brought up in the greateſt Affluence, and lain upon a Bed of Down in her Father's Houſe, ſhe deſpiſed the Dangers of the Ocean; her Reputation indeed ſhe made light of long ago, a Loſs among our fine Ladies of the leaſt concern. *Hippia* therefore bravely bore the Toſſings of the *Tyrrhene* Waves, and the *Ionian* roaring at a great Diſtance, nothing ſhock'd though ſhe was to ſail over ſo many different Seas. Had theſe ſort of Women had an honeſt and juſt Reaſon for venturing ſuch Hazards, they would have been frighten'd out of their Wits; their Blood runs cold at their Heart, and they tremble ſo, that they are not able to ſtand upon their feet; but they ſhew an un-

[r] A ſmall Iſland at the Mouth of the *Nile*, wherein was a Tower with Lights, to guide Ships in the Night.

[s] A handſome, young Actor, a Favourite to the Emperor *Domitian*, and to his Empreſs.

Fortem animum præſtant rebus, quas turpitèr audent.
Si jubeat conjux, durum eſt conſcendere navim;
Tunc ſentina gravis; tunc ſummus vertitur aër.
Quæ mœchum ſequitur, ſtomacho valet: illa maritum
Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, & errat
Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
Quâ tamen exarſit formâ? quâ captâ juventâ
Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
Suſtinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
Cœperat, & ſecto requiem ſperare lacerto.
Prætereà multa in facie deformia; ſicut
Attritus galeâ, mediiſque in naribus ingens
Gibbus, & acre malum ſemper ſtillantis ocelli.
Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa ſorori,
Atque viro: ferrum eſt, quod amant: hic Sergius idem
Acceptâ rude cœpiſſet Veiento videri.

Quid

daunted Spirit when their lewd Pleaſures are in purſuit. If the Huſband of this Lady had commanded her to go to Sea, Oh, ſhe would cry, 'tis hard for a Woman to craul up the Ship-ſide, the Stink of the Pump is intolerable, I'm giddy, the Sky turns round; to follow her Gallant, her Stomach bears every thing; with her Huſband ſhe is ſea-ſick, and ſpues in his Boſom; now ſhe can dine among the Ship's Crew, walk upon the Deck, and takes Delight to pull at a hard Rope's end. But with what Charms was *Hippia* ſo inflamed, with what young Lover was ſhe captivated? What could ſhe ſee in him worth undergoing the Scandal of being called a Gladiator's Trull? For her dear *Sergy* had begun to ſhave under the Chin, like an old Fellow, and hopes for a Diſcharge from fighting, on account of the Cuts he has received on his Arm. Beſides he had many things diſagreeable in his Face, his Forehead gaul'd by his Helmet, a great Wen on the middle of his Noſe, and a ſharp Rheum always dropping from his Eyes. But he was a Gladiator! This makes him as beautiful as [t] *Hyacinthus* was in the Eyes of *Apollo*. This Character ſhe prefers to her Children, to her Country, to her Siſter, and to her Huſband. 'Tis the Sword they love; but let this very *Sergius* once receive the [u] Cudgel as a Token of his Diſmiſſion, he will appear in the Eyes of *Hippia* as inſignificant as her old Huſband *Veiento*.

[t] The Son of *Amyclas*, and beloved by *Apollo*, by whom, after his Death, he was turned into a Purple Flower, called a *Hyacinth*.

[u] A Cudgel given to Gladiators, or Sword-players, in token of a Diſcharge and Releaſe from that Exerciſe.

WHY

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia curas?
Reſpice rivales Divorum: Claudius audi
Quæ tulerit: dormire virum cùm ſenſerat uxor,
(Auſa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Auguſta cucullos,)
Linquebat, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ;
Et nigrum flavo crinem abſcondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
Et cellam vacuam, atque ſuam: tunc nuda papillis
Conſtitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciſcæ,
Oſtenditque tuum, generoſe Britannice, ventrem.
Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra popoſcit:
Mox lenone ſuas jam dimittente puellas,
Triſtis abit; ſed, quod potuit, tamèn ultima cellam
Clauſit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ,
Et laſſata viris, nondum ſatiata receſſit:
Obſcuriſque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ
Fœda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.

Hippomanes,

WHY are you concerned at the Vices of a private Family, at what *Hippia* has done? See now the Rivals of the Gods, our noble Emperors; hear what Infamy [x] *Claudius* has ſuffered; the Wife, when ſhe perceived the good Man aſleep, ſlipt from him, (for the Imperial Whore impudently preferr'd an old Mat, to a Bed of State, and went hooded out of a Night) one of her chaſte Maids of Honour only attending her, and with a yellow Veil to hide her black Hair, ſhe enter'd the Stews, warm with the old Patchwork Quilt, and goes into the empty Cell which ſhe had hired; there ſhe ſtood naked with her Breaſts adorned with Jewels, falſly calling herſelf by the Name of the admired Curteſan [y] *Lyciſca*; and, moſt noble *Britannicus*, the Mother that gave thee Life becomes a common Proſtitute in a Bawdy-houſe. She kindly received the Cullies that came, and demanded their Money. But now the old Procurer is ſending home his Wenches; the Empreſs turns out with a ſad Heart, ſtaid to the utmoſt, and the very laſt locks up her Cell, ſtill burning with the Rage of Luſt, and departed tired with Men, but not ſatisfied; dirty by the Sweat of the Faces of her Gallants, and foul with the Smoke of the [z] Lamp, ſhe brought home to *Cæſar*'s Bed the Steam of a Brothel.

[x] *Meſſalina*, the Wife of the Emperor *Claudius* took the Opportunity when her Huſband was aſleep, to go to the common Stews, like a Proſtitute.

[y] The moſt famous Curteſan of thoſe Times, whoſe Name was chalked over the Chamber-Door where *Meſſalina* entertained her Cuſtomers.

[z] In the Stews they had Lamps hanged up, on the Back-part of which was expreſſed, hieroglyphically, to whom they were dedicated.

SHALL

Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque venenum,
Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio sexûs, minimùmque libidine peccant.
Optima sed quare Cesennia teste marito?
Bis quingenta dedit, tanti vocat ille pudicam:
Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.
Libertas emitur: coram licèt innuat, atque
Rescribat, vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.
Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.
Tres rugæ subeant, & se cutis arida laxet,
Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores;
College sarcinulas, dicet libertus, & exi;
Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris; exi
Ocyùs, & propera; sicco venit altera naso.
Intereà calet, & regnat, poscitque maritum
Pastores, & ovem Canusinam, ulmosque Falernas.
Quantulum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,
Quodque domi non est, & habet vicinus, ematur.

Mense

SHALL I ſpeak of their Love-Potions, or their Charms, or their poiſonous Draughts made up by Art, and given to a Son-in-law that ſtands in the way? Women act the greateſt Villanies when urged on by the haughty Empire of their Sex; they do leaſt Miſchief by gratifying their Luſt.

BUT why is *Ceſennia* praiſed as the beſt of Wives, and by her Huſband? Well ſhe may, ſhe brought her Thouſands, her Fortune makes her chaſte; the Man never pined away by the Shaft, or burned with the Flame of Love; he took fire at the Portion, the Dowry ſhot the Darts. Such a Wife purchaſes the Liberty of having her Will, tho' ſhe tips the wink or writes a Letter to her Gallant, before the good Man's Face. A rich Woman married to a covetous Huſband, has the ſame Privileges as a Widow.

WHY is *Sertorius* ſo paſſionately fond of his Wife *Bibula?* If you examine the Truth, the Face not the Wife is agreeable. Let but three Wrinkles come over her Forehead, and her Skin grow dry and flimſy, let her Teeth turn black, and her Eyes ſink in her Head, and you ſhall hear the Freedman crying, *Pack up your Trumpery, and be gone, you're a Burden to the Family, your Noſe is always running; be gone quickly, I ſay, make haſte, there's another in your Place with a dry Noſe.* 'Till then ſhe's all Fire, a perfect Tyrant, inſiſts that her Huſband ſhall ſupply her with Shepherds, with [a] *Canuſian* Sheep, and *Falernan* Wine; theſe are Trifles, ſhe muſt be furniſhed with the fineſt Boys, with whole Workhouſes of Slaves, and whatſoever ſhe has not, and her Neighbour has, muſt be purchaſed.

[a] *Canuſium*, a Town of *Apulia*, upon the River *Auſidus*: It afforded the beſt Sheep, and the fineſt Wool in *Italy*, which Nature had dyed with a Tincture of Red.

In

Menſe quidem brumæ, cùm jam mercator Iaſon
Clauſus, & armatis obſtat caſa candida nautis,
Grandia tolluntur cryſtallina, maxima rursùs
Myrrhina, deinde adamas notiſſimus, & Berenices
In digito factus pretioſior: hunc dedit olim
Barbarus inceſtæ; dedit hunc Aggripa ſorori,
Obſervant ubi feſta mero pede ſabbata reges,
Et vetus indulget ſenibus clementia porcis.
Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
Sit formoſa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetuſtos
Porticibus diſponat avos, intactior omni
Crinibus effuſis bellum dirimente Sabinâ:
(Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cygno.)
Quis feret uxorem, cui conſtat omnia? malo
Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem

In

In the coldeſt Month of Winter, when *Jaſon* the Merchant dares not ſtir out, and the Snow upon the Houſes diſcourages the Mariners ready to go to Sea, her Huſband muſt venture the moſt dangerous Voyages to fetch her large Veſſels of Cryſtal, and the faireſt Bowls of Myrrh, beſides the famous Diamond which improved in Luſtre by being on [b] *Berenice*'s Finger: This Jewel the *Barbarian Agrippa* formerly made a Preſent of, he gave it to his inceſtuous Siſter, in that Country where Kings celebrate their Feſtival-Sabbaths bare-foot, and their old Kindneſs to Swine ſuffers them to eſcape the Knife, and to die with Age.

WHAT? will no one of the whole Herd of Ladies I have mentioned make you a fit Wife? Suppoſe her handſome, virtuous, rich, fruitful, and diſplays in her Hall all the Images of her Anceſtors; let her be more chaſte than all the *Sabine* Women, who, with their Hair flowing about, put an end to the War between their Huſbands and their Fathers, (a Miracle indeed, and as rare to be met with as a black Swan) who can bear a Woman with all theſe Accompliſhments? I would rather chooſe a Country-Laſs of *Venuſium*, than you, [c] *Cornelia*, Mother of the *Gracchi*, if with all your great Virtues you bring with you an inſufferable Pride, and as part of your Fortune reckon up the Triumphs of your Anceſtors; prithee take thy *Hannibal* and thy *Syphax*, routed as he was, with his Camp

[b] The *Berenice* intended by our Author was the Daughter of *Agrippa*, the firſt of that Name, King of *Judæa:* She was a Woman of infamous Lewdneſs, and ſuſpected of Inceſt with *Agrippa* her Brother: She was beloved by *Titus*, and was in a fair way of becoming a *Roman* Empreſs.

[c] The Mother of thoſe two mutinous Tribunes, *Caius* and *Tiberius Gracchus*, Daughter to *Scipio Africanus*, that conquer'd *Hannibal*, and *Syphax* King of *Numidia*, and ſubjected *Carthage* to the Power of *Rome*.

burnt,

In caſtris, & cum totâ Carthagine migrâ.
Parce, præcor, Pæan; & tu, Dea, pone ſagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt, ipſam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: ſed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipſumque parentem,
Dum ſibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem ſcrofâ Niobe fœcundior albâ.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut ſe tibi ſemper
Imputet? hujus enim rari, ſummique voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta ſuperbo
Plus aloës, quàm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem
Uſque adeò eſt, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat? inque diem ſeptenis oderit horis?
Quædam parva quidem; ſed non toleranda maritis.
Nam quid rancidius, quàm quod ſe non putat ulla
Formoſam, niſi quæ de Thuſcâ Græcula facta eſt?
De Sulmonenſi mera Cecropis? omnia Græcè;
Cùm ſit turpe minùs noſtris neſcire Latiné.

Hoc

burnt, and be gone with all thy *Carthaginian* Pageantry along with thee.

[d] *Amphion* cries, Spare, *Apollo*, I beſeech you, and you, *Diana*, lay down your Arrows, my Children have done nothing; kill the Mother only; but *Apollo* draws his Bow, and ſlew the whole Family of Children, and the Father himſelf. The Pride of *Niobe* his Wife procured this Calamity; for ſhe pretended more Honour than the Race of *Latona*, and to be more fruitful than the *White Sow*, found by *Æneas* near *Lavinium*.

WHAT Modeſty? what Beauty is of that value for which ſhe muſt domineer over you all the Days of her Life? A Man receives no delight from ſuch a rare Jewel of a Wife, her Pride ſpoils every thing agreeable in her, and mixes more Gall than Honey with all his Pleaſure; where is the Man ſo very uxorious, who muſt not abhor ſuch a Woman whom he cries up for her Virtue, and daily hates for ſeven Hours in the twelve?

THERE are ſome Faults in a Wife of no great account, but are yet inſupportable to a Huſband; for what is more fulſome than for Women to think that no one can pretend to Beauty unleſs ſhe has renounced her native Language, and from a *Tuſcan* prattles *Greek?* from a plain *Sulmonite* becomes a mere *Athenian?* Every thing muſt be liſped out in *Greek*; whereas 'tis a trifling ſort of Ignorance with ſuch, to know nothing of their Mother-Tongue: In this

[d] The Son of *Jupiter*, by *Antiope*: He married *Niobe*, the Daughter of *Tantalus*. She had by him fourteen Sons, and ſeven Daughters; and, being proud of her Fruitfulneſs, ſhe ſcorned the *Theban* Matrons, for ſacrificing to *Latona*, that had but two Children: But thoſe two, *Apollo* and *Diana*, ſenſible of this Affront to their Mother, ſhot to death all the Children in one Day, not ſparing *Amphion*. *Niobe* was afterwards turned into a Marble Statue.

Hoc ſermone pavent ; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Græcè. dones tamen iſta puellis:
Tunc etiam, quam ſextus & octogeſimus annus
Pulſat, adhuc Græcè? non eſt hic ſermo pudicus
In vetulâ, quoties laſcivum intervenit illud,
ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, *modò ſub lodice relictis*
Uteris in turbâ. quod enim non excitat inguen
Vox blanda & nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen omnes
Subſidant pennæ: dicas hæc molliùs Æmo
Quanquam, & Carpophoro ; facies tua computat annos.
Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
Cauſa ; nec eſt quare cœnam & muſtacea perdas,
Labente officio, crudis donanda: nec illud,
Quod primâ pro nocte datur ; cùm lance beatâ
Dacicus, & ſcripto radiat Germanicus auro.
Si tibi ſimplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Eſt animus: ſubmitte caput cervice paratâ
Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
Ardeat ipſa licèt, tormentis gaudet amantis,
Et ſpoliis. igitur longè minùs utilis illi
Uxor, quiſquis erit bonus, optanduſque maritus.

Dialect they expreſs'd their Fears, their Anger, their Joys, their Cares, and all the Secrets of their very Souls; what would you have more? they proſtitute themſelves in *Greek.* You may pardon theſe Fooleries in Girls; but for you, whoſe Pulſe beats eighty-ſix, to be ſtill mumbling of *Greek?* This way of ſpeaking is impudent in an old Woman, when ſhe is languiſhing with thoſe wanton Words in her Mouth, *My Life, my Soul,* they muſt be delivered in *Greek.* You publickly uſe Expreſſions that were juſt now whiſper'd within the Curtain; for what Paſſion is not raiſed by a ſoft and tempting Word? It is a ſtrong Provocative: ſee how you diſplay all your Charms to invite, yet though you liſp your fond Words with a ſofter Air than *Æmus* or *Carpophorus,* the famous Players, you make no Impreſſion, ſtill your Age is written in your Forehead.

IF you cannot love a Woman fairly contracted and married to you by Licence, there can be no Reaſon why you ſhould marry at all; why you ſhould throw away the Expence of a Wedding-Supper, or of the Bride-Cake given to the Gueſts of a weak Stomach, when the Entertainment is over, nor why you ſhould loſe the Preſent offer'd to the Bride for the Favour of the firſt Night, the large Baſon full of ſhining Gold, with *Domitian*'s Titles ſtamp'd upon every Piece.

BUT if you are ſo ſimply uxorious as to give your ſelf up wholly to the Service of a Wife, ſtoop your Head low, and your Neck willing to bear the Yoke, you'll never find a Woman that uſed her Lover with any Mercy; tho' ſhe loves you to diſtraction, ſhe takes delight in plaguing and plundering of you; and therefore an honeſt Man that would make a good Huſband has the

Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge : vendes
Hâc obſtante nihil : nihil, hæc ſi nolit, emetur.
Hæc dabit affectus : ille excludetur amicus
Jam ſenior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
Teſtandi cùm ſit lenonibus, atque laniſtis
Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,
Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.
Pone crucem ſervo : meruit quo crimine ſervus
Supplicium ? quis teſtis adeſt ? quis detulit ? audi,
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa eſt.
O demens, ita ſervus homo eſt ? nil fecerit, eſto:
Hoc volo, ſic jubeo, ſit pro ratione voluntas.
Imperat ergo viro : ſed mox hæc regna relinquit,
Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit : inde
Avolat, & ſpreti repetit veſtigia lecti.
Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit
Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.
Sic creſcit numerus ; ſic fiunt octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos : titulo res digna ſepulchri.
Deſperanda tibi ſalvâ concordia ſocru :
Illa docet ſpoliis nudi gaudere mariti :
Illa docet, miſſis à corruptore tabellis,
Nil rude, nil ſimplex reſcribere : decipit illa

Cuſtodes,

leaſt Temptation in the world to be married. You ſhall not dare to give any thing away without Madam's Conſent; you ſhall ſell nothing if ſhe oppoſes it; nothing muſt be bought if ſhe refuſes; ſhe will direct all your Paſſions; an old Friend muſt be ſhut out that uſed to be welcome at your Houſe from a Youth; and when Panders, and Prize-fighters have the liberty of making their Wills as they pleaſe, your Wife will dictate your's, and name her Drudges your Rivals to enjoy your Eſtate. Crucify that Slave, cries ſhe; for what Offence, ſays the Huſband, has he deſerved his Puniſhment? What Evidence is there? Who accuſes him? Conſider, my Dear, you cannot take too long time to weigh things when a Man's Life is concerned. O Fool, replies ſhe, call you a Slave a Man? He has done nothing perhaps, be it ſo; ſuch is my Pleaſure, ſo I command; and for a Reaſon, 'tis my Will to have it ſo. Thus ſhe plays the Tyrant over her Huſband; but ſhe ſoon gives up her Power here, changes her Family, and by often marrying wears out her Bridal Veils; this Huſband ſhe caſts off, and returns again to the Man ſhe ſcorn'd. She leaves the Gates juſt before adorned for her Wedding, and the Garlands yet green upon the Door. Thus the Number increaſes ſo in five Years, ſhe makes up [e] eight Huſbands; a fine Character to be inſcrib'd upon her Tomb-ſtone!

You muſt deſpair of having peace at home, ſo long as your Wife's Mother lives; for ſhe teaches her Daughter to triumph in the Plunder of her ſtript Huſband; ſhe teaches her to write back no ill-bred or ſimple Anſwer to the Letters ſent her by her Gallant. She deceives

[e] The Poet does not mention this Number by chance, that being the utmoſt Extent of Divorces allowed by the *Roman* Law; beyond that was accounted Adultery.

Cuſtodes, aut ære domat : tunc corpore ſano
Advocat Archigenem, oneroſaque pallia jactat.
Abditus intereà latet accerſitus adulter,
Impatienſque moræ ſilet, & præputia ducit.
Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honeſtos,
Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet ? utile porrò
Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.
Nulla ferè cauſa eſt, in quâ non fœmina litem
Moverit. accuſat Manilia, ſi rea non eſt.
Componunt ipſæ per ſe, formantque libellos,
Principium atque locos Celſo dictare paratæ.
Endromidas Tyrias, & fœmineum ceroma
Quis neſcit ? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali ?
Quem cavat aſſiduis ſudibus, ſcutoque laceſſit,
Atque omnes implet numeros ; digniſſima prorſùs

the Spies ſet upon her, or bribes them with Money; and when the Wife is in perfect Health, the old Bawd, for a Blind, ſends for *Archigenes* the Phyſician, and takes off ſome of the heavy-Bed-Clothes, as if the Patient was unable to bear them; the Adulterer, in the mean time, ready at command, lies concealed in the Cloſet, and impatient of delay, holds his breath for fear of being diſcover'd, and prepares for the vile Attempt. No wonder; for can you expect that a Mother ſhould infuſe virtuous Principles, or different from her own? Beſides, it is a profitable Article to an old Procureſs, to bring up her Daughter to the ſame Trade.

THERE is ſcarce a Trial at Bar, but a Woman is ſome way engaged in it; *Manilia*, if ſhe be not Defendant, is ſure to be Plaintiff: they form the Proceſs, and draw up Pleas upon their own Judgment, and are ſo forward as to preſcribe to *Celſus* the eminent Council, how he is to open a Cauſe, and when to reply.

WHO is unacquainted with the [f] Purple Rug, and the Gladiators Oil uſed now by the Ladies? Who ſees not the Holes they make by puſhing at a [g] Poſt, as they practiſe, which they continually bore with their wooden Swords? and defy with their Shield as if it were a living Enemy? how they go through all their Exerciſes? worthy for their Impudence to be ſummon'd to celebrate the wanton Feſtival of the

[f] Women had the Impudence to fight Prizes, and anoint themſelves with Oil like common Fencers; like them, they wore Rugs after their Exerciſe, for fear of catching cold; but, to ſhew their Pride, they were of Purple.

[g] This was the Exerciſe of the *Palaria* uſed by the Soldiers in their Camp, but now practiſed by impudent Women: A Stake was fix'd in the Ground about ſix Foot high, at which they went through all the Points of the Fencers Art, as with an Enemy, by way of Preparation to a true Fight.

Florali matrona tubâ ; niſi ſi quid in illo
Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.
Quem præſtare poteſt mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à ſexu, & vires amat ? hæc tamen ipſa
Vir nollet fieri : nam quantula noſtra voluptas ?
Quale decus rerum, ſi conjugis auctio fiat,
Balteus, & manicæ, & criſtæ, cruriſque ſiniſtri
Dimidium tegmen : vel ſi diverſa movebit
Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.
Hæ ſunt, quæ tenui ſudant in cyclade, quarum
Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.
Aſpice, quo fremitu monſtratos perferat ictus,
Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere ; quanta
Poplitibus ſedeat ; quàm denſo faſcia libro ;
Et ride, ſcaphium poſitis cùm ſumitur armis.
Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia ſumpſerit unquam
Hos habitus ? quando ad palum gemat uxor Aſylli ?
Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet : minimùm dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,

Goddeſs[h] *Flora*, unleſs they have ſome farther Deſign, and exerciſe in order to fight a Prize publickly upon the Stage. What Modeſty can that Woman pretend to, that puts on a Helmet, and puts off the Tenderneſs of her own Sex? But ſhe loves to look manly; and yet would by no means be a Man; for alas! have not they much the Advantage of us? What an Honour to a Family would it be, to have your Wife's Accoutrements put up by Auction, her Belt, her Gauntlets, her Plume of Feathers, and her Half-Boot upon her left Leg? Or, if ſhe chooſes to engage with other Weapons, happy muſt the Huſband be to ſee her fighting Buſkins ſet to ſale; yet theſe are the Ladies who at other times ſweat under the thinneſt Sarcenet, and are almoſt ſtifled under the Weight of the fineſt Silk. See with what Vigour ſhe cries *Hah*, at every Thruſt? how ſhe ſtaggers under the great Weight of her Helmet? how firmly ſhe poiſes herſelf upon her Hams? how ſhe is tuckt up cloſe for the Exerciſe? and then ſmile, to ſee her after all lay down her Arms, and put on her Veil like a Woman. Tell me ye Granddaughters of *Lepidus*, or of blind *Metellus*, or of *Fabius Gurges*, what Gladiator's Trull in your Days aſſumed this Dreſs? when ſaw you the Wife even of *Aſyllus* the Sword-player puſhing at a Poſt?

THE Bed wherein a married Woman lies always promotes Contention and mutual Scolding; the leaſt Sleep is to be had there. Then is a Wife inſupportable to her Huſband, then is ſhe worſe than a Tigreſs robbed of her

[h] The *Floral* Games were celebrated by Harlots with naked Impudence, who danced through the Streets to the Sound of a Trumpet.

Whelps,

Cum ſimulat gemitus occulti conſcia facti,
Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat
Uberibus ſemper lachrymis, ſemperque paratis
In ſtatione tuâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo: tu credis amorem;
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis
Exorbes; quæ ſcripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
Si tibi zelotypæ retigantur ſcrinia mœchæ!
Sed jacet in ſervi complexibus, aut equitis: dic,
Dic aliquem, ſodes hîc, Quintiliane, colorem.
Hæremus: dic ipſa: olim convenerat, inquit,
Ut faceres tu quod velles; necnon ego poſſem
Indulgere mihi: clames licèt, & mare cœlo
Confundas, homo ſum. Nihil eſt audacius illis
Deprênſis: iram atque animos à crimine ſumunt.
Unde hæc monſtra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
Præſtabat caſtas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva ſinebat
Tecta labor, ſomnique breves, & vellere Thuſco

Vexatæ,

Whelps, when conſcious of her own ſecret Adultery, ſhe pretends to weep, and either quarrels with the Servants as privy to their Maſter's Intrigues, or charges him falſly with keeping a Whore, her Tears being always abundant, always ready to expect the Word of Command, in what manner to flow out. Thou poor [i] Hedge-Sparrow, believeſt this to be Love; thou flattereſt thyſelf with this Fancy, and kiſſeſt off her Tears with thy Lips; but wert thou to ſearch into the Cabinet of this jealous Strumpet, what Letters, what Love-Epiſtles would'ſt thou read!

BUT ſuppoſe ſhe be actually caught in the Embraces of your Slave, or her Gallant; tell me, thou great Orator, *Quintilian*, tell, I beg you, any Colour for an Excuſe. The Council is at a Loſs; tell me, Madam, yourſelf: Why, cries ſhe, you know when we were married, it was agreed that you might do what you would, I likewiſe was to pleaſe myſelf; now bawl your Heart out, and turn the World topſy-turvy, *Homo* is a Name common to both. In ſhort, there is nothing more audacious than Women ſurprized in the Fact, they aſſume an Air of Inſolence and Courage from their very Guilt.

DO you aſk now from whence proceed theſe monſtrous Crimes, from what Fountain do they ſpring? A mean Fortune heretofore preſerved the Chaſtity of the *Roman* Women, nor would hard Labour, and a ſhort Allowance of Sleep, ſuffer their low Cottages to be corrupted with Vice. Their Hands were tired and hardened with ſpinning of *Thuſcan* Wool; beſides, [k] *Han-*

[i] The poor Fellow that was made a *Cuckold*, our Author calls *Curruca*, or *Hedge-Sparrow*, doubtleſs becauſe that Bird feeds the young *Cuckows* that are laid in its Neſt.

[k] A great *Carthaginian* General, who, after he had given the *Romans* a terrible Rout at *Cannæ*, marched within three Miles of *Rome*; which obliged the Citizens to keep conſtant guard.

nibal

Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Hannibal, & ſtantes Collinâ in turre mariti.
Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: ſævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, *victumque ulciſcitur orbem.*
Nullum crimen abeſt, facinuſque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perît: hinc fluxit ad iſtos
Et Sybaris colles. hinc & Rhodos, atque Miletos,
Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obſcæna pecunia mores
Intulit, & turpi fregerunt ſecula luxu
Divitiæ molles. quid enim Venus ebria curat?
Inguinis & capitis quæ ſint diſcrimina, neſcit;
Grandia quæ mediis jam noctibus oſtrea mordet,
Cùm perfuſa mero ſpumant unguenta Falerno,
Cùm bibitur conchâ, cùm jam vertigine tectum
Ambulat, & geminis exurgit menſa lucernis.
I nunc, & dubita quâ ſorbeat ærа ſannâ
Tullia; quid dicat notæ Collacia Mauræ;
Maura Pudicitiæ veterem cùm præterit aram
Noctibus hîc ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hîc;
Effigiemque Deæ longis ſiphonibus implent;
Inque vices equitant, ac lunâ teſte moventur:
Inde domos abeunt. Tu calcas, luce reversâ,

Conjugis

nibal was hovering about the City, and their Huſbands were forced to keep Guard in the *Colline* Gate. But now we ſuffer the Calamities of a long Peace; Luxury, more terrible than the Arms of our Enemies, conſumes us, and takes ample Revenge for our Triumphs over the conquered World. No Villany, no Attempt of Luſt is a Stranger to us, ſince the *Roman* Poverty decayed; from that time have broke in upon us the Vices of the City [1] *Sybaris*, of the Iſlands of *Rhodes* and *Miletus*, and of the ſaucy and drunken *Tarentines* with Garlands upon their Heads. Filthy Money firſt introduced foreign Cuſtoms; effeminate Riches have enervated the Virtue of the Times by ſhameful Luxury; for what does a drunken Woman care for? She knows no Difference between Top or Bottom; one, I mean, who eats large Oyſters at Midnight, who indulges herſelf with Ointments, that mixed with *Falernan* Wine ferment again, who drinks out of large Bowls, when the Room ſeems to turn round, the Table to riſe, and the Candles to ſhew double.

Now go, and doubt if you can, with what Luſt *Tullia* the Strumpet toſſes up her Noſe, what a filthy Dialogue paſſes between the impudent *Collacia* and her Confidant *Maura*; *Maura*, I ſay, as ſhe goes by the old Altar of Chaſtity. Here their Chairs wait of a Night, here they ſtain and pollute the Image of the Goddeſs by turns, the Moon all the while looking upon them. From thence they go home; thou, on the Morrow, in the Way to the Le-

[1] A City of *Calabria:* The Inhabitants were ſo addicted to Pleaſure and Effeminacy, that their Luxury became proverbial. The People of *Tarentum* (a City in the ſame Country) of the Iſlands of *Rhodes* and *Malta*, were equally famous for Lewdneſs and Debauchery.

Conjugis urinam, magnos viſurus amicos.
Nota Bonæ ſecreta Deæ, cùm tibia lumbos
Incitat, & cornu pariter, vinoque feruntur
Attonitæ, crinemque rotant, ululantque Priapi
Mænades: ô quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
Concubitûs! quæ vox ſaltante libidine! quantus
Ille meri veteris per crura madentia torrens!
Lenonum ancillas poſitâ Laufella coronâ
Provocat, & tollit pendentis præmia coxæ:
Ipſa Medullinæ frictum criſſantis adorat.
Palmam inter dominas virtus natalibus æquat.
Nil tibi per ludum ſimulabitur, omnia fient
Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, & Neſtoris hernia poſſit.
Tunc prurigo moræ impatiens: tunc fæmina ſimplex;
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro:
Jam fas eſt, admitte viros: jam dormit adulter?
Illa jubet ſumpto juvenem properare cucullo:
Si nihil eſt; ſervis incurritur: abſtuleris ſpem
Servorum, veniet conductus aquarius: hic ſi
Quæritur, & deſunt homines; mora nulla per ipſam,
Quo minùs impoſito clunem ſubmittat aſello.
Atque utinam ritus veteres, & publica ſaltem
His intacta malis agerentur ſacra: ſed omnes
Noverunt Mauri, atque Indi, quæ Pſaltria penem

Majorem

vee of thy great Friends, treadeſt upon the Spot where thy Wife ſo ſhamefully expoſed herſelf.

THE ſecret Rites of the *Good Goddeſs* are now made public, when theſe Votaries of *Priapus*, provoked by the Muſic of the Pipe and Horn, and raiſed by the Vapours of Wine, like diſtracted Women, toſs about their Hair, and make a ſtrange Howling. How their Deſires are inflamed! how agitated! what Cries, what Poſtures? what a Torrent of Filthineſs flows all about them? The lewd *Laufella* propoſes a Prize among the moſt infamous Strumpets, and in the impure Contention obtains the Victory; but ſhe is all in rapture when *Medullina* acts her Part; the more vile the greater Honour they obtain. Nothing is diſſembled in their Sports, every thing is acted to the Life, enough to fire [m] *Priam* frozen with Age, and [n] *Neſtor* burſten as he was. Then they are out of all Patience; they ſhew all the Women undiſguiſed; a general Cry is heard through all the Place. Now is the Time, let in the Men; does the Adulterer ſleep ſtill? Then, with her Veil on, ſhe orders the next young Fellow to be brought in; if he is not to be found, ſhe calls eagerly for the Slaves; if there be no hopes of them, a Waterman muſt be hired and introduced; if, at laſt, no Men are to be had, ſhe is impatient of delay, and ſubmits to proſtitute herſelf to an Aſs, below her Kind.

AND I could wiſh that the ancient Rites and the public Ceremonies of Religion were performed free from theſe Obſcenities; but the remoteſt Nations, all the *Moors* and *Indians*

[m] The laſt King of *Troy*; he lived to a great Age, and was ſlain by *Pyrrhus*.

[n] King of *Pylos*; he is ſaid to have lived three Ages.

know

Majorem, quàm ſint duo Cæſaris Anticatones,
Illùc, teſticuli ſibi conſcius undè fugit mus,
Intulerit; ubi velari pictura jubetur,
Quæcunque alterius ſexûs imitata figuram eſt.
Et quis tunc hominum contemptor numinis; aut quis
Sympuvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum,
Et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
Auſus erat? ſed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras?
Audio, quid veteres olim moneatis amici:
Pone ſeram, cohibe. ſed quis cuſtodiet ipſos
Cuſtodes? cauta eſt, & ab illis incipit uxor.
Jamque eadem ſummis paritèr, minimiſque libido;
Nec melior, ſilicem pedibus quæ conterit atrum,
Quàm quæ longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.
Ut ſpectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia veſtem,
Conducit comites, ſellam, cervical, amicas,
Nutricem, & flavam, cui det mandata, puellam.
Hæc tamen, argenti ſupereſt, quodcunque paterni,
Lævibus athletis, ac vaſa noviſſima donat.

know how *Clodius*, in the Habit of a ſinging Wench, brought with him a larger ſtock of Impudence, than the Compaſs of the two Books writ by *Julius Cæſar*, called ° *Anti-Cato's*, rolled together; and to thoſe Solemnities which a Mouſe, knowing himſelf to be of the Male kind, avoids; where a Picture that repreſents a Man, is order'd to have a Curtain before it. But who was the Man even then that preſumed to deſpiſe the Gods, or to laugh at the Earthern Chalice of *Numa*, uſed in Sacrifices, or the black earthen Bowl, or the brittle Ware made with the Clay of the *Vatican* Hill? but now do we not ſee a *Clodius* ſhewing his Impieties at every Altar?

I HEAR you, old Friends, what Advice you deſign to give me: Lock her up, you'll cry, ſeal up the Door; but who ſhall guard her very Keepers? She is ſubtile; the Wife firſt begins to tamper with theſe. The ſame Paſſions work in all Women from the higheſt to the loweſt; nor is ſhe more virtuous that goes barefoot upon the hard flint Stones, than the nice Dame carried in her Chair upon the Shoulders of a couple of tall *Syrians*.

THAT ſhe might ſee the Plays, poor *Ogulnia* hires her very Clothes, her Waiting-women, her Chair, her Cuſhion to lean upon, her Companions, her Nurſe, and a pretty golden-lockt Girl for her Confidant; at length ſhe beſtows the little ſhe has left of her Fortune, the very laſt Piece of her Plate, upon a Company of ſmooth-faced Wreſtlers.

° *Cæſar*, to reflect upon the Memory of *Cato Major* that was dead, wrote two Books, which he called *Anti-Cato's*; and when they were rolled up in the Form of a Cylinder, as all Books then were, they made a conſiderable Bulk.

Multis res anguſta domi eſt : ſed nulla pudorem
Paupertatis habet ; nec ſe metitur ad illum,
Quem dedit hæc, poſuitque modum. tamen utile quid ſit,
Proſpiciunt aliquando viri ; frigusque, famemque,
Formicâ tandem quidam expavêre magiſtrâ.
Prodiga non ſentit percuntem fœmina cenſum :
At velut exhauſtâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, & è pleno ſemper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti ſibi gaudia conſtent.
Sunt quas eunuchi imbelles, ac mollia ſemper
Oſcula delectent, & deſperatio barbæ,
Et quòd abortivo non eſt opus. illa voluptas
Summa tamen, quòd jam calidâ matura juventâ
Inguina traduntur medicis, jam pectine nigro.
Ergo expectatos, ac juſſos creſcere primùm
Teſticulos, poſtquam cœperunt eſſe bilibres,
Tonſoris damno tantùm rapit Heliodorus.
Conſpicuus longè, cunctiſque notabilis intrat
Balnea, nec dubiè cuſtodem vitis & horti
Provocat, à dominâ factus ſpado : dormiat ille
Cum dominâ : ſed tu jam durum, Poſthume, jamque
Tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.
Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
Vocem vendentis Prætoribus ; organa ſemper
In manibus : denſi radiant teſtudine totâ :
Sardonyches : criſpo numerantur pectine chordæ,
Quo tener Hedymeles operam dedit : hunc tenet, hoc ſe

Solatur

MANY Women are ſtraitned in their Fortune at home, but not one retains a Senſe of her Poverty, or lives within the Bounds that a mean Condition ſhould preſcribe to her; Men indeed ſometimes conſider what makes for their own Advantage, and ſome, by the Example of the Ant, are at long-run made to fear the Severity of Cold and Hunger: but an extravagant Woman never perceives her Circumſtances decaying; and as if Money, like a Plant, would revive and bud again in an empty Cheſt, and ſhe were always to take out of a full Heap, ſhe never once reflects how expenſive her Pleaſures are.

OTHER Ladies there are that take delight in ſoft Eunuchs, and are always pleaſed with their tender Kiſſes; that they cannot be ſcrubbed by a hard Beard, or want Phyſic to make them miſcarry. The height of their Pleaſure is, that the Surgeon *Heliodorus* performs the Operation upon his Patient in the Bloom of Youth, when all his Parts are ripe and full-grown, all but his Beard, which is the Barber's Loſs. This luſty Eunuch, remarkable at a Diſtance, and known to every one, ſtalks into the Bath, a ſtrong Provocative no doubt. The Fellow is made a Gelding by his Miſtreſs; let him by my Conſent ſleep with her for her pains: but, Friend *Poſthumus*, don't you truſt your favourite Boy, plump as *Bacchus*, to come under the hands of this libidinous Eunuch.

IF a Woman delights in ſinging, no hired Muſician at the Theatre can keep himſelf ſafe from her Attempts. Her Inſtrument is always in her hands; precious Stones, thick-ſet, ſparkle all about the Lute; ſhe runs over all the Strings in their Order, with the trembling Quill, which the dear *Hedymeles* had made uſe of; the Quill ſhe

Solatur, gratoque indulget baſia plectro.
Quædam de numero Lamiarum, ac nominis alti,
Cum farre & vino Janum, Veſtamque rogabat,
An Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
Sperare, & fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus
Ægrotante viro? medicis quid triſtibus erga
Filiolum? ſtetit ante aram, nec turpe putavit
Pro citharâ velare caput; dictataque verba
Protulit, (ut mos eſt) & apertâ palluit agnâ.
Dic mihi nunc, quæſo; dic, antiquiſſime Divûm;
Reſpondes his, Jane pater? magna otia cœli:
Non eſt, (ut video) non eſt, quid agatur apud vos.
Hæc de comœdis te conſulit: illa tragœdum
Commendare volet; varicoſus fiet haruſpex.
Sed cantet potius, quàm totam pervolet urbem
Audax, & cœtus poſſit quàm ferre virorum;
Cumque paludatis ducibus, præſente marito,
Ipſa loqui rectà facie, ſtrictiſque mammillis.

Hæc

preſſes in her Hands, with this ſhe comforts herſelf in his Abſence, and delights in fixing upon it her warmeſt Kiſſes.

A LADY of the *Lamian* Name, and of a noble Family, had the Impudence to apply to the Deities *Janus* and *Veſta*, with an Offering of Meal and Wine, in order to know whether *Pollio* the Harper might hope for the [p] *Oaken Crown*, the Muſick-Prize given to the Conqueror in the Capitol, and promiſe Succeſs to his Inſtrument. What could ſhe do more for a ſick Huſband? What for an only Son given over by his Phyſicians? She ſtood before the Altar, nor did ſhe think it any ſhame to veil her Head like a Suppliant, for a Harper; ſhe went through the Form of Prayer (as the Cuſtom is) and grew pale as the Lamb was opening by the Sooth-ſayer, leſt the Tokens ſhould prove unfortunate. Tell me now, I beſeech you, tell me, Father *Janus*, the moſt antient of the Gods, do you give an Anſwer to ſuch as theſe? Your *Godſhips* muſt have a deal of idle time in Heaven, nor can you (as I ſee) have any Buſineſs, any at all among you, to take notice of ſuch Votaries. This Lady conſults you about a Comedian, the other recommends a Tragedian to your Care; truly the Prieſt will be ſo tired with attending upon ſuch Cuſtomers, that his Legs muſt ſwell.

BUT let your Wife pleaſe her ſelf with ſinging, rather than run all the Town over like a Proſtitute, and preſs her ſelf into Mens Company without Diſtinction, rather than before her Huſband converſe with Officers in red Coats, with an impudent Face, and her Breaſts bare.

[p] *Domitian* inſtituted Sports in honour of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, which were celebrated every fifth Year; and he that came off Victor, was rewarded with an *Oaken Crown*.

Hæc eadem novit, quid toto fiat in orbe :
Quid Seres, quid Thraces agant : ſecreta novercæ,
Et pueri : quis amet ; quis decipiatur adulter.
Dicet, quis viduam prægnantem fecerit, & quo
Menſe, quibus verbis concumbat quæque, modis quot.
Inſtantem regi Armenio, Parthoque Cometen
Prima videt : famam, rumoreſque illa recentes
Excipit ad portas ; quoſdam facit : iſſe Niphatem
In populos, magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri
Diluvio : nutare urbes, ſubſidere terras,
Quocunque in trivio, cuicunque eſt obvia, narrat.
Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile, quàm quod
Vicinos humiles rapere, & concidere loris
Exorata ſolet : nam ſi latratibus alti
Rumpuntur ſomni ; fuſtes hùc ocyùs, inquit,
Afferte, atque illis dominum jubet antè feriri,
Deinde canem : gravis occurſu, teterrima vultu,
Balnea nocte ſubit : conchas, & caſtra moveri
Nocte jubet ; magno gaudet ſudare tumultu :
Cùm laſſata gravi ceciderunt brachia maſſâ,
Callidus & criſtæ digitos impreſſit aliptes,
Ac ſummum dominæ femur exclamare coëgit,
(Convivæ miſeri intereà ſomnoque fameque

Urgentur)

THIS Wife of yours knows what is doing all the world over; what the *Scythians* and *Thracians* are about; the Amour between the Step-mother and the Son; who intrigues with another Man's Wife; what Adulterer has been jilted. She can tell who got the Widow with child, the very Month, how oft, and what she said. She first discover'd the Comet that threatned ruin to the *Armenian* and *Parthian* Kings; she catches up News, and the freshest Stories, at the very Gates, some she invents; at every turning, and to every one she meets, she tells how the River [q] *Niphates* destroy'd numbers of People, and laid all the Country under water; that Cities were shaken by Earthquakes, and Mountains tumbled down.

YET this Itch of Gossiping is more easily endured than the Cruelty she uses towards her poor Neighbours, whom she orders to be seized and horse-whip'd, tho' begging for Mercy; for if she be disturb'd out of a sound Sleep by the barking of a Dog, she calls out to her Servants, *Haste hither with your Clubs*; she commands them first to lay hard on the Cur's Master, and then upon the Cur. She is frightful to meet, and terrible to look at. She goes by night into the Bath, orders her Vessels and Baggage to follow her, and delights to sweat in State among a hurry of Attendants. When her Arms are tired by the Exercise of swinging the [r] Lead, and the Arch Bath-keeper, that 'noints her, has play'd a Knave's Trick with his Fingers, and made her cry out, (her Guests in the mean time miserably starving for Hunger, or gaping for Sleep) she

[q] A great River of *Armenia* the less, dreadful to the Inhabitants when it overflows.

[r] They that sweat before they bathed swung two leaden Balls, in each Hand one, and then were anointed.

Urgentur) tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum
Œnophorum ſitiens, plenâ quòd tenditur urnâ
Admotum pedibus, de quo ſextarius alter
Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,
Dum redit, & loto terram ferit inteſtino.
Marmoribus rivi properant, aut lata Falernum
Pelvis olet : nam ſic tanquam alta in dolia longus
Deciderit ſerpens, bibit, & vomit. ergo maritus
Nauſeat, atque oculis bilem ſubſtringit opertis,
Illa tamen gravior, quæ cùm diſcumbere cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoſcit Eliſæ ;
Committit vates, & comparat ; inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ ſuſpendit Homerum.
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet ; nec cauſidicus, nec præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier : verborum tanta cadit vis ;
Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulſari. Jam nemo tubas, nemo æra fatiget,
Una laboranti poterit ſuccurrere Lunæ.
Impõnit finem ſapiens & rebus honeſtis.
Nam quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri,
Crure tenus medio tunicas ſuccingere debet;

comes at length all flush'd, longing for a whole Flagon of Wine; a full Vessel is set ready at her Feet, of which she takes two Quarts before Supper. This she does for a Whet, to get her a sharp Appetite. Up it comes, the washing of her Stomach gushes upon the Floor; it runs like a River upon the Pavement, or else she vomits in a wide Bason, which smells strong of *Falernan* Wine. So a long Snake that slips into a deep Cask of Wine,[r] drinks and spues. The Husband is sick at the Sight, and stifles his Resentment by turning his Eyes another way.

SHE is still more intolerable when she affects to play the *Critic* at Table, applauds the Genius of *Virgil*, and excuses poor *Dido* dying for Love. She quotes the Poets and compares them; *Virgil* she weighs in one Scale, and *Homer* in the other. The *Grammarians* are Fools to her, the *Rhetoricians* are struck dumb, the whole Company is mute, not even a Lawyer, a common Crier, not one of her Female Gossips, can put in a Syllable where she is; she comes down with such a Torrent of Words, that you would swear so many Basons or Bells were ringing. There is no occasion for Tabors or Trumpets, she alone with her Noise is able to relieve the[s] labouring Moon. She reads you Lectures like a Philosopher, upon the *End*, and the *Means*, and the *Summum Bonum*. Such a Lady that pretends to more than ordinary Learning and Eloquence, ought to be distinguished as a Philosopher, by wearing a[t] Coat that comes no lower than the Middle-

[s] When the Moon was eclipsed, the *Romans* superstitiously thought that she was under the Power of some Charms or Incantations, against which nothing would prevail, but the Sound of Brass, from Trumpets, Basons, Kettles, *&c.*

[t] The Dress of Philosophers was a Coat that came no lower than the Mid-Leg. They used to offer a Hog to *Sylvanus*,

Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes:
Sed quædam ex libris, & non intelligat. odi
Hanc ego, quæ repetit, volvitque Palæmonis artem,
Servatâ semper lege & ratione loquendi,
Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
Nec curanda viris Opicæ castigat amicæ
Verba. Solœcismum liceat feciſſe marito.
Nil non permittit mulier sibi; turpe putat nil,
Cùm virides gemmas collo circumdedit, & cùm
Auribus extensis magnos commisit elenchos.
Intolerabilius nihil est quàm fœmina dives.
Intereà fœda aspectu, ridendaque multo
Pane tumet facies, aut pinguia Poppæana
Spirat, & hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.

Ad

Middle-Leg; ſhe ought to ſacrifice a Hog to *Sylvanus*, and to pay the common Fee, a Farthing, at the Bath.

LET not the Wife of thy Boſom, that lies by thee, know any thing of the Art of Logic, how to come over you ſmartly with a ſhort [u] *Enthymeme*, or pretend to be perfect in Hiſtory. I'll allow her to have ſome Taſte of Books, but ſhe ſhould not underſtand too much; I hate a Woman that is always conning, and turning over her Grammar-Rules like a Pedant, and placing her Words exactly in Mood and Tenſe, who is for ever plaguing me with her old-faſhioned Verſes that I know nothing of, and correcting her goſſiping Companions for ſpeaking a Word improperly, which a Man would take no Notice of; a Huſband ſurely may be allowed to break [x] *Priſcian*'s Head, without Danger to his own.

A WOMAN denies herſelf nothing, thinks nothing diſhonourable, when her Neck ſhines with a String of Emeralds, and her Ears are ſtretch'd with the Weight of the longeſt Pearls. Nothing can be more inſufferable than a Wife that brought you a Fortune. Obſerve how filthy her Face looks, how bloated and ridiculous it appears, daubed over with a thick Paſte, or ſmells ſtrong of [y] *Poppæan* Ointment. This is the Glue-Pot for her Huſband's Lips. To her

vanus, the God of the Woods; at which Sacrifice a Woman was forbid to be preſent, neither did that Sex pay any thing for bathing.

[u] An imperfect kind of Syllogiſm, wanting one Propoſition.

[x] A famous *Grammarian*. To ſpeak falſe *Latin*, is call'd breaking his Head.

[y] *Poppæa*, the Wife of *Nero*: She invented a ſort of *Pomatum* to preſerve her Beauty; and when ſhe was baniſhed from *Rome*, ſhe had fifty She-Aſſes along with her, for their Milk to waſh in.

Gallant

Ad mœchum veniet lotâ cute: quando videri
Vult formoſa domi? mœchis foliata parantur;
His emitur, quicquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
Tandem aperit vultum, & tectoria prima reponit:
Incipit agnoſci, atqui illo lacte fovetur,
Propter quod ſecum comites educit aſellas,
Exul Hyperboreum ſi dimittatur ad axem.
Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur
Tot medicaminibus, coctæquæ ſiliginis offas
Accipit, & madidæ; facies dicetur, an ulcus?
Eſt operæ pretium penitùs cognoſcere toto
Quid faciant, agitentque die. ſi nocte maritus
Averſus jacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
Coſmetæ tunicas, tardè veniſſe Liburnus
Dicitur, & pœnas alieni pendere ſomni
Cogitur: hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
Hic ſcuticâ: ſunt quæ tortoribus annua præſtant.
Verberat, atque obiter faciem linit; audit amicas,
Aut latum pictæ veſtis conſiderat aurum;
Et cædens longi repetit tranſacta diurni.
Et cædit donec laſſis cædentibus, EXI,
Intonet horrendùm, jam cognitione peractâ.
Præfectura domûs Siculâ non mitior aulâ.

Nam

Gallant ſhe comes with her Skin clean; when does ſhe take the Pains to look agreeable at home? She is perfumed with the Oil of Spikenard for the Careſſes of her Adulterers; for them ſhe purchaſes all the Sweets brought hither by the ſlender *Indians*; for them it is ſhe uncaſes her Face, and takes off the Plaiſtering; ſhe begins to look like herſelf, and only ſmooths her Skin with a Waſh of Aſſes Milk. So that were ſhe baniſhed to the North Pole, ſhe would have a Train of theſe Creatures along with her. But a Complexion daubed and poulticed with ſo many different Coſmetics, cruſted with ſo many Paſtes of white Bread and Milk, a Face would you call it or a Sore?

IT is worth while to take a Survey how our Ladies ſpend their time all the Day long. If the Huſband chances to turn his Back upon her in the Night; the Houſe-keeper is undone, her Tire-women muſt ſtrip, the Footman is chaſtized for ſtaying of his Meſſage, and is forced to ſuffer for the Drouſineſs of his Maſter. One has a Bundle of Canes broke upon him, another bleeds with Whips, a third with Thongs. Some of our Women hire Beadles by the Year, to laſh their Servants. The Executioner lays on, ſhe unconcerned is daubing her Face, prattling with her Viſitors, examining the Gold Embroidery of her Gown, and aſking Queſtions, (the Fellows ſtill laying on) about the long Accounts of the Day. In ſhort, ſhe has no Mercy 'till the Tormentors are quite tired; then ſhe cries out with a frightful Note, *Be gone, you Raſcal, now you have made up your Accounts.* The Government of ſuch a Family is more cruelly exerciſed than the Tyranny of a [z] *Sicilian* Court.

[z] In the Reign of *Phalaris*, or the *Dionyſii*.

BUT

Nam ſi conſtituit, ſolitoque decentiùs optat
Ornari; & properat, jamque expectatur in hortis,
Aut apud Iſiacæ potiùs ſacraria lenæ;
Componit crinem laceratis ipſa capillis,
Nuda humeros Pſecas infelix, nudiſque mamillis.
Altior hic quare cincinnus? taurea punit
Continuò flexi crimen, facinuſque capilli.
Quid Pſecas admiſit? quænam eſt hîc culpa puellæ?
Si tibi diſplicuit naſus tuus? altera lævum
Extendit, pectitque comas, & volvit in orbem.
Eſt in conſilio matrona, admotaque lanis
Emeritâ quæ ceſſat acu: ſententia prima
Hujus erit; poſt hanc ætate, atque arte minores
Cenſebunt: tanquam famæ diſcrimen agatur,
Aut animæ: tanti eſt quærendi cura decoris.
Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;
Poſt minor eſt: aliam credas. cedo, ſi breve parvi
Sortita eſt lateris ſpatium, breviorque videtur
Virgine Pygmæâ, nullis adjuta cothurnis,
Et levis erectâ conſurgit ad oſcula plantâ.
Nulla viri cura intereà, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum: vivit tanquam vicina mariti:

BUT if ſhe makes an Aſſignation, and reſolves to be dreſſed neater than uſual, or is in a hurry to meet her Gallant, who waits for her in *Lucullus*' Gardens, or rather at that noted Place of Intrigue the Temple of [a] *Iſis*, poor *Pſecas* with her Hair torn about her Ears, and ſtript to the Waiſt, is forced to ſet every Lock in its proper Place; *Huſſee, why is this Curl higher than it ſhould be?* Preſently the Whip is laid on, to revenge the Diſorder of the leaſt Hair. But what has poor *Pſecas* done? How is the Girl in fault, if your Ladyſhip, looking in the Glaſs, does not like your own Noſe? Another opens and combs out the Locks on the left-ſide, and turns them into Rings. Her old Nurſe (now put to ſpin, being paſt uſing the Criſping-Pin) is called to Council, her Opinion is firſt aſked; the younger Maids, according to their Age and Experience, vote next. As if her Character, her very Life were at ſtake, ſo anxious is ſhe of appearing beautiful at ſuch a Time. She builds up her Head with ſo many Rows and Stories of Curl, that to meet her, you'd think her as tall as [b] *Andromache*; behind ſhe ſinks into a Dwarf, you would not take her for the ſame Woman. Excuſe her, I beg, eſpecially if ſhe happens to be ſhort in the Waiſt; if ſhe ſeems leſs than a Maiden Pigmy, without the Advantage of high-heel'd Shoes, and is forced to ſpring up on tip-toe for a Kiſs.

NO Concern for the poor Cuckold all this while, no Regard for the Ruin of his Eſtate; ſhe lives as

[a] She was Daughter to the River *Inachus*, and one of *Jove*'s Miſtreſſes, who, for fear of *Juno*, turn'd her into a Cow. She was afterwards reſtored to her Shape, married *Oſiris*, and after her Death was worſhipped as a Goddeſs by the *Egyptians*. Her Temple at *Rome* was a Place of reſort for Wenches, Pimps, and Bawds.

[b] The Wife of *Hector*, a maſculine Lady, and very tall.

if

Hoc ſolo propior, quòd amicos conjugis odit,
Et ſervos. gravis eſt rationibus. Ecce furentis
Bellonæ, matriſque Deûm chorus intrat, & ingens
Semivir, obſcœno facies reverenda minori,
Mollia qui ruptâ ſecuit genitalia teſtâ,
Jampridem cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt
Plebeia, & Phrygiâ veſtitur bucca tiarâ;
Grande ſonat, metuique jubet Septembris, & auſtri
Adventum, niſi ſe centum luſtraverit ovis,
Et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipſi;
Ut quicquid ſubiti & magni diſcriminis inſtat,
In tunicas eat, & totum ſemel expiet annum.
Hybernum fractâ glacie deſcendet in amnem,
Ter matutino Tiberi mergetur, & ipſis
Vorticibus timidum caput abluet: indè Superbi
Totum regis agrum, nuda ac tremebunda cruentis
Erepet genibus. ſi candida juſſerit Jō,
Ibit ad Ægypti finem, calidâque petitas
A Meroë portabit aquas, ut ſpargat in æde
Iſidis, antiquo quæ proxima ſurgit ovili.
Credit enim ipſius dominæ ſe voce moneri.

if ſhe were no more than a Neighbour to him; in this only like a Wife, that ſhe hates all her Huſband's Friends and Servants, and is a grievous Burden to him by her Expences.

Lo, a Proceſſion of the Prieſts of *Cybele* and mad *Bellona!* A luſty Eunuch, Chief Pontiff, leads the Van, a reverend Gelding, not half-provided, who with a broken Shell had ſpoil'd the tender Tokens of his Manhood: To him the hoarſe Tribe of his inferior Clergy, beating their Timbrels, bow low; a *Phrygian* Turbant covers his Head tied under the Chin. Loudly he bawls, 'Beware, *September*, and the fatal 'Blaſts of the South-wind, unleſs your Wife 'will purify her ſelf with a [c] Luſtration of a hun-'dred Eggs, and offer her old Murry-coloured 'Garments to the High Prieſt, then all ſudden 'and impending Evils will paſs into the 'Clothes devoted; and thus at once are purged 'all the unlucky Omens of the Year.' At his Command ſhe'll plunge into the River in the depth of Winter, through broken Ice, or in the coldeſt Morning dip three times in the *Tiber*, or bathe her trembling Head in the moſt frightful Whirlpools; then ſhaking with Cold, and naked, crawl o'er the *Campus Martius* on her bleeding Knees. If milk-white [d] *Io*, by her Prieſt commands, ſhe'll travel to the utmoſt Bounds of *Ægypt*, and bring home Water from the ſultry Air of *Meroë*, to ſprinkle on the ſacred Fane of *Iſis*, that ſtands near the old Sheep-fold. She thinks the Goddeſs ſpeaks, and ſo

[c] The Poet ſhews here the Power the Prieſts had over ſuperſtitious Women, perſuading them to purify themſelves with Brimſtone, Eggs, and a lighted Taper made of the Pine-Tree: to give them their old Clothes, which were to be hanged up till the Luſtration was over, and then the Prieſts were to have the Benefit of them.

[d] A Goddeſs; the ſame with *Iſis*, turned into a *white Cow*.

En animam & mentem, cum quâ Dî nocte loquantur !
Ergo hic præcipuum, ſummumque meretur honorem,
Qui grege linigero circumdatus, & grege calvo
Plangentis populi, currit deriſor Anubis.
Ille petit veniam, quoties non abſtinet uxor
Concubitu, ſacris obſervandiſque diebus ;
Magnaque debetur violato pœna cadurco :
Et moviſſe caput viſa eſt argentea ſerpens.
Illius lachrymæ, meditataque murmura præſtant,
Ut veniam culpæ non abnuat, anſere magno
Scilicet, & tenui popano corruptus Oſiris.
Cum dedit ille locum ; cophino, fœnoque relicto,
Arcanam Judæa tremens mendicat in aurem,
Interpres legum Solymarum, & magna ſacerdos
Arboris, ac ſummi fida internuncia cœli ;
Implet & illa manum, ſed parciùs : ære minuto,

Qualiacunque

obeys. Lo, here the Soul and Cunning of a Prieſt, fit for the Converſe of the Gods by Night! This ſneering Pontiff, as he bears [e] *Anubis*, (ſurrounded with his holy Train in Linen-Robes, and with a bald-pate Rout of Votaries lamenting the Loſs of *Apis*) runs frantic through the Streets, and receives the higheſt Honour from the Croud. He pacifies the Goddeſs, when the Wife cannot refrain the Conjugal Embrace, on her moſt high and ſolemn Feſtival; for which Pollution of the Marriage-Bed, ſhe ought to ſuffer the ſevereſt Puniſhment. Gently the [f] Silver Serpent ſeems to nod; the Prieſt, by Tears, and mumbling o'er his Prayers, prevails; *Oſiris* bribed by an Oblation of a large Gooſe and a thin Cake, is pleas'd to pardon the Offence.

He now withdraws; a ſhivering *Jeweſs* next leaving her Baſket and her Hay behind, begs ſoftly with a Whiſper in her Ear, vers'd in the *Talmud* and the Ritual Laws, High Prieſteſs to ſome conſecrated Tree, ſhe faithfully tranſacts between Heaven and Earth. The Gypſy's Hand ſhe croſſes, but ſparingly with a ſmall Piece of

[e] *Anubis* was the Son of *Oſiris* and *Iſis*; all three the *Ægyptians* worſhipped as Deities. *Oſiris* they ador'd under the Name of *Apis* and *Serapis*, in the Form of an Ox, mark'd with ſome peculiar Spots. This Beaſt they drown'd, after a certain Number of Years, in a ſacred Fountain, and went howling about, 'till they found another. At theſe Fooleries the Prieſt carried the Image of *Anubis*, whom they worſhipped in the Form of a Dog, which *Anubis*, or the Prieſt that carried him, did but jeer at the Folly of the People that attended him.

[f] In the Temple of *Iſis* and *Oſiris* there was an Image with three Heads; the middlemoſt like a Lion, the Right-ſide Head like a fawning Dog, and the Left-ſide Head like a ravenous Wolf; about all which a Serpent wrapt himſelf, bringing his Head under the Right-hand of the God. The *Nodding of the Serpent* means, that the Prieſt has his Requeſt granted.

Qualiacunque voles Judæi ſomnia vendunt.
Spondet amatorem tenerum, vel divitis orbi
Teſtamentum ingens, calidæ pulmone columbæ
Tractato, Armenius, vel Commagenus aruſpex:
Pectora pullorum rimatur, & exta catelli,
Interdum & pueri: faciet, quod deferat ipſe.
Chaldæis ſed major erit fiducia: quicquid
Dixerit aſtrologus, credent à fonte relatum
Hammonis; quoniam Delphis oracula ceſſant,
Et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri,
Præcipuus tamen eſt horum, qui ſæpiùs exul,
Cujus amicitiâ, conducendâque tabellâ
Magnus civis obit, & formidatus Othoni.
Inde fides arti, ſonuit ſi dextera ferro
Lævaque, ſi longo caſtrorum in carcere manſit.

Nemo

Money; for *Jews* can ſell what Fortune you deſire.

SHE next applies to an [g] *Armenian*, or Figure-Flinger of *Commagena*, who, firſt inſpecting the ſmoking Liver of a Pidgeon, promiſes a tender Lover, or a ſwinging Legacy from a rich old Fellow without a Child. The Cheat to ſanctify his Skill, prys into the Breaſts of Chickens, or the Intrails of a Whelp, ſometimes of an Infant; a Murder which if another ſhould commit, he would be the firſt that inform'd againſt him.

BUT her chief Dependance is upon the [h] *Chaldæan* Conjurers; whatever an Aſtrologer of that ſort pronounces, ſhe receives as an Anſwer from *Jupiter Hammon*; eſpecially ſince the Oracle of [i] *Delphos* is ſilent, and a thick Darkneſs conceals the Times to come from human Sight. Of theſe, He has the moſt Cuſtom who has been moſt frequently baniſhed; he by whoſe Friendſhip and dear-bought [k] Scheme, the Death of *Galba*, the chief Citizen of *Rome*, was foretold to *Otho* his Succeſſor, who was afraid of him. You may rely upon his Art if the Chains have rattled upon both his Hands, if he has ſuffer'd a long Impriſonment in the [l] Camp; for no *Philomath*

[g] *Armenia* and *Syria*, (of which *Commagena* is a Part) were Countries famous for Fortune-tellers.

[h] The *Chaldæans* living about *Babylon* were great Maſters in the Knowledge of the Stars.

[i] It is ſaid, the Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was ſilenced at the Birth of Chriſt.

[k] He means *Seleucus*, a famous Aſtrologer, by whoſe Inſtigation and Prediction, *Otho*, (with whom he was intimate) failing to be adopted by *Galba*, cauſed *Galba* to be killed.

[l] Theſe Predicters, who foretold Things in time of War, were carried as Priſoners with the Army, and confined in the Camp, in expectation of the Event: In which Condition they had a Soldier to guard them; and, for more Safety,

Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
Sed qui penè perît : cui vix in Cyclada mitti
Contigit, & parvâ tandem caruiſſe Seripho.
Conſulit ictericæ lento de funere matris,
Antè tamen de te, Tanaquil tua ; quando ſororem
Efferat, & patruos : an ſit victurus adulter
Poſt ipſam. quid enim majus dare numina poſſunt ?
Hæc tamen ignorat, quid ſidus triſte minetur
Saturni ; quo læta Venus ſe proferat aſtro ;
Qui menſis damno, quæ dentur tempora lucro.
Illius occurſus etiam vitare memento,
In cujus manibus, ceu pinguia ſuccina, tritas
Cernis ephemeridas ; quæ nullum conſulit, & jam
Conſulitur ; quæ caſtra viro, patriamque petente,
Non ibit pariter, numeris revocata Thraſylli.

Philomath will be allowed to have a tolerable Genius, unleſs he has been condemned and had his Neck in the Halter; unleſs he prevail'd with difficulty to be baniſhed to one of the [m] *Cyclades*, and had the favour at laſt to be recalled from *Seriphus*, the moſt deſolate Iſland of the Number. Your loving [n] *Tanaquil* adviſes with him about the lingring Death of her Mother, ſick of the yellow Jaundice; but firſt ſhe inquires after your dear ſelf, then when ſhe ſhall bury her Siſter and her Uncles, whether the Adulterer ſhall outlive her; for what greater Favour can the Gods beſtow? Yet ſhe knows nothing of the Art her ſelf, or what the baleful Influence of *Saturn* threatens, or in conjunction with what Star propitious *Venus* riſes in the Sky; what Month is unfortunate, and when is the lucky Moment of getting Money.

BEWARE the Woman in whoſe Hands you ſee her *Ephemeris* made greaſy like chafed Amber, by conſtant Thumbing; who, far from wanting Advice, is her ſelf conſulted. She refuſes to follow her Huſband to the Wars, or return with him to her own Country, prevented by the infallible Figures of [o] *Thraſyllus* the Aſtrologer. If ſhe pleaſes to be carried but a

they were tied together with a Chain of ſome Length, for Conveniency, the one End whereof was faſtened to the Soldier's Left-Arm, the other to the Priſoner's Right.

[m] A Number of Iſlands in the *Archipelago*, of which *Seriphus* was the leaſt and moſt deſart; here Aſtrologers were ſometimes confined: but if their Prediction in the End proved true, they were recalled.

[n] He means his Wife, whom he calls ſo after the Name of the Wife of *Tarquinius Priſcus*, a Woman ſkilled in Divination, who foretold her Huſband ſhould be King.

[o] A *Platoniſt*, and a great Mathematician, once in high eſteem with *Tiberius Cæſar*, afterwards by his command thrown into the Sea at *Rhodes*.

Ad primum lapidem vectari cùm placet, hora
Sumitur ex libro; ſi prurit fictus ocelli
Angulus, inſpectâ geneſi collyria poſcit.
Ægra licèt jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
Aptior hora cibo, niſi quam dederit Petoſiris.
Si mediocris erit, ſpatium luſtrabit utrumque
Metarum, & ſortes ducet; frontemque manumque
Præbebit vati crebrum poppyſma roganti.
Divitibus reſponſa dabit Phryx augur, & Indus
Conductus; dabit aſtrorum mundique peritus;
Atque aliquis ſenior, qui publica fulgura condit.
Plebeium in Circo poſitum eſt, & in aggere fatum:

Mile abroad, the happy Hour muſt be taken from her Book; if the Corner of her Eye does but itch, ſhe will apply no Remedy 'till the Scheme of her Nativity be erected; if ſhe be ſick, no time is ſo proper for her to eat as when [p]*Petoſiris* preſcribes; if in mean Circumſtances, ſhe runs into the *Circus*, the common Haunt of ſuch Cheats, ſurveys it from one End to the other, 'till ſhe find one ſhe approves, then draws the Lots for her Fortune; ſhe ſhews her Forehead and Hand to the Cunning Man, who wantonly ſtroaks it, under Pretence of inſpecting the Lines more perfectly. But Women of Faſhion will conſult a *Phrygian*, or *Indian* Aſtrologer, Maſter of the Globe and Spheres, or ſome venerable *Aruſpex*, whoſe Art conſiſts in the Expiation of [q] public Lightning. The common Sort apply to the *Circus*, or *Tarquin*'s Mount, to vulgar Quacks; you'll ſee an ordinary Wo-

[p] A famous *Ægyptian* Aſtrologer.

[q] If a Place were ſtruck with Lightning, it was expiated by a Prieſt in this manner: They gathered what was ſcorched by the Lightning, and praying with a low Voice, buried it in the Earth. If a Man was ſtruck, omitting the Cuſtom of burning the Body, he was buried in the ſame Place; then was the Place incloſed, an Altar erected in it, and expiatory Sacrifices offered by a Prieſt. Yet ſome Perſons ſo ſtruck were not buried, but only covered with a white Garment, both becauſe they might be gazed at by the People (yet at a Diſtance, none being admitted within the Bounds but the Prieſts) and becauſe they believed ſuch Bodies did not putrify, and as fooliſhly thought ſuch Perſons to be honoured by *Jupiter*. Theſe Lightnings they diſtinguiſhed into *Public* and *Private*; which Diviſion, I ſuppoſe, was taken from the things which were ſtruck, ſome Places and Perſons being *Public*, as Temples, Magiſtrates, and the like, others *Private*. They had different Rules relating to the Parts of this Diſtinction; for *Private Lightning* forboded things to come for ten Years only, except they happened upon one's Birth-day, or Marriage-day; but *public Lightnings* for thirty Years, unleſs they fell at the Surrender of a Town.

man

Quæ nullis longum oſtendit cervicibus aurum,
Conſulit ante Phalas, Delphinorumque columnas,
An ſaga vendenti nubat, caupone relicto.
Hæ tamen & partûs ſubeunt diſcrimen, & omnes
Nutricis tolerant, fortunâ urgente, labores:
Sed jacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto.
Tantum artes hujus, tantum medicamina poſſunt,
Quæ ſteriles facit, atque homines in ventre necandos
Conducit. gaude, infelix, atque ipſe bibendum
Porrige quicquid erit: nam ſi diſtendere vellet,
Et vexare uterum pueris ſalientibus, eſſes
Æthiopis fortaſſe pater: mox decolor hæres
Impleret tabulas nunquam tibi manè videndus.
Tranſeo ſuppoſitos, & gaudia, votaque ſæpe
Ad ſpurcos decepta lacus, atque inde petitos
Pontifices, Salios, Scaurorum nomina falſo
Corpore laturos. Stat fortuna improba noctu,
Arridens nudis infantibus: hos fovet omnes,
Involvitque ſinu; domibus tunc porrigit altis,
Secretumque ſibi mimum parat: hos amat, his ſe
Ingerit, atque ſuos ridens producit alumnos.

Hic

man without the Ornament of Gold Beads, to ſet off her ſlender Neck, ſtand before the [r]*Towers* and the *Dolphin's Pillars*, and inquire whether ſhe ſhall marry the Old-clothes Man, and leave the Man at the Cook's Shop.

YET theſe looſe Dames undergo the Dangers of Child-bearing, and not able to put their Children out, bear all the Fatigue of Nurſing at home. You'll ſcarce hear of a Lying-in among Ladies of Quality; ſuch is the Power of Art, ſuch the Force of Medicines prepared by the Midwife to cauſe Barrenneſs and Abortion! Bleſs your Stars, you Fool, give her the Potion with your own Hands; for if ſhe goes out her time, and the Boy makes her uneaſy by kicking in her Belly, you may chance to be Father of a Blackmoor, and an Heir of another Colour may inherit your Eſtate; ſo frightful, that to ſee him firſt in a Morning you would think it unfortunate.

TO ſay nothing of ſuppoſititious Children, the Joys and Wiſhes of believing Huſbands, commonly pick'd up at a filthy Ponds ſide, from hence come your Prieſts, your *Salii*, theſe Foundlings bear the Name of the *Scauri*, and the chief Families in *Rome*. Fortune, in waggiſh Sport and ſilent Night, ſmiles on theſe naked Babes; ſhe keeps them warm and hugs them in her Boſom, then conveys them into the Houſes of the Great, and laughs in ſecret at the Parts they play. Theſe ſhe careſſes, makes their Concern her own, and with a Sneer conducts her Foſter-Children into the higheſt Honours of the City.

[r] Wooden Towers in the Form of an Egg, built by *Agrippa*, for the Judges of the *Circenſian* Games. In the *Circus* were lofty Pillars, on which were placed the Statues of *Dolphins* erected for Ornament.

ONE

Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Theſſala vendit
Philtra, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti,
Et ſoleâ pulſare nates. quòd deſipis, indè eſt;
Inde animi caligo, & magna oblivio rerum,
Quas modò geſſiſti. Tamen hoc tolerabile, ſi non
Et furere incipias, ut avunculus ille Neronis,
Cui totam tremuli frontem Cæſonia pulli
Infudit. quæ non faciet, quod Principis uxor?
Ardebant cuncta, & fractâ compage ruebant,
Non aliter quàm ſi feciſſet Juno maritum
Inſanum. Minùs ergo nocens erit Agrippinæ
Boletus: ſiquidem unius præcordia preſſit
Ille ſenis, tremulumque caput deſcendere juſſit
In cœlum, & longâ manantia labra ſalivâ.
Hæc poſcit ferrum, atque ignes, hæc potio torquet,
Hæc lacerat miſtos equitum cum ſanguine patres.
Tanti partus equæ, tanti una venefica conſtat.
Oderunt natos de pellice: nemo repugnat,
Nemo vetat: jamjam privignum occidere fas eſt.
Vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior eſt res,

Cuſtodite

ONE ſupplies them with Magic Charms, another with *Theſſalian* Philters, by which they diſtract their Huſband's Brain, and uſe him as they pleaſe, even to clap his Poſteriors with their Slipper. Hence comes that Giddineſs in your Head, hence that Gloomineſs upon your Mind, that entire Forgetfulneſs of what you did laſt; and 'tis well if you come off ſo, if you are not raving mad, like [s] *Nero*'s Uncle poiſoned by *Cæſonia*, who ſqueezed the Fleſh taken from the Forehead of a Foal, into his Cup. What Woman will fear to follow the Example of an Empreſs? The *Roman* World inſtantly grew diſtracted, and disjointed fell to pieces, as if *Juno* had driven the *Thunderer* out of his Wits. *Agrippina*'s Muſhroom was not near ſo fatal, that only tormented the Bowels of one old Dotard, and ſent his ſhaking Noddle downward to the Skies, the ropy Drivel hanging from his Lips. This Potion calls for Fire and Sword, and Racks; this murders Knights and Senators in one common Slaughter: So powerful is the Poiſon of a Foal, ſo fatal is her Art that mixed the Cup!

THEY hate their Huſband's Baſtards; let them do ſo, no body is againſt it; but to defend the Murder of a Son-in-law? You, Orphans that are to inherit Eſtates, let me adviſe

[s] *Cæſar Caligula*, whom *Cæſonia* his Wife drenched with a Love-Potion, made of the *Hippomanes*, (a little Skin like a Cap taken from the Forehead of a Colt new-foaled) which drove him into ſuch a Madneſs of Love, that he would often ſhew her naked to his Friends; ſomewhat like the outrageous Fondneſs of *Jupiter* for *Juno*, effected by the *Cæſtus* or *Girdle* of *Venus*. This Potion of *Cæſonia*'s was infinitely more pernicious than *Agrippina*'s Muſhroom; for that only deſtroyed a driveling old Emperor: But *Caligula*, after his Draught, became a bloody mercileſs Tyrant, and committed infinite Slaughter without diſtinction.

Cuſtodite animas, & nulli credite menſæ:
Livida materno fervent adipata veneno.
Mordeat antè aliquis, quicquid porrexerit illa,
Quæ peperit: timidus prægustet pocula pappas.
Fingimus hæc, altum Satyrâ ſumente cothurnum,
Scilicet, & finem egreſſi legemque priorum,
Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
Montibus ignotum Rutulis, cæloque Latino.
Nos utinam vani! ſed clamat Pontia, Feci,
Confiteor, pueriſque meis aconita paravi,
Quæ deprênſa patent: facinus tamen ipſa peregi.
Tune duos unâ, ſæviſſima vipera, cœnâ?
Tune duos? ſeptem, ſi ſeptem fortè fuiſſent.
Credamus tragicis, quicquid de Colchide ſævâ
Dicitur, & Progne. nil contrà conor: & illæ
Grandia monſtra ſuis audebant temporibus; ſed
Non propter nummos. Minor admiratio ſummis

Debetur

you to take care of your Lives, be cautious where you eat; the Dainties ſet before you look livid, and ſwell with Poiſon infuſed by your Mother; whatever the Mother that bore you offers, let ſome body bite firſt; let your Tutor trembling be your Taſter.

BUT ſure this is all a Fiction; my Satire has aſſumed the Tragic Stile, paſſing the Bounds of all that wrote before; I rant in lofty Verſe like *Sophocles*, in Strains unknown to the *Rutilian* Hills, or to the *Latian* Air: Would it were all a Fable, but [t] *Pontia* cries out, *I did it, I made up Poiſon for the Boys, it was found upon me too plain to be denied. I reſolved upon the Act.* You barbarous Viper, what, murder two at one Meal? What, two at once? *Yes, ſeven, had there been ſo many.* Let us no longer doubt of Tragic Tales, of what is ſaid of fierce [u] *Medea*, or the cruel [x] *Progne*; I ſhall offer nothing to the Contrary. 'Tis true, theſe Women in their Times were guilty of moſt unnatural Practices, but not for Money. We are the leſs to wonder

[t] *Juvenal* ſuppoſes his Readers may queſtion the Truth of ſome Crimes he charges upon the Women, as if they were Stories feigned to heighten his Satires. But to clear himſelf, he introduces the Story of *Pontia*, the Daughter of *Titus Pontius* (not of *Publius Petronius*, the Wife of *Vectius Bolanus*, as is generally received.) To juſtify this, *Holyday*, in his excellent Illuſtrations, mentions an Inſcription upon an old *Roman* Stone, to this purpoſe: *Here I* Pontia, *the Daughter of* Titus Pontius, *am laid, who out of wretched Covetouſneſs having poiſoned two Sons, made away with myſelf. Whoever you are that paſs by this Way, if you have any Goodneſs in you, I beg you would turn your Eyes from me.*

[u] The Daughter of *Æta*, King of *Colchos*, who fled away with *Jaſon*, and being purſued by her Father, cut her Brother *Abſyrtus* in pieces, and ſcattered the Limbs in his way, to hinder his Speed.

[x] Daughter of *Pandion*, King of *Athens*, and Wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thrace*, who having raviſhed her Siſter *Philomela*, ſhe, in revenge, killed their Son *Itys*, and ſerved him up to her Huſband to eat.

Debetur monſtris, quoties facit ira nocentem
Hunc ſexum; & rabie jecur incendente feruntur
Præcipites: ut ſaxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons
Subtrahitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit.
Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat & ſcelus ingens
Sana facit. ſpectant ſubeuntem fata mariti
Alceſtim; &, ſimilis ſi permutatio detur,
Morte viri cuperent animam ſervare catellæ.
Occurrent multæ tibi Belides, atque Eriphylæ:
Manè Clytæmneſtram nullus non vicus habebit.
Hoc tantùm refert, quòd Tyndaris illa bipennem
Inſulſam, & fatuam dextrâ lævâque tenebat:
At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ;
Sed tamen & ferro, ſi prægustârit Atrides
Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

at ſuch monſtrous Acts, when Fury provokes the Sex, and (their Liver heated by Rage) they are carried headlong into ſuch Impieties; like Stones torn from a Rock, when the under Part of the Mountain ſinks, and the Sides ſeem to ſtart back from the Cliff ready to tumble down.

I CANNOT bear a Woman that deliberates, and perpetrates an Act of Villany in cold Blood. Our Ladies behold the good [y] *Alceſte* on the Stage, dying to ſave her Huſband's Life; but were an Exchange of the ſame nature now allowed, they'd wiſh their Huſbands Death to ſave their Lap-dogs.

YOU meet with the [z] *Belides* and [a] *Eriphyla's* every Morning of your Life; Wives that murder and betray their Huſbands, and [b] *Clytemneſtra's* grow in every Street: But with this Difference, this Daughter of *Tyndarus* made uſe of a blunt bungling Axe with both her Hands; but now the Feat is done by the ſubtle Lungs of a red Toad; yet if the wary Huſband has taken the Antidote of [c] *Mithridates*, that thrice conquer'd King, ſhe is ready for him with a Dagger.

[y] The Wife of *Admetus* King of *Theſſaly*, who being ſick, ſent to the Oracle, and was anſwered, that he muſt needs die, unleſs one of his Friends would die for him; they all refuſed, and then ſhe voluntarily ſubmitted to Death.

[z] The fifty Daughters of *Danaus* the Son of *Belus*, who all (except one) flew their Huſbands on the Wedding-Night.

[a] The Wife of *Amphiarus*, who for a Bracelet of Gold diſcovered her Huſband that hid himſelf to avoid going to the Siege of *Troy*, where he was ſure he ſhould die.

[b] The Daughter of *Tyndarus*, and Wife to *Agamemnon*, who living in Adultery with *Ægyſthus* during her Huſband's Abſence at the Siege of *Troy*, conſpired with the Adulterer to murder him upon his Return.

[c] A King of *Pontus*, who invented the Medicine called *Mithridate*, an Antidote againſt Poiſon.

SATIRA VII.

ET ſpes, & ratio ſtudiorum in Cæſare tantùm:
Solus enim triſtes hâc tempeſtate camœnas
Reſpexit; cùm jam celebres, notique poëtæ
Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos
Tentarent: nec fœdum alii, nec turpe putarent
Præcones fieri; cùm deſertis Aganippes
Vallibus, eſuriens migraret in atria Clio.
Nam ſi Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
Oſtendatur, ames nomen, victumque Machæræ;
Et vendas potiùs, commiſſa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus, œnophorum, tripodes, armaria, ciſtas,
Alcithoen Paccî, Thebas, & Terea Fauſti.
Hoc ſatius, quàm ſi dicas ſub judice, Vidi,
Quod non vidiſti: faciant equites Aſiani,
Quanquam & Cappadoces faciant, equiteſque Bithyni.
Altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.

Nemo

SATIRE VII.

ALL the Hope and the Reward of Learning depend upon [a] *Cæsar* only; he alone in this Age looks down with pity upon the distressed Muses, now when our famous and noted Poets are forced, for want of Encouragement, to hire Baths at *Gabii*, or Bakehouses at *Rome*; nor do they think it base or dishonourable to turn common Criers, the sacred Stream of [b] *Aganippe*, devoted to the *Nine*, being quite abandoned; and hungry *Clio* is obliged to stand at the Porter's Lodge begging for Charity. If you are so reduced as not to shew a Farthing in your Poetical Purse, turn Broker, and get your Living as *Machæra* does; or rather, as an Auctioneer, sell the Lumber set out at a public Sale to those about you, Pots, Trivets, Book-Cases, Chests, old Plays, the Tragedy of *Alcithoe* by *Paccius*, of *Thebes* and *Tereus* by *Faustus*. Better do so than turn Evidence, and swear before a Judge that you saw what you did not. Leave such Villany to perjur'd *Asiatics*, to *Cappadocian* and *Bithynian* Knights of the Post, who come from *Gallogræcia* to *Rome* barefoot.

[a] The Emperor *Domitian*, of whose Bounty some learned Men had a share, such as *Valerius Flaccus*, *Statius*, *Martial*, *Quintilian*, &c.

[b] The Spring of *Aganippe* was in a solitary Part of *Bœotia*, consecrated to the Nine Muses.

Nemo tamen ſtudiis indignum ferre laborem
Cogetur poſthac, nectit quicunque canoris
Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.
Hoc agite, ô Juvenes: circumſpicit, & ſtimulat vos,
Materiamque ſibi Ducis indulgentia quærit.
Si qua aliundè putas rerum expectanda tuarum
Præſidia, atque ideò croceæ membrana tabellæ
Impletur; lignorum aliquid poſce ocyùs, & quæ
Componis, dona Veneris, Teleſine, marito:
Aut claude, & poſitos tineâ pertunde libellos.
Frange miſer calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublimia carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.
Spes nulla ulterior: didicit jam dives avarus
Tantùm admirari, tantùm laudare diſertos,
Ut pueri Junonis avem. ſed defluit ætas,
Et pelagi patiens, & caſſidis, atque ligonis,
Tædia tunc ſubeunt animos, tunc ſeque ſuamque
Terpſichoren odit facunda & nuda ſenectus.
Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iſte,
Quem colis: & Muſarum & Apollinis æde relictâ,
Ipſe facit verſus, atque uni cedit Homero,
Propter mille annos. at ſi dulcedine famæ
Succenſus recites, Maculonus commodat ædes;
At longè ferrata domus ſervire jubetur,
In quâ ſollicitas imitatur janua portas.

POETS that brouſe on Laurel, and write lofty Strains in moſt harmonious Numbers, ſhall not for the future be forced to undertake a ſervile Employment unworthy of their Profeſſion: Study hard, young Gentlemen, the Imperial Bounty has its eye upon you, quickens your Induſtry, and ſeeks an Opportunity of rewarding your Merits. If you hope for Aſſiſtance in your Affairs from any other hand, and therefore you write cloſe on both ſides of your Paper, call preſently for a Fagot; and, *Teleſinus*, commit your Manuſcript to the Flames, or lock it up to be devoured by Moths; break your Pens to pieces, ſcratch out your Battles in Heroic Verſe, that loſt you ſo many hours Reſt. Poor Wretch, you ſcribble mighty Lines in your ſmall Garret, only to obtain an Ivy Crown, and a lean meagre Statue in the Temple of *Apollo*. This is the utmoſt you are to expect; for your covetous Patron has learned the Art of paying the Poet only with Fame and Praiſe, as Boys admire the Peacock. But conſider, your Strength daily impairs, which qualified you to go to Sea, or into the Army, or to ſupport your ſelf by Huſbandry, till quite tired by labouring to no purpoſe, old Age, in Rags, with all your Learning, curſes it ſelf, and the Muſe by whom you were undone.

HEAR now the Artifices made uſe of by the Great Man whoſe Levee you attend, to ſave his Money; he makes Verſes himſelf without regard to the Muſes and the Judgment of *Apollo*, and yields only to *Homer*, for no other reaſon than that he lived a thouſand Years before him. But if inſpired with the Love of Fame alone, you repeat your Poetry, rich *Maculonus* will lend you his Houſe, his Houſe ſtrong barr'd is at your ſervice, with the Doors fortified like the

Scit dare libertos extremâ in parte ſedentes
Ordinis, & magnas comitum diſponere voces.
Nemo dabit regum, quanti ſubſellia conſtent,
Et quæ conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,
Quæque reportandis poſita eſt orcheſtra cathedris.
Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere ſulcos
Ducimus, & littus ſterili verſamus aratro.
Nam ſi diſcedas, laqueo tenet ambitioſi
Conſuetudo mali: tenet inſanabile multos
Scribendi cacoëthes, & ægro in corde ſeneſcit.
Sed vatem egregium, cui non ſit publica vena,
Qui nihil expoſitum ſoleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ;
Hunc, qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantùm,
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus ſylvarum, aptuſque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare ſub antro
Pierio, thyrſumve poteſt contingere ſana
Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque
Corpus eget. ſatur eſt, cùm dicit Horatius, Euhoe!
Quis locus ingenio: niſi cùm ſe carmine ſolo
Vexant, & dominis Cirrhæ, Niſæque feruntur
Pectora noſtra, duas non admittentia curas?
Magnæ mentis opus, nec de lodice parandâ
Attonitæ, currus & equos, faciesque Deorum

Aſpicere,

Gates of a City beſieged; he will oblige you perhaps with the Uſe of his Freedmen and his Clients, and place them to advantage at the farther end of the Seats to begin a Clap, and encourage the Audience to Applauſe. But not one of theſe mighty Lords will give you a Farthing to pay for the Benches, or diſcharge the Hire of the Roſtrum, or the Expence of the Chairs upon the Stage, which are to be returned when the Shew is over. Yet we ſtill go on, we labour in vain, we draw Furrows in the light Duſt, and plough the barren Sand; for had you a Mind to leave off you cannot, Cuſtom and vain Ambition tie you down; many are infected with an incurable Itch of Scribbling, and truly Years and the Diſeaſe advance together. But that excellent Poet, of a noble Genius, who ſcorns to produce any thing trifling, whoſe Verſe is lofty above the common Stamp, that divine Man whom I can conceive, but never expreſs, is the Offspring of a Mind free from Care, that hates any thing of Trouble, is fond of Retirement, and diſpoſed by Nature to Poetry, to drink of the *Aonian* Springs. He never ſings in the *Pierian* Den, nor with an *Ivy Dart* divinely raves, whoſe ſober Poverty without a Penny, calls night and day for the Conveniences of Life; [c] *Horace* ne'er cried *Oho!* but with his Heart well warm'd. What room is there for Fancy, unleſs the Mind, inflamed by *Bacchus* and *Apollo*, is fixed upon writing only, and not diſtracted by different Purſuits at the ſame Time? That Man muſt have a mighty Soul, not tormented with getting a Blanket for his Bed, that can conceive of Horſes and Chariots, can deſcribe the Fea-

[c] The Poet ſhews, that ſingular Poverty and ſingular Poetry are commonly inconſiſtent; and therefore when *Horace* invoked *Bacchus*, *Obe Liber*, he was certainly full of him.

Aſpicere, & qualis Rutulum confundit Erinnys.
Nam ſi Virgilio puer, & tolerabile deſit
Hoſpitium, caderent omnes à crinibus hydri:
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina. poſcimus, ut ſit
Non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,
Cujus & alveolos & lænam pignerat Atreus?
Non habet infelix Numitor, quod mittat amico;
Quintillæ quod donet, habet: nec defuit illi,
Unde emeret multâ paſcendum carne leonem
Jam domitum. conſtat leviori bellua ſumptu
Nimirùm, & capiunt plus inteſtina poëtæ.
Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis
Marmoreis: at Serrano, tenuique Saleio
Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, ſi gloria tantùm eſt?
Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cùm Statius urbem,
Promiſitque diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi
Auditur: ſed cùm fregit ſubſellia verſu,

Eſurit,

tures of the Gods, and how *Alecto* look'd when she astonished the *Rutilian* King. Had[d] *Virgil* wanted his beloved Boy, and the common Supports of Life, not a *Snake* would have hiss'd upon the *Fury*'s Head, her Trumpet, that sounded loud to Arms, would not have been heard. Can we expect that[e] *Rubrenus Lappa* should compose with the Fire of the old Tragedians, who was forced to pawn his Platters and his Cloke to *Atreus* the Usurer?

POOR *Numitor* can't afford a Penny to his Friend, yet he can find Money for his Whore; he never wants a Sum to purchase a tame Lion, that is fed at great Expence; the Beast, no doubt, is kept at a less Charge, and the Poet's Belly will hold more than his! [f]*Lucan*, content with Fame, may, in his Gardens adorned with Marble, lie at his ease; but what is Fame, how loud soever, to poor *Serranus* or *Saleius*, Fame alone without the Pence? The whole City run to hear the sweet Voice and the admired Lines of his *Thebais*, when[g] *Statius* sets a Day to divert the Town, by repeating his Poem. He captivates their Minds with such Delight, he is heard with such Attention by the Croud; yet, tho' his mighty Numbers break the Benches, he starves

[d] Had *Virgil* been poor, he could not have given such noble Descriptions of *Furies*, such as *Alecto* with her Curls of Snakes about her Ears, instead of Hair, *&c.*

[e] An excellent Poet at that time, who, had he met with Encouragement as he deserved, would have been equal to the old Tragedians.

[f] A learned and rich Poet of *Corduba* in *Spain*, who coming to *Rome* was made a Knight; he writ, but lived not to finish, the Civil Wars between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* in an Heroic Poem.

[g] He was a *Neapolitan*. His Tragedy of *Agave* was purchased by *Paris*, an Actor and a Favourite of *Domitian*'s, a more bountiful Patron to Men of Learning, than most of the Nobility.

unless

Eſurit, intactam Paridi niſi vendat Agaven.
Ille & militiæ multis largitur honorem,
Semeſtri vatum digitos circumligat auro.
Quod non dant proceres, dabit hiſtrio. Tu Camerinos
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.
Quis tibi Mecænas? quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus alter?
Tunc par ingenio pretium: tunc utile multis
Pallere, & vinum toto neſcire Decembri.
Veſter porrò labor fœcundior, hiſtoriarum
Scriptores: petit hic plus temporis, atque olei plus:
Namque oblita modi milleſima pagina ſurgit
Omnibus, & creſcit multâ damnoſa papyro.
Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet, atque operum lex.
Quæ tamen inde ſeges? terræ quis fructus apertæ?
Quis dabit hiſtorico, quantum daret acta legenti?
Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet & umbrâ.
Dic igitur, quid Cauſidicis civilia præſtent
Officia, & magno comites in faſce libelli?
Ipſi magna ſonant; ſed tunc cùm creditor audit
Præcipuè, vel ſi tetigit latus acrior illo,

Qui

unleſs he ſells his new Play of *Agave* to *Paris* the Actor. This Favourite beſtows military Honours, puts Summer Annulets and Winter Rings on the Fingers of Poets in Diſtreſs. A Player, you ſee, outgives the greedy Lord. Will you then ſtill attend the Levees of the Great, the *Camerini* and the *Bareæ?* Dedicate a Play to *Paris*[h], the Tragedy of *Pelopæa* makes a Præfect, *Philomela* a Tribune. Yet envy not the Poet that gets his Bread by the Stage. Where now is your *Mecænas*, where will you find another *Proculeius*, a *Fabius*, a *Cotta*, a *Lentulus?* In thoſe times Reward was equal to Merit; then it was worth while to ſtudy hard, and to drink no Wine in *December*, a Time of Freedom and Feſtivity.

No Doubt, you Writers of Hiſtory, take Pains to more Advantage; your Method of Study requires more Time and more Labour; your Works, without Bounds as it were, ſwell to a thouſand Pages, at the Expence of many Reams of Paper; the great Variety of things you treat of, and the Laws of Hiſtory require it. But what Harveſt, what Fruit ariſes from this laboured Ground? Who will give the Hiſtorian ſo much as an Attorney's Fee? No, they are a lazy Sett of Fellows, they write lolling upon their Couches, and diverting themſelves in the Shade.

TELL me then, what Benefit Attendance at the Bar, and a large Bundle of Briefs produce to the Lawyers. They mouth it with a mighty Noiſe, eſpecially when the Client hears; and if one, more eager than the reſt, twitches them

[h] This ſeeming Compliment was no more than a Sneer upon *Paris* the Player, who ſo underſtood it, and turned our Author's Jeſt into his Puniſhment; for in his old Age he ſent him into *Ægypt*, by way of an honorary Service, with a military Command.

by

Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen,
Tunc immenſa cavi ſpirant mendacia folles,
Conſpuiturque ſinus. verùm deprendere meſſem
Si libet; hinc centum patrimonia cauſidicorum,
Parte aliâ ſolùm ruſſati pone Lacertæ.
Conſedêre duces: ſurgis tu pallidus Ajax,
Dicturus dubiâ pro libertate, Bubulco
Judice. rumpe miſer tenſum jecur, ut tibi laſſo
Figantur virides, ſcalarum gloria, palmæ.
Quod vocis pretium? ſiccus petaſunculus, & vas
Pelamidum, aut veteres, Afrorum Epimenia, bulbi;
Aut vinum Tiberi devectum: quinque lagenæ,
Si quater egiſti. ſi contigit aureus unus,
Inde cadunt partes, ex fœdere pragmaticorum.
Æmilio dabitur, quantum petet: & meliùs nos
Egimus: hujus enim ſtat currus aheneus, alti
Quadrijuges in veſtibulis, atque ipſe feroci
Bellatore ſedens curvatum haſtile minatur
Eminùs, & ſtatuâ meditatur prælia luſcâ.
Sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit: exitus hic eſt
Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari
Qui ſolet, & vexat lutulentâ balnea turbâ,

Perque

by the Sleeve, who comes to prove a doubtful Debt with his great Book of Accounts with him; then their hollow Lungs breathe mighty Lyes, and their Boſom is ſlavered all over with foaming at the Mouth. But were you to compute the Profit, lay the Eſtate of a hundred Lawyers in one Scale, and the Fortune of [i] *Lacerta*, (a Charioteer of the Red Party) in the other, and this one ſhall outweigh them all. The Judges take their Seats, you like pale *Ajax* riſe up to plead for the Liberty of your Client, in diſpute before *Judge Bullhead.* Crack your ſtretched Lungs, vain Wretch, that tired as you are you may pleaſe yourſelf with a [k] Garland of green Palm, fixed upon the Door of your Garret, the Honour of your lofty Stair-Caſe. What are you paid for all this Noiſe? A ruſty Ham, a Diſh of Sprats, or old ſtinking Onions ſent every Month from *Ægypt*, or coarſe Wine brought down the *Tiber*, five Flagons perhaps for four Cauſes. But if you chance to touch one golden Guinea, you ſhare it with your Brother-Pettifoggers according to Contract. Indeed *Æmilius* may command what Fees he pleaſes, tho' we are able to ſpeak more to the Purpoſe; but a brazen Chariot with four ſtately Prancers glitter in his Court-Yard, himſelf in Marble ſitting on a fierce War-Horſe, brandiſhes aloft his trembling Spear, the Statue with its aiming Eye ſeems ready to engage. Thus Lawyer *Pedo* becomes a Bankrupt, *Matho* fails; this is the End of *Tongillus*, who uſed to carry his Oil to the Bath with him in the Horn of a *Rhinoceros*, and ſet the whole Company in Confuſion with his dirty Equipage. He rides through the *Forum*

[i] *Domitian*'s Coachman.

[k] It was the Cuſtom for the Client, if he ſucceeded in his Cauſe, to fix this Garland at his Lawyer's Door.

in

Perque forum juvenes longo premit aſſere Medos,
Empturus pueros, argentum, myrrhina, villas:
Spondet enim Tyrio Stlataria purpura filo.
Et tamen hoc ipſis eſt utile: purpura vendit
Cauſidicum, *vendunt amethyſtina: convenit illis*
Et ſtrepitu, & facie majoris vivere cenſûs.
Sed finem impenſæ non ſervat prodiga Roma.
Ut redeant veteres, Ciceroni nemo ducentos
Nunc dederit nummos, niſi fulſerit annulus ingens.
Reſpicit hoc primùm qui litigat, an tibi ſervi
Octo, decem comites, an poſt te ſella, togati
Ante pedes. ideò conductâ Paulus agebat
Sardonyce, atque ideò pluris, quàm Coſſus agebat,
Quàm Baſilus. rara tenui facundia panno.
Quando licet flentem Baſilo producere matrem?
Quis benè dicentem Baſilum ferat? accipiat te
Gallia, vel potiùs nutricula cauſidicorum
Africa, ſi placuit mercedem imponere linguæ.
Declamare doces! ô ferrea pectora! Vecti,
Cùm perimit ſævos claſſis numeroſa tyrannos.
Nam quæcunque ſedens modò legerat, hæc eadem
ſtans

Proferet,

in his eaſy Litter, upon the Shoulders of young luſty *Medes*, as if he hurried to buy Boys, Bowls of Silver or of Myrrh, and Country Seats. His Robe of foreign Purple, glowing with *Tyrian* Dye, procures him Credit. This is of mighty uſe, the Richneſs of the Gown raiſes the Lawyer's Fee. The Robe of Violet-Colour obliges the Clients to come down. They are under a Neceſſity of making a great Flutter, and to ſhew away above their Fortune; but the Extravagance of *Rome* admits no Bounds.

IF the moſt eminent Orators were alive again, no Client would give a Fee of two hundred *Seſtertii* to *Tully* himſelf, unleſs a large Diamond ſparkled on his Finger; if a Man goes to Law, his firſt Enquiry is, Have you eight Men in Livery? Have you ten Clients? Does your Chair follow you? Have you a Number of Friends going before you? *Paulus*, for this Reaſon, pleads always with a Sardonyx hired by the Day, and therefore demands larger Fees than *Coſſus* or *Baſilus*; for who expects Eloquence in Rags? Who entruſts *Baſilus* with a Cauſe of Conſequence, to introduce a weeping Mother into Court, begging for her Son's Life? Who hears *Baſilus*, let him plead ever ſo well? Betake yourſelf to *France*, or rather to *Africa*, that Nurſe of Lawyers, if you think of living by the Bar?

FRIEND *Vectius*, do you profeſs to teach Rhetoric to Boys? O that Iron Heart of yours; when a Number of ſuch Scholars has broken the Spirit of the moſt cruel [1] Tyrants. Sitting or ſtanding you are obliged to repeat the ſame Rules over and over, tuning the ſame Leſſons

[1] He ſeems to allude to *Dionyſius* Tyrant of *Syracuſe*, who, being driven out of his Kingdom by *Dion*, ſet up a School at *Corinth*.

in

Proferet, atque eadem cantabit verſibus îſdem.
Occîdit miſeros crambe repetita magiſtros.
Quis color, & quod ſit cauſæ genus, atque ubi ſumma
Quæſtio, quæ veniant diversâ parte ſagittæ,
Scire volunt omnes, mercedem ſolvere nemo.
Mercedem appellas? quid enim ſcio? culpa docentis
Scilicet arguitur, quod lævâ in parte mamillæ
Nil ſalit Arcadico juveni, cujus mihi ſextâ
Quâque die miſerum dirus caput Hannibal implet.
Quicquid id eſt, de quo deliberat; an petat urbem
A Cannis; an poſt nimbos & fulmina cautus
Circumagat madidas à tempeſtate cohortes.
Quantum vis ſtipulare, & protinus accipe quod do,
Ut toties illum pater audiat. aſt alii ſex
Et plures uno conclamant ore ſophiſtæ.
Et veras agitant lites, raptore relicto:
Fuſa venena ſilent, malus ingratuſque maritus,
Et quæ jam veteres ſanant mortaria cæcos.
Ergo ſibi dabit ipſe rudem, ſi noſtra movebunt
Conſilia, & vitæ diverſum iter ingredietur,
Ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ deſcendit ab umbrâ,
Summula ne pereat, quâ vilis teſſera vænit
Frumenti: quippe hæc merces lautiſſima. tenta

Chryſogonus

in the very ſame Words; ſuch inſipid Work, like cold Cabbage heated up at every Meal, is enough to kill a Man. Every Pupil is willing to have as much Learning as he can, to know the beſt ſide of a Cauſe, what ſort of Plea to uſe, where the Pinch of the Controverſy lies, what Objections may be offer'd againſt him; but not one cares to pay. *What, Sir, do you mean by Pay? What do I know more than before?* The Fault is all laid upon the Maſter, if the Boy be as dull and heavy at heart as an *Arcadian* Aſs. Every Week does the Caſe of cruel [m] *Hannibal* torment my poor Head upon a declaiming Day. Then he calls a Council of War, whether he ſhould go directly to *Rome* after the Battle of *Cannæ*, or, terrified by Thunder and Rain, lead off his Troops well waſhed ſome other way. Aſk me ever ſo much, and I will give it, to oblige the Father to hear the ſame Stuff ſo often as I do. But many of this Profeſſion wiſely conſidering how little is to be got, unanimouſly apply themſelves to the Bar, where they plead real Cauſes, no more declaiming on fictitious Subjects, of the Rape of *Helen*, of the Poiſons of *Medea*, of the baſe Ingratitude of *Jaſon*, and what Medicines recovered old *Æſon* to his Sight again. If my Advice be of any force, theſe Gentlemen ſhould diſcharge themſelves from this poor Employment, ſhould enter upon ſome other Courſe of Life, and, inſtead of fighting with Shadows, engage in ſubſtantial Pleadings, for a very good Reaſon, leſt they ſhould not have a Farthing left to buy Bread; for here they come into ample Fees. To prove this, enquire only what a poor Allowance, what a wretched Salary

[m] No Theme was more common in the *Roman* Schools, than the Adventures of *Hannibal*.

Chryſogonus quanti doceat, vel Pollio quanti
Lautorum pueros, artem ſcindens Theodori.
Balnea ſexcentis, & pluris porticus, in quâ
Geſtetur dominus quoties pluit : anne ſerenum
Exſpectet, ſpargatve luto jumenta recenti ?
Hic potiùs : namque hîc mundæ nitet ungula mulæ.
Parte aliâ longis Numidarum ſulta columnis
Surgat, & algentem rapiat cœnatio ſolem.
Quanticunque domus, veniet qui fercula doctè
Componit, veniet qui pulmentaria condit.
Hos inter ſumptus ſeſtertia Quintiliano,
Ut multùm, duo ſufficient ; res nulla minoris
Conſtabit patri, quàm filius. *Unde igitur tot*
Quintilianus habet ſaltus ? exempla novorum
Fatorum tranſi : felix & pulcher & acer,
Felix & ſapiens & nobilis & generoſus
Appoſitam nigræ lunam ſubtexit alutæ :
Felix, orator quoque maximus, & jaculator,
Et ſi perfrixit, cantat benè. diſtat enim, quæ
Sidera te excipiant, modò primos incipientem
Edere vagitus, & adhuc à matre rubentem.
Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetore conſul :

[n] *Chryſogonus* and *Pollio* receive for teaching Youth of the firſt Rank, and explaining the whole Art of Rhetoric by the Rules of *Theodorus*. At the ſame Time, they never grudge ſix hundred *Seſtertia* for their Baths, and for their Portico's more, where their Honours ride when it rains. Is it fit his Lordſhip ſhould wait for fair Weather, and daub his Mules with freſh Dirt? By no means; here the Beaſts are in the dry, and their Hoofs look neat and unſullied. Then again, you ſee a grand Dining-room, ſupported by tall Columns of *Numidian* Marble, riſing to the Eye, and fronting the cool Eaſtern Sun; let the Building coſt more or leſs, you are ſure to find a Cook exquiſitely ſkilled in ſetting out a Table, and making elegant Sauces after the neweſt Taſte. With all this Luxury and Expence, *Quintilian*, who has the Care of young Maſter, is put off with two *Seſtertia* at the moſt; for no Furniture in the Houſe coſts leſs than the Son's Education. How then, you'll ſay, came *Quintilian* to be a Man of that Eſtate? Urge not the ſtrange Succeſs of one ſingle Precedent; the Fortunate are handſome and witty; the lucky Man is wiſe, is noble, is generous, is advanc'd among Senators, diſtinguiſh'd by the Figure of the Moon upon their black Shoe. The Darlings of Fortune are Orators of the firſt Rank, know all the Quirks and Subtilties of the Law; they ſing like Nightingales, tho' quite hoarſe with Colds. There is a mighty Difference what Star preſided at your Nativity, under what Influence you were born, and drew your firſt Breath. Fortune, if ſhe pleaſes, of Kings makes

[n] *Chryſogonus* and *Pollio* were Rhetoric Maſters, who read to their Pupils the Works of *Theodorus Gadareus*; he was an excellent Orator, born at *Gadara* a *Syrian* City, not far from *Aſcalon*.

Si volet hæc eadem, fies de conſule rhetor.
Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud
quàm
Sidus, & occulti miranda potentia fati?
Servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphos.
Felix ille tamen, corvo quoque rarior albo.
Pœnituit multos vanæ ſteriliſque cathedræ,
Sicut Thraſymachi probat exitus, atque Secundi
Carrinatis; & hunc inopem vidiſtis, Athenæ,
Nil præter gelidas auſæ conferre cicutas.
Dî majorum umbris tenuem, & ſinè pondere ter-
ram,
Spiranteſque crocos, & in urnâ perpetuum ver,
Qui præceptorem ſancti voluere parentis
Eſſe loco. metuens virgæ jam grandis Achilles
Cantabat patriis in montibus: & cui non tunc
Eliceret riſum citharœdi cauda magiſtri?
Sed Ruffum, atque alios cædit ſua quæque juventus:
Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.

Quis

Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. What raiſed [o] *Ventidius*, what advanced [p] *Tullius* into a Throne, what but the Stars, and the ſtrange Powers of hidden Fate? Fate, that gives Kingdoms to the Slave, and Triumphs to the Captive. *Quintilian* indeed is a happy Man, but you may as ſoon ſhew me a white Crow as another Example. Moſt of the Profeſſion repent too late of following that barren and beggarly Employment; witneſs the fatal End of [q] *Thraſymachus*, who hanged himſelf, and of [r] *Secundus Carrinas*, who was baniſhed. And, ungrateful *Athens*, you ſaw the great *Socrates* ſtarving, and paid him nothing for his Lectures, but the barbarous Reward of cold Hemlock.

YE Gods, lay the Earth thin and light upon the Aſhes of our great Anceſtors; may the ſweet-ſmelling Crocus and perpetual Spring ſmile upon their Urns, for they juſtly conſider'd a Tutor as inveſted with the Authority of a Father. *Achilles*, almoſt a Man, and fearful of the Rod, ſung on *Theſſalian* Hills the Praiſes of the learned [s] Centaur; and yet who could avoid laughing, to ſee a Harper with a long Tail? But now, Boys in the loweſt Form have the Inſolence to ſtrike *Ruffus* their Maſter, the great [t] *Ruffus*, who often diſputed the Pu-

[o] *Ventidius Baſſus*, Son to a Bond-woman of *Aſcalon*; he was firſt a Carman, then a Muleteer, afterwards in one Year he was created Prætor and Conſul.

[p] The ſixth King of *Rome*, born of a Captive.

[q] A Rhetorician of *Athens* born at *Carthage*.

[r] He came from *Athens* to *Rome*, and declaiming againſt Tyrants, by way of Exerciſe, was baniſhed by *Caligula*.

[s] *Chiron*, one of the *Centaurs*, whoſe upper Part was like a Man, and the lower like a Horſe; he was Tutor to *Achilles*, and taught *Æſculapius* Phyſic, *Apollo* Muſic, and *Hercules* Aſtronomy.

[t] *Satrius Ruffus*, who charged *Cicero* with Writing barbarous Latin, like an *Allobrogian* or a *Savoyard*.

Quis gremio Enceladi, doctique Palæmonis affert
Quantum grammaticus meruit labor? & tamen ex
hôc,
Quodcunque est (minus est autem, quàm rhetoris æra)
Discipuli custos præmordet Acœnitus ipse,
Et qui dispensat, frangit sibi. cede, Palæmon,
Et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter, quàm
Institor hybernæ tegetis, niveique cadurci:
Dummodò non pereat, mediæ quòd noctis ab horâ
Sedisti, quâ nemo faber, quâ nemo sederet,
Qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro:
Dummodò non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas,
Quot stabant pueri, cùm totus decolor esset
Flaccus, & hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.
Rara tamen merces, quæ cognitione Tribuni
Non egeat. sed vos sævas imponite leges,
Ut præceptori verborum regula constet,
Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes,
Tanquam ungues digitosque suos; ut fortè rogatus
Dum petit aut thermas, aut Phœbi balnea, dicat
Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen, patriamque novercæ
Archemori: dicat quot Aceſtes vixerit annos,
Quot Siculus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.

Exigite,

rity of *Tully*'s Latin, and ſaid he wrote like a *Savoyard.* Who in this Age offers the noted *Enceladus*, or the learned [u] *Palæmon*, a Reward equal to a Grammarian's Labour? And yet out of the Salary, whatever it be, (always leſs than a Rhetoric Maſter's Pay) *Acænitus* the Uſher, who has the care of the Boy, claims ſomething; the Houſekeeper likewiſe cuts off a ſhare. Reſt contented, *Palæmon*, ſuffer ſome of your Fees to be taken off, as a Tradeſman, who ſells thick Rugs and white Blankets, falls, and makes abatement in the Price: Provided that you have ſomething left for the Fatigue of ſitting up from Midnight, which no Smith, no Woolcomber, who teaches his Servants to uſe the Cards with their crooked Teeth, is obliged to; ſo that ſomething remains as a Recompence for ſmelling the Stink of ſo many Lamps as you have Boys; when *Horace* appears of another Colour, ſoil'd with the Oil, and *Virgil* is all beſmear'd with black Smoke. Theſe Gentlemen ſeldom receive their Salary without a Law-Suit, and bringing the Cauſe before the Tribune: But be ſure tie down the Maſter to the hardeſt Terms, inſiſt that he is perfect in the *Grammar* Rules, that he reads Hiſtory, that he underſtands all Authors, that he has them to a Hair, and at his Fingers ends; that he ſhould be always ready (aſk him wherever you chance to meet him, either going to the hot Baths or the cold) to tell you who was *Anchiſes*'s Nurſe, or where *Archemorus*'s Step-mother was born: To tell you how many Years *Aceſtes* lived, how many Urns of Wine the *Sicilian* Prince preſented to his Countrymen the

[u] *Remmius Palæmon*, born at *Vincentia*; he lived at *Rome* in the Reign of *Tiberius*, was an excellent Grammarian, and Tutor to *Quintilian*; he was exceeding proud, and would often ſay, that Learning was born and would die with him.

Exigite, ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut ſi quis cerâ vultum facit : exigite, ut ſit
Et pater ipſius cœtûs, ne turpia ludant,
Ne faciant vicibus. non eſt leve tot puerorum
Obſervare manus, oculoſque in fine trementes.
Hæc, inquit, cures ; ſed cùm ſe verterit annus,
Accipe, victori populus quod poſtulat, aurum.

SATIRA VIII.

STemmata quid faciunt ? quid prodeſt, Pontice, longo
Sanguine cenſeri, pictoſque oſtendere vultus
Majorum, & ſtantes in curribus Æmilianos ;
Et Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem
Corvinum, & Galbam auriculis naſoque carentem ?
Quis fructus generis tabulâ jactare capaci
Corvinum, & poſt hunc multâ deducere virgâ
Fumoſos equitum cum Dictatore Magiſtros,
Si coram Lepidis malè vivitur ? effigies quò
Tot bellatorum, ſi luditur alea pernox

Ante

Trojans. Oblige him to form the tender Manners of the Boy, as one moulds a Face of Wax. Inſiſt that he be a Father to the Youth he teaches, to ſee that there be no Filthineſs, no mutual Obſcenities among them: It is no ſmall Concern to watch the Hands of ſo many Boys, and the lewd twinkling Corners of their Eyes. Be this your Care, and at the Year's end, you'll be glad of the ſame Pay that a Fencer picks up that comes off Conqueror at a Prize.

SATIRE VIII.

WHAT ſignify your Coats of Arms? Where is the Advantage, Friend *Ponticus*, to be eſteemed only for your long Pedigree? to ſhew the painted Faces of your Anceſtors, the Statues of the [a] *Æmilii* ſtanding in their triumphal Chariots, of the *Curii* half waſted by Time, of *Corvinus* with but one Arm, and *Galba* without Noſe or Ears? Of what Uſe is it to boaſt of *Corvinus* at the Head of your large Table of Genealogy, and from him to deduce through ſeveral Branches, a Dictator, and many Maſters of the Horſe now black with Smoke, if before the Faces of the *Lepidi* you lead an infamous Life? To what purpoſe are the Images of ſo many Warriors, if you ſpend the whole Night at Dice, under the Eye, as it were, of your

[a] The *Æmilii*, *Curii*, *Corvini*, and other great Names, too many to be explained, were noble *Romans*, the Founders of illuſtrious Families, and an Honour to their Country.

Anceſtors,

Ante Numantinos? ſi dormire incipis ortu
Luciferi, quo ſigna Duces & caſtra movebant?
Cur Allobrogicis, & magnâ gaudeat arâ
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare? ſi cupidus, ſi
Vanus, & Euganeâ quantumvis mollior agnâ?
Si tenerum attritus Catinenſi pumice lumbum
Squallentes traducit avos: emptorque veneni
Frangendâ miſeram funeſtat imagine gentem?
Tota licèt veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica Virtus.
Paulus, vel Coſſus, vel Druſus moribus eſto:
Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum:
Præcedant ipſas illi, te conſule, virgas.
Prima mihi debes animi bona. ſanctus haberi,

Juſtitiæque

Anceſtors, of the great *Scipio* that conquered *Numantia?* if you go to Bed at break of Day, the Time when thoſe Generals moved their Standards, and advanced towards the Enemy? Why ſhould [b] *Fabius*, born of *Herculean* Blood, value himſelf upon a Title obtained by Conqueſt over the *Allobroges*, and that the Care of the great Altar of *Hercules* was hereditary to his Family, if he at the ſame time be covetous, if he be vain, if he be effeminate, and his Skin more ſoft than the Wool of an [c] *Euganean* Lamb, if he ſmooths his lewd Loins with a [d] *Sicilian* Pumice, and becomes a Scandal to his rough-haired Anceſtors? if he be a Poiſoner, a Reproach to his unhappy Progenitors, by placing his own Effigies among them, that deſerves to be broken in Pieces? Let your long Galleries be ever ſo well ſet off with the waxen Figures of your Anceſtors, be aſſured that Virtue alone is the true Nobility. Live like *Paulus*, or *Coſſus*, or *Druſus*; prefer the Examples of thoſe good Men before the Statues of your Family: Eſteem them, when you are Conſul, before the Faſces, the Enſigns of your Dignity. The Ornaments of your Mind are what I firſt inſiſt upon. Do you, by your Words and Actions, deſerve the Character of

[b] The *Fabii* were famous in *Rome*, and derived themſelves from *Hercules*, whoſe Altar and Holy Rites were hereditary to that Family. This Altar was called *Ara maxima*, and ſtood in *Foro Boario*, or the Beaſt-Market. *Fabius Maximus* was called *Allobrogicus*, for his Victory over the *Allobrogians*; from him deſcended this *Fabius Perſicus*, deſcribed by *Seneca* as the moſt filthy and obſcene of all Men living.

[c] The Sheep bred upon the *Euganean* Downs had the fineſt and ſofteſt Wool in *Italy*. Some ſay *Padua* belonged to the *Euganeans*; others affirm them to be the *Tarentines*, *Calabrians*, and *Venetians*.

[d] The beſt Pumice-Stones are gathered in *Sicily*, about Mount *Ætna*; with theſe the effeminate *Italians* uſed to ſmooth their Skins.

being

Juſtitiæque tenax factis dictiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem: ſalve, Getulice, ſeu tu
Silanus, quocunque alio de ſanguine rarus
Civis, & egregius patriæ contingis ovanti.
Exclamare libet, populus quod clamat Oſiri
Invento: quis enim generoſum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantùm
Inſignis? nanum cujuſdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem cygnum: parvam extortamque puellam,
Europen: canibus pigris, ſcabieque vetuſtâ
Lævibus, & ſiccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo; ſi quid adhuc eſt,
Quod fremat in terris violentiùs. ergo cavebis,
Et metues, ne tu ſic Creticus, aut Camerinus.
His ego quem monui; tecum eſt mihi ſermo, Rubelli
Plaute: tumes alto Druſorum ſanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipſe aliquid, propter quod nobilis eſſes;
Ut te conciperet, quæ ſanguine fulget Iüli,
Non quæ ventoſo conducta ſub aggere texit
Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima noſtri,
Quorum nemo queat patriam monſtrare parentis:
Aſt ego Cecropides. vivas, & originis hujus
Gaudia longa feras: tamen imâ ex plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies: ſolet hic defendere cauſas

Nobilis

being virtuous, and a Lover of Juſtice? I then confeſs your Quality: Hail, noble Sir! whether from the Race of *Coſſus*, or from *Silanus*, or from whatever other Blood deſcended, you approve yourſelf a choice Citizen, a bright Ornament to your rejoicing Country; let us receive you with as loud Applauſe as *Ægypt* ſhouts when ſhe has found *Oſiris*. Who will pronounce that Man eminent, who, unworthy of his Family, is diſtinguiſhed only by a lofty Title? We may as well call ſome great Man's Dwarf a Giant, ſay an *Æthiop* is as white as a Swan, or a little crooked Wench as fine-ſhaped as *Europa*; you may as well give the Name of Leopard, Lion, Tyger, or of any Creature upon Earth (if there be any ſuch) of a more fierce kind, to a Pack of creeping mangy Hounds, fit for nothing but to lick the outſide of ſtinking Lamps. Take you care, be always in fear, leſt the World flatters you with the Mock-Titles of *Camerinus* or *Creticus*, in the ſame Way.

TO whom do I apply this Advice? I ſpeak to you, *Rubellius Plautus*; you ſwell with the high Blood of the *Druſi*, as if you had diſtinguiſhed yourſelf by ſome Action to make you illuſtrious, to deſerve the Honour of a Mother of the *Julian* Line, not the Reproach of being the Offſpring of a Trull, who knits for her Living in the Wind under the Town-Wall. *You are poor Rogues*, you cry, *the very Dregs of our Plebeians; not a Man of you can tell the Country his Father came from, I ſprung from* [c] Cecrops. May you live, and long enjoy the Glory of your Race; yet out of theſe very Dregs you will often find a learned *Roman*, the Ornament

[c] The firſt King of *Athens*; the *Romans* muſt have been excellent Heralds, that could derive a Deſcent from this King, who reigned before *Deucalion*'s Flood.

of

Nobilis indocti: veniet de plebe togatâ,
Qui juris nodos, & legum ænigmata, ſolvat.
Hic petit Euphraten juvenis, domitique Batavi
Cuſtodes aquilas, armis induſtrius: at tu
Nil niſi Cecropides, truncòque ſimillimus Hermæ:
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quàm quòd
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago,
Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
Quis generoſa putat, niſi fortia? nempe volucrem
Sic laudamus equum, facilis cui plurima palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo.
Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, cujus
Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis.
Sed venale pecus Corythæ, poſteritas &
Hirpini, ſi rara jugo victoria ſedit;
Nil ibi majorum reſpectas, gratia nulla
Umbrarum: Dominos pretiis mutare jubentur
Exiguis, tritoque trahunt epirhedia collo
Segnipedes, dignique molam verſare Nepotis.
Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primùm aliquid da,

of the Bar; one capable to defend the Cauſes of you ignorant Nobility, to unravel the Difficulties and Riddles of the Law. Another, from the ſame low Deſcent, goes to the Wars to the Banks of the *Euphrates*, and joins our Garriſons that protect our Conqueſts over the *Batavi*, and becomes an excellent Soldier; you, proud of the Name of *Cecrops*, are of no more Conſequence than the ſhapeleſs Poſt with a Head of[f] *Mercury* upon it; with this Difference only, you are a living Statue, his Head is Stone.

TELL me, you Sons of *Troy*, who values a Beaſt for the Breed, unleſs he prove ſtrong and bold? So we praiſe a fleet Horſe, that frequently carried off the Prize amidſt the hoarſe Acclamations of the *Circus*. This Horſe will be always diſtinguiſhed, let him be bred where he will, if he has clearly the Heels of the reſt, and firſt prints his Conqueſt on the Duſt. But if the Colts prove Jades, (tho' their Dam were [g] *Corytha*, and their Sire *Hirpinus*) and ſeldom win a Match, they are ordered to be ſold. There is no Regard to their Pedigrees, no Favour ſhewn upon the Account of their Grandſires dead long ago, but they are obliged to change their Maſters at a low Price: They are ſlow-footed, and therefore are forced to drag a Cart with their galled Necks, or are fit for nothing but to turn a Mill. That we may therefore admire not Yours but You, firſt do ſome great Action of

[f] He alludes to the Statues of *Mercury*, which were commonly at *Athens* placed by way of Religion over the Gates of their Houſes. The Statue was a Marble Head, ſet upon a ſhapeleſs Poſt.

[g] Of an excellent Breed, that came originally from *Achaia*. *Hirpinus* a Race-Horſe, ſo called from the Place where he was bred, being a Hill in the Country of the *Sabines*.

your

Quod poſſim titulis incidere præter honores,
Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.
Hæc ſatis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama ſuperbum
Tradit, & inflatum, plenumque Nerone propinquo.
Rarus enim fermè ſenſus communis in illâ
Fortunâ. ſed te cenſeri laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim, ſic ut nihil ipſe futuræ
Laudis agas: miſerum eſt alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapſa ruant ſubductis tecta columnis.
Stratus humi palmes viduas deſiderat ulmos.
Eſto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambiguæ ſi quando citabere teſtis
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licèt imperet, ut ſis
Falſus, & admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.
Dignus morte perit, cœnet licèt oſtrea centum
Gaurana, & Coſmi toto mergatur aheno.
Expectata diu tandem provincia cùm te
Rectorem accipiet, pone iræ fræna modumque

your own, that may be inſcribed upon your Statue, beſides the Honours beſtowed upon your Anceſtors by their Country, which is all you have to boaſt of.

So much for *Rubellius Plautus*, a Youth (as Fame repreſents him) haughty, and ſwelling and full of his near Relation to *Nero*. Indeed we ſeldom find ſo much as common Senſe in an exalted Fortune. But, *Ponticus*, I would not have you eſteemed only by hereditary Praiſe, ſo as to contribute nothing your ſelf to raiſe your Character; 'tis poor relying on another's Fame? the Building muſt tumble into Ruins, if you take away the Pillars that ſupport it? the Vine lies along upon the Ground, parted from the Embraces of the Elm ſhe loves.

BE you a good Soldier, a faithful Tutor, an impartial Umpire? if you are ſummon'd as a Witneſs in a Caſe doubtful and uncertain, tho' [h] *Phalaris* ſhould threaten to broil you in his Bull, unleſs you would forſwear and give the falſe Evidence he directs, think it the higheſt Wickedneſs to prefer your Safety to your Innocence, and for the ſake of Life to loſe the very Ends of living. Such a Wretch deſerves to periſh, tho' he lives in Luxury, ſwallows a hundred [i] *Gaurane* Oyſters at a Meal, and like [k] *Coſmus* dips himſelf all over in a brazen Bath of the moſt exquiſite Ointments.

WHEN you come at laſt to take poſſeſſion of the Government of the Province you ſo long

[h] King of *Agrigentum*, the cruelleſt of all the *Sicilian* Tyrants; he had a brazen Bull, in which he roaſted Offenders alive.

[i] *Lucrine* Oyſters taken about the Port at *Baiæ*, near the Mountain *Gaurus* in *Campania*.

[k] So effeminate, that the Ointment he uſed in Bathing was called *Unguentum Coſmianum*.

Pone & avaritiæ : miſerere inopum ſociorum.
Oſſa vides regum vacuis exhauſta medullis.
Reſpice, quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet ;
Præmia quanta bonos maneant ; quàm fulmine juſto
Et Capito & Tutor ruerint, damnante ſenatu,
Piratæ Cilicum : ſed quid damnatio confert,
Cùm Panſa eripiat quicquid tibi Natta reliquit ?
Præconem, Chœrippe, tuis circumſpice pannis,
Jamque tace. furor eſt poſt omnia perdere naulum.
Non idem gemitus olim, nec vulnus erat par
Damnorum, ſociis florentibus, & modò victis.
Plena domus tunc omnis, & ingens ſtabat acervus
Nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
Et cum Parrhaſii tabulis, ſigniſque Myronis,
Phidiacum vivebat ebur, nec non Polycleti
Multus ubique labor ; raræ ſinè Mentore menſæ.
Inde Dolabella eſt, atque hinc Antonius, indè
Sacrilegus Verres. referebant navibus altis
Occulta ſpolia, & plures de pace triumphos.

deſired, confine your Paſſion within proper bounds; reſtrain your Avarice; take pity upon our poor Allies. You ſee ſome of the Kings we conquer'd unmercifully ſqueez'd, and the very Marrow ſuck'd out of their Bones. Have regard to what the Laws preſcribe, what the State commands. Conſider what Rewards wait upon the Good, with how juſt a Stroke *Capito* and *Tutor* fell, thoſe Plunderers of the *Cilicians*, by Decree of the Senate. But to what purpoſe were they condemned, when *Panſa* who ſucceeded, ſeized upon the little that *Natta* his Predeceſſor had left? O[1] *Chærippus*, look out for a Crier to ſell your ſorry Rags that remain, and ſay nothing of the Money for fear of the Governor; it would be Madneſs after all to loſe the laſt Stake. You heard no ſuch Lamentation formerly; the Wounds received by the Rapine of Governors were not ſo deep, when our Allies were in a flouriſhing Condition, and firſt ſubdued by us. Then Plenty appear'd in every Houſe, Money lay about in Heaps, *Spartan* Cloaks, Purples from *Co*, Pictures by *Parrhaſius*, Statues by *Myro*, Images by *Phidias* taught to live; the curious Hand of *Polycletus* ſurprized you in every Room, ſcarce a Table without Bowls imboſſed by *Mentor*. Prizes like theſe tempted the Avarice of *Dolabella*, the Rapine of *Antony*, and the Sacrilege of *Verres*. Theſe Plunderers ſent home in lofty Ships thoſe ſtolen Spoils, and triumph'd often over their Provinces in times of Peace; but now our Allies have

[1] He introduces *Chærippus* as a Subject of this plundered Province, whom he adviſes to ſell his Clothes, and the reſt of his poor Goods he had left, before the Succeſſor comes with a new Hunger, and devours all; ſuppoſing, if he turned what he had into Money, it might be the better concealed.

Nunc ſociis juga pauca boum, & grex parvus equarum,
Et pater armenti capto eripietur agello:
Ipſi deinde Lares, ſi quod ſpectabile ſignum:
Si quis in ædiculâ Deus unicus: hæc etenim ſunt
Pro ſummis: nam ſunt hæc maxima. deſpicias tu
Forſitan imbelles Rhodios, unctamque Corinthum:
Deſpicias meritò: quid reſinata juventus,
Cruraque totius facient tibi lævia gentis?
Horrida vitanda eſt Hiſpania, Gallicus axis,
Illyricumque latus. parce & meſſoribus illis,
Qui ſaturant urbem, circo, ſcenæque vacantem.
Quanta autem inde feres tam diræ præmia culpæ,
Cùm tenues nuper Marius diſcinxerit Afros?
Curandum imprimìs, ne magna injuria fiat
Fortibus & miſeris, tollas licèt omne quod uſquam eſt
Auri atque argenti; ſcutum gladiumque relinques,
Et jacula, & galeam: ſpoliatis arma ſuperſunt.
Quod modò propoſui, non eſt ſententia; verùm
Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ.
Si tibi ſancta cohors comitum; ſi nemo tribunal
Vendit acerſecomes; ſi nullum in conjuge crimen;
Nec per conventus, & cuncta per oppida curvis
Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celæno:
Tunc licèt à Pico numeres genus; altaque ſi te
Nomina delectent, omnem Titanida pugnam

Interr

few Oxen left to till the Ground, a ſmall Number of Mares, the Father of the Herd is carried off from the Paſture ravaged and deſtroyed. The very Houſhold Gods, a ſmall Statue of any Price, the little Deity of the Cottage, theſe are all ſeized inſtead of better, yet Things of the higheſt Value to the poor People. You may perhaps deſpiſe the weak *Rhodians*, and the Softneſs of *Corinth*, and with reaſon? for what can the effeminate Youth, and the ſmooth Limbs of thoſe Nations attempt againſt you? But be cautious how you meddle with the rough *Spaniards*, the Chariots of the *Gauls*, and the Coaſts of *Illyria*. Spare the Labours of the Huſbandmen who ſupply the City, which attends to nothing but the Diverſions of the *Circus* and the Theatres. For what Booty can you expect from the cruel Ravage you make, when *Marius* ſo lately ſtript the poor *Africans* to the Skin? But chiefly take care you do not preſs too hard upon the Wretched and the Brave; tho' you carry off all the Gold and Silver they have, you will ſtill leave them Shields and Swords, and Spears and Helmets; the Plundered never are in want of Arms. What I have now obſerv'd is no uncertain Notion of my own, but believe it fixed and ſure as an Oracle of the *Sibyl*.

IF you employ Perſons of Reputation under you, if no favourite Boy receives a Bribe to pervert Juſtice; if your Wife be of unblemiſh'd Character, and does not run into the public Courts through every Town in the Province, like a Harpy with her crooked Claws, to ſeize the Golden Prey; if you are free from theſe Reproaches, derive your Deſcent from [m] *Picus*, if you will; or, if you are fond of great Names, higher in time, place the *Titans* who fought a-

[m] The firſt King of the *Aborigines*, the Son of *Saturn*.

Inter majores, ipſumque Promethea ponas:
De quocunque voles proavum tibi ſumito libro.
Quòd ſi præcipitem rapit ambitus atque libido,
Si frangis virgas ſociorum in ſanguine, ſi te
Delectant hebetes laſſo lictore ſecures:
Incipit ipſorum contra te ſtare parentum
Nobilitas, claramque facem præferre pudendis.
Omne animi vitium tantò conſpectius in ſe
Crimen habet, quantò major, qui peccat, habetur.
Quò mihi te ſolitum falſas ſignare tabellas
In templis, quæ fecit avus; ſtatuamque parentis
Ante triumphalem? quò, ſi nocturnus adulter
Tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo?
Præter majorum cineres, atque oſſa volucri
Carpento rapitur pinguis Damaſippus; & ipſe,
Ipſe rotam ſtringit multo ſufflamine Conſul:
Nocte quidem; ſed luna videt, ſed ſidera teſtes
Intendunt oculos. finitum tempus honoris
Cùm fuerit, clarâ Damaſippus lace flagellum
Sumet, & occurſum nuſquam trepidabit amici
Jam ſenis, at virgâ prior innuet, atque maniplos
Solvet, & infundet jumentis hordea laſſis.
Interea dum lanatas, torvumque juvencum
More Numæ cædit Jovis ante altaria, jurat

Hipponam,

gainſt the Gods among your Anceſtors, or old [n] *Prometheus* himſelf. You may chuſe your Pedigree from any Hiſtory you pleaſe. But if you are carried headlong by Ambition or by Luſt, if you cruelly break the Rods upon the Backs of your Allies, and love to ſee the Axe blunt, and the *Lictor* tired by uſing it, the Nobility of your Blood is a ſtrong Objection againſt you, and expoſes your Shame in a clearer Light; for every Vice carries a greater Malignity with it, in proportion to the Rank and Quality of the Perſon that commits it. What is your Family to me, if you have the Impudence to be Witneſs to a falſe [o] Will, in the very Temples built by your Anceſtors, before your Father's triumphal Statue? If, to conceal your Night-Adulteries, you diſguiſe your Face with a *French* Hood?

Damaſippus, with his fat Guts, drives furiouſly by the Aſhes and Bones of his great Progenitors; he, the Conſul, he ſubmits to lock the Wheel of the Chariot with the Drag-Chain. This indeed he does in the Night, but the Moon ſees him, the Stars with their intentive Eyes witneſs againſt him. When he is out of his Office, you will find [p] *Damaſippus* playing the Charioteer at Noon-day; nor would he bluſh to meet the graveſt of his Friends, but firſt ſalute them with a Crack of his Whip. He unbinds the Truſſes of Hay, and gives the tired Horſes their Corn with his own Hands. But when he ſacrifices a Sheep or Bullock at the Altar of *Jupiter*, as *Numa* ordained, the cleanly Deities he

[n] Who was ſuppoſed to make Man of moiſt Clay.

[o] It was uſual to ſign as a Witneſs to a Will in the Temples of the Gods, to put Men in mind that they were obliged by Religion to be true and faithful.

[p] An extravagant young Nobleman, was a Conſul, a Charioteer, a common Drunkard, and a Stage-Player.

Hipponam, & facies olida ad præsepia pictas.
Sed cùm pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,
Obvius assiduo Syrophœnix udus amomo
Currit, Idumææ Syrophœnix incola portæ,
Hospitis affectu Dominum, Regemque salutat,
Et cum venali Cyane succincta lagenâ.
Defensor culpæ dicet mihi: fecimus & nos
Hæc juvenes. esto; desîsti nempè, nec ultrà
Fovisti errorem. breve sit, quod turpitur audes.
Quædam cum primâ resecentur crimina barbâ,
Indulge veniam pueris: Damasippus ad illos
Thermarum calices, inscriptaque lintea vadit,
Maturus bello Armeniæ, Syriæque tuendis
Amnibus, & Rheno, atque Istro. præstare Neronem
Securum valet hæc ætas. mitte Ostia, Cæsar;
Mitte; sed in magnâ legatum quære popinâ.
Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem,
Permistum nautis, aut furibus aut fugitivis;
Inter carnifices, & fabros sandapilarum,
Et resupinati cessantia tympana Galli:
Æqua ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
Non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
Quid facies, talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?

Nempe

ſwears by, are [q] *Hippona*, and ſuch ſweet Divinities, whoſe Faces you ſee painted over the Middle of the ſtinking Stalls. Yet when he pleaſes to viſit the Tavern, where he revels Night and Day, a *Syrophœnician*, always greaſy with his Eſſence, runs to meet him, a Perfumer that lives by the *Idumæan* Gate, accoſts him in the fawning Stile of the Maſter of the Houſe, calls him *my Lord*, *my Prince*; and *Cyane*, a tight Girl, waits upon him with a full Bottle of the beſt. You'll ſay, perhaps, in Excuſe, we did the ſame when we were young; I grant it: yet you left off, you did not indulge the Miſtake further; ſtop ſhort, and never perſiſt in doing ill. Some Vices ſhould be entirely left off, when the Razor firſt comes upon your Face. An Allowance, you cry, ſhould be made for Youth: True; but *Damaſippus* drinks Bumpers as if he were ſweating in a hot Bath, and reels to the Stews, known by the lewd Inſcriptions o'er the Doors, tho' ripe by Age for the *Armenian* War, to defend our *Syrian* Rivers from Atttempts, the Banks of the *Rhine*, or the *Danube*. His Years qualify him to protect the Perſon of the Emperor; ſend *Cæſar*, ſend your Ambaſſador to the Mouth of the *Tiber*; but look for this worthy Deputy of yours in a common Tap-houſe, you'll find him ſwilling with ſome Cut-throat, in Company with Seamen, Thieves, Fugitives, Hangmen, and Undertakers; or among the ſilent Drums of *Cybele*'s Prieſt, who drunk lies ſnoaring on his Back. Theſe Sots are all upon a Level here, drink all out of the ſame Glaſs; there is no Place of Diſtinction among them, but all ſit round the ſame Table. What would you do, my Friend, had you a Slave like this

[q] The Goddeſs of Stables, placed in the Middle of the Stalls, and curiouſly bedecked with Chaplets of freſh Roſes.

Wretch

Nempe in Lucanos, aut Thuſca ergaſtula mittas.
At vos, Trojugenæ, vobis ignoſcitis, & quæ
Turpia cerdoni, Voleſos Brutoſque decebunt.

Quid, ſi nunquam adeò fædis, adeóque pudendis
Utimur exemplis ut non pejora ſuperſint?
Conſumptis opibus vocem, Damaſippe, locâſti
Sipario, clamoſum ageres ut Phaſma Catulli.
Laureolum Velox etiam benè Lentulus egit,
Judice me, dignus verâ cruce. nec tamen ipſi
Ignoſcas populo: populi frons durior hujus,
Qui ſedet, & ſpectat triſcurria patriciorum:
Planipedes audit Fabios, ridere poteſt qui
Mamercorum alapas. quanti ſua funera vendant,
Quid refert? vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
Nec dubitant celſi Prætoris vendere ludis.
Finge tamen gladios inde, atque hinc pulpita pone:
Quid ſatius? mortem ſic quiſquam exhorruit, ut ſit

Zelotypus

Wretch of a Lord? You would ſurely ſend him to hard Labour among the *Lucani*, or to one of the *Tuſcan* Work-houſes. But you, great Sons of *Troy*, diſpenſe with one another, and imagine what a Cobler would be aſhamed of, looks becoming in the Poſterity of the illuſtrious *Volſci* or the *Bruti*.

WHAT, if after the Examples we have produced, tho' never ſo infamous and ſhameful, there ſhould be worſe behind? O *Damaſippus*, thy Fortune quite ſpent, thou letteſt thy Voice out upon the Stage, to whine out a Part in the *Viſion* of *Catullus*. *Velox Lentulus*, another of theſe Lords, performs the Character of [r] *Laureolus* to a Miracle, worthy, in my Opinion of the Death he repreſents, to be really crucified; nor can you excuſe the People, the Spectators, who with more harden'd Impudence are delighted to ſit and divert themſelves with theſe Buffooneries of the Nobility; who are pleaſed to hear the Renowned *Fabii* acting barefoot, and laugh to ſee the great *Mamerci* box'd about the Stage. No matter for what Price theſe Nobles run the Hazard of their Lives, they do it voluntarily; there is no *Nero* now to force them, they engage willingly in thoſe Plays exhibited by the haughty Prætor to divert the People[s]. Suppoſe the Liſts on one Hand, and the Stage on the other which would you chuſe? Is any Man ſo fearful of Death, as to ſubmit to act the Part of *Lati-*

[r] A Slave condemned to be crucified for running away from his Maſter; this Slave was perſonated upon the Stage by a Nobleman, one of the *Lentuli*.

[s] Of the two, ſays the Poet, it is more ſhameful to act upon the Stage, than to fight as a Gladiator, tho' at the Hazard of his Life; for who would not deteſt to play the Part of the Cuckold *Latinus*, the jealous Huſband of *Thymele*, or be a Fellow-Actor with that Loggerhead *Corinthus?*

nus

Zelotypus Thymeles, ſtupidi collega Corinthi?
Res haud mira tamen, citharædo principe, mimus
Nobilis: hæc ultra, quid erit niſi ludus? & illic
Dedecus urbis habes: nec mirmillonis in armis,
Nec clypeo Gracchum pugnantem, aut falce ſupinâ,
(Damnat enim tales habitus, ſed damnat & odit,)
Nec galeâ frontem abſcondit; movet ecce tridentem,
Poſtquam libratâ pendentia retia dextrâ
Nequicquam effudit, nudum ad ſpectacula vultum
Erigit, & totâ fugit agnoſcendus arenâ.
Credamus tunicæ, de faucibus aurea cùm ſe
Porrigat, & longo jactetur ſpira galero.
Ergo ignominiam graviorem pertulit omni
Vulnere, cum Graccho juſſus pugnare ſecutor.
Libera ſi dentur populo ſuffragia, quis tam
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni?
Cujus ſupplicio non debuit una parari
Simia, nec ſerpens unus, nec culeus unus.
Par Agamemnonidæ crimen; ſed cauſa facit rem
Diſſimilem: quippe ille Deis auctoribus ultor
Patris erat cæſi media inter pocula: ſed nec
Electræ jugulo ſe polluit, aut Spartani
Sanguine conjugii: nullis aconita propinquis
Miſcuit: in ſcena nunquam cantavit Oreſtes:

nus jealous of his *Thymele*, or to be on a Level with that ſtupid Stroller *Corinthus?* It is no Wonder, when the Emperor is a Harper, that the Nobles are all Mimics; after this what can you expect, but that the whole World ſhould turn Players? See, the Diſgrace of *Rome* enters the Liſts, the infamous *Gracchus*, not furniſhed like a Sword-player, not fighting with a Shield or crooked Falchion, nor wears his Helmet down (ſuch Armour he condemns, condemns and hates) but lo, he ſhakes his Trident, and as a *Retiarius*, caſting his Net, poiſed in his Hand in vain, he ſhews his Face bare to all the People, flies round the *Circus*, glad to be known, and beg his Life. You may depend it is he by his purple Tunic, by the Gold Ribband blown by the Wind, that ties on his high Cap, and hangs down under his Chin. The *Secutor* got no Credit, but ſuffered a Reproach deeper than any Wound he could feel, when he was ordered to try his Skill upon ſuch a Coward of Quality.

IF the People were to ſpeak freely, where is the Man ſo loſt to Virtue, that would ſcruple to prefer *Seneca* to *Nero?* whoſe many [t] Parricides deſerve more than one Death, more Apes, more Serpents, more Sacks than one. *Oreſtes*, I own killed his Mother likewiſe; but Circumſtances make the Caſe different: He, by the Command of the Gods, revenged the Death of his Father ſlain in the Midſt of a Feaſt; but he was not ſtained with the Murder of his Siſter *Electra*, nor with the Blood of *Hermione*, his *Spartan* Wife: He made up no Draughts of Poiſon for his Neighbours. *Oreſtes* never ſung

[t] A Parricide, by the *Roman* Law, was ſewn up in a Sack, with a Cock, a Serpent, an Ape, and a Dog, and thrown into the Sea.

upon

Troïca non ſcripſit. quid enim Virginius armis
Debuit ulciſci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba?
Quid Nero tam ſævâ, crudâque tyrannide fecit?
Hæc opera, atque hæ ſunt generoſi principis artes
Gaudentis fædo peregrina ad pulpita cantu
Proſtitui, Graiæque apium meruiſſe coronæ.
Majorum effigies habeant inſignia vocis,
Ante pedes Domitî longum tu pone Thyeſtæ
Syrma, vel Antigones, ſeu perſonam Menalippes,
Et de marmoreo citharam ſuſpende coloſſo.
Quis, Catilina, tuis natalibus, atque Cethegi
Inveniet quicquam ſublimius? arma tamen vos
Nocturna, & flammas domibus templiſque parâſtis,
Ut Braccatorum pueri, Senonumque minores,
Auſi, quod liceat tunicâ punire moleſtâ.
Sed vigilat Conſul, vexillaque veſtra coërcet.
Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, & modò Romæ
Municipalis eques galeatum ponit ubique
Præſidium attonitis, & in omni gente laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi

Nominis,

upon the Stage, never wrote Verſes upon the Deſtruction of *Troy*. What Crimes could *Virginius*, *Vindex*, *Galba*, revenge with more Juſtice? What great Exploits, beſides the moſt execrable Cruelties, were ever done by the Tyrant *Nero?* Theſe are the Employments, theſe the Accompliſhments of a noble Prince, to delight in proſtituting his Majeſty by ſinging upon a foreign Stage, and make a Merit of carrying from the *Greeks* their [u] *Parſley Crown.* Let the Statues of your Anceſtors be adorned with this Chaplet, this Trophy of your Voice; lay at the Feet of the *Domitii* the long Robe in which you acted the Character of *Thyeſtes*, or the *Maſk* you uſed in the Parts of *Antigone* or *Menalippe*, and hang your Harp upon the Marble Images of your great Progenitors.

WHO, *Catiline*, and *Cethegus*, can boaſt of a more noble Deſcent than you? yet you conſpired to deſtroy the City and the Temples by Night with Fire and Sword, as if you had been Sons of the *Gauls*, or the Poſterity of the *Senones*; you dared ſuch Villanies for which you ought to have been puniſhed with a pitched Shirt. But the Conſul watched your Motions, and reſtrained the Fury of your Arms. This *Cicero* of *Arpinum*, a Man of no Family, meanly born, and coming from a Country Town, but lately admitted at *Rome* into the Equeſtrian Order, placed an armed Guard in every Part, to protect the People, frightned at the Alarm, and beſtirred himſelf in all Quarters, for the Security of the City. The peaceful Gown beſtowed more

[u] *Nero* carried away the Parſley Crown or Chaplet in the *Nemæan* Games, from the *Greek* Muſic-Maſters. Theſe Games were celebrated to the Memory of *Archemorus* the young Son of *Lycurgus*, who was killed by a Serpent as he was playing upon a Bed of Parſley.

Fame

Nominis, & tituli; quantum non Leucade, quantum
Theſſaliæ campis Octavius abſtulit udo
Cædibus aſſiduis gladio. ſed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.
Arpinas alius Volſcorum in monte ſolebat
Poſcere mercedes alieno laſſus aratro;
Nodoſam poſt hæc frangebat vertice vitem,
Si lentus pigrâ muniret caſtra dolabrâ:
Hic tamen & Cimbros, & ſumma pericula rerum
Excipit, & ſolus trepidantem protegit urbem.
Atque ideo poſtquam ad Cimbros, ſtragemque volabant,
Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera, corvi,
Nobilis ornatur lauro collega ſecundâ.
Plebeiæ Deciorum animæ, plebeia fuerunt
Nomina: pro totis legionibus hi tamen, & pro
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni plebe Latinâ
Sufficiunt Dîs infernis, Terræque parenti.
Pluris enim Decii, quàm qui ſervantur ab illis.
Ancillâ natus trabeam & diadema Quirini,
Et faſces meruit, Regum ultimus ille bonorum.

Fame and Honour upon this great Man at home within our Walls, than *Octavius* carried off from the Fight at *Actium*, or from the *Theſſalian* Plains, by his Sword ſtain'd with continual Slaughter. *Rome*, ſet free, pronounc'd him her Father, call'd this *Cicero* the Father of his Country.

Marius, another from the ſame *Arpinum*, tired out with ploughing on the *Volſcian* Hills for Hire, turned Soldier, and had many a knotty Cudgel broke upon his Head, if he work'd lazily with his Ax in fortifying the Camp; yet this Man ſubdued the *Cimbrians*, and reliev'd the State in the utmoſt Danger: This Man alone preſerv'd the trembling City; and therefore after the Battle, when the Crows flew to prey upon the *Barbarians*, and to devour the Carnage, (and larger Bodies they had never ſeen) his Collegue *Quintus Catulus*, of noble Birth, received only the ſecond Honours of the Day.

THOSE brave Souls the [x] *Decii* were of *Plebeian* Deſcent, their Families were *Plebeian*, yet they devoted themſelves to the Infernal Deities, and to Mother *Earth*, to ſave our Legions, our Auxiliaries, the whole *Roman* Name; theſe *Decii* were more regarded by the Gods, than the great Numbers by their Death preſerved.

Servius Tullius, born of a captive Maid, that laſt good King of *Rome*, yet merited the Robe of Majeſty and the Diadem of *Romulus*, and all the Honours of the State; when the [y] Sons of the Conſul

[x] The *Decii* devoted their Lives as voluntary Sacrifices to ſave their Country. The Father, in the War with the *Latins*; the Son, in the *Hetrurian* War; the Grandſon, in the War againſt *Pyrrhus*.

[y] *Tarquinius Superbus*, after his Expulſion, attempted to recover his Kingdom; for which purpoſe *Titus* and *Tiberius*, the Sons of *Junius Brutus* the Conſul, undertook to deliver up one of the City-Gates. This was diſcovered by *Vindicius* a Slave, for which he was made free; from him the Rod

Prodita laxabant portarum clauſtra tyrannis
Exulibus juvenes ipſius conſulis, & quos
Magnum aliquid dubiâ pro libertate deceret,
Quod miraretur cum Coclite Mutius, & quæ
Imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit.
Occulta ad patres produxit crimina ſervus
Matronis lugendus: at illos verbera juſtis
Afficiunt pœnis, & legum prima ſecuris.
Malo pater tibi ſit Therſites, dummodò tu ſis
Æacidæ ſimilis, Vulcaniaque arma capeſſas,
Quàm te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles.
Et tamen, ut longè repetas, longèque revolvas
Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis aſylo.
Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud, quod dicere nolo.

Conſul himſelf, of *Brutus*, tho' nobly born, conſpired to betray the City-Gates to baniſhed Tyrants; theſe Youths ſhould rather have attempted ſome great Deſign for the Liberty of their Country not yet ſecure, ſome glorious Act that *Mutius*, that *Cocles*, *Clælia*, (that fearleſs Maid that ſwam the *Tiber*'s Stream, the Bounds of our narrow Empire) would have wonder'd to hear. *Vindicius*, a Slave, diſcover'd this dark Conſpiracy to the Senators, (ſad News for the tender Mother's Heart!) who firſt made the Youths feel the lawful Puniſhment of the Rods and the Ax, never uſed in *Rome* before. I had rather your Father had been that Fellow [z] *Therſites*, ſo that you behave like *Achilles*, and can manage his Arms made by *Vulcan*, than that *Achilles* got you, and you prove a *Therſites*, an ill-bred Scoundrel. Yet carry back your Pedigree ever ſo far, trace your Name ever ſo high, you ſtill deſcend from an infamous [a] *Aſylum*; your firſt Anceſtor, whoever he be, was either ſome Shepherd, or ſomewhat worſe that I am unwilling to name.

laid upon the Head of the Slave when he was manumitted, was called *Vindicta*. The Conſuls Sons were firſt whipt, and then beheaded. *Porſenna* King of *Hetruria* engaging in favour of *Tarquin*, *Horatius Cocles* withſtood him and all his Army upon the Bridge over the *Tiber*, till it was broken, and then he jumped with an Arrow in his Thigh into the River. *Mutius Scævola* attempting to kill *Porſenna* in his Camp, and being taken, burnt his Right-hand off before him, which by miſtake had killed the Secretary inſtead of the King. *Clælia*, with other Virgins, was given as an Hoſtage to *Porſenna*; but ſhe deceiving her Keepers, ſwam over the River *Tiber* into the City.

[z] An impudent, ugly, cowardly Fellow at the Siege of *Troy*; for his foul Mouth *Achilles* gave him a Box on the Ear, which ſilenced him for ever.

[a] *Rome* was firſt an *Aſylum* or Sanctuary for Rogues.

SATIRA IX.

SCIRE velim, quare toties mihi, Nævole, triſtis
Occurras fronte obductâ, ceu Marſya victus.
Quid tibi cum vultu, qualem deprênſus habebat
Ravola, dum Rhodopes udâ terit inguina barbâ?
Nos colaphum incutimus lambenti cruſtula ſervo.
Non erat hâc facie miſerabilior Crepereius
Pollio, qui triplicem uſuram præſtare paratus
Circuit, & fatuos non invenit. unde repentè
Tot rugæ? certè modico contentus agebas
Vernam equitem, conviva joco mordente facetus,
Et ſalibus vehemens intra pomœria natis.

Omnia

SATIRE IX.

JUVENAL, NÆVOLUS.

JUV. I SHOULD be glad to know, [a] *Nævolus*, why I meet you ſo often with that ſad cloudy Face like *Marſyas* overcome by *Apollo*. What have you to do with that confounded Countenance, ſuch as *Ravola* ſhew'd when he was caught ſcrubbing the leud *Rhodope* with his bedrivelled Beard? He ſhould have ſuffer'd for that; for a Servant that licks his Lips with Sweet-meats, we chaſtiſe with a ſound Box on the Ear. *Crepereius Pollio* never had a more wretched Phiz, when he ran all the Town over to borrow Money at treble Intereſt, and could find no Fools to lend it. Whence of a ſudden ſo many Wrinkles? Tho' you are a Slave, you uſed to be content with a ſmall Fortune, and to live as merry as a Lord; you were a pleaſant Companion at Table with your biting Jeſts, and quick at Repartees, that would

[a] The Poet, in deſcribing the execrable Impurities of the *Romans*, introduces one *Nævolus* a Monſter of Vice; he tells him, with all his Leudneſs he looks as wretchedly as *Marſyas*, as *Ravola*, and *Crepereius Pollio*. The firſt was an audacious *Muſician*, who challenged *Apollo*, but was overcome and flayed; the ſecond was an impure Villain, who being taken with his *Rhodope*, was confounded with a juſt Shame at the Diſcovery; the third, a noted Spendthrift, who deſperately offering for Money three times as much as the common Intereſt, could yet find no ſuch Creditor.

Omnia nunc contra : vultus gravis, horrida ſiccæ
Sylva comæ ; nullus totâ nitor in cute, qualem
Præſtabat calidi circumlita faſcia viſci ;
Sed fruticante pilo neglecta & ſquallida crura,
Quid macies ægri veteris, quem tempore longo
Torret quarta dies, olimque domeſtica febris ?
Deprêndas animi tormenta latentis in ægro
Corpore, deprêndas & gaudia : ſumit utrumque
Inde habitum facies : igitur flexiſſe videris
Propoſitum, & vitæ contrarius ire priori.
Nuper enim (ut repeto) fanum Iſidis, & Ganymedem
Pacis, & advectæ ſecreta palatia matris,
Et Cererem (nam quo non proſtat fœmina templo ?)
Notior Aufidio mœchus celebrare ſolebas,
(Quod taceo) atque ipſos etiam inclinare maritos.
N. *Utile & hoc multis vitæ genus : at mihi nullum*
Indè operæ pretium : pingues aliquando lacernas,
Munimenta togæ, duri craſſique coloris,
Et malè percuſſas textoris pectine Galli
Accipimus ; tenue argentum, venæque ſecundæ.
Fata regunt homines. *fatum eſt in partibus illis.*

pleaſe in the beſt-bred Converſation. But now the Scene is quite changed; your Look is ſtern, your dry Locks uncombed ſtand on end like a Wood; there is none of that Smoothneſs on your Skin that you ow'd to the Poultice of warm Pitch, laid on to take off the Hair; your Legs are neglected and grow rough like a Coppice. How come you by that meager pale Aſpect of an old Fellow that has been burnt up and a long time confined to his Room by a Quartan Ague? You may diſcover the Troubles of an uneaſy Mind by the languid Appearance of the Body, and the Tranquility within you may know by the Outſide; for the Face is the Indication of both. You ſeem therefore to have changed your Method, and to act contrary to your former Courſe of Life. It was but lately (as I remember) that *Nævolus* the Adulterer (more noted than [b] *Aufidius* himſelf) frequented the Haunts of all the Whores in Town, the Fane of *Iſis*, the Statue of *Ganymede* in the Temple of *Peace*, the ſecret Chapel of *Cybele* the Mother of the Gods, brought from *Phrygia*, (for what Place is there ſo ſacred where you may not pick up a Wench?) and (under the Roſe) the Wife and the Huſband had you by turns.

NÆV. I own this has been a profitable Trade to ſome, but I could never make it worth while. I am forc'd to take up now and then with a greaſy Cloke (of coarſe Cloth and a worſe Dye, ſadly woven in the Room of a bungling *French* Weaver) to ſave my Gown. Sometimes I receive a ſmall Bit of Silver, but of the baſer ſort. In ſhort, Fate rules the World, and preſides in thoſe very Parts concealed from common Sight: If your lucky Stars forſake you, your private Length of Luſt will be of no ſer-

[b] A notorious luſty *Grecian.*

Quas ſinus abſcondit: nam ſi tibi ſidera ceſſant,
Nil faciet longi menſura incognita nervi:
Quamvis te nudum ſpumanti Virro labello
Viderit, & blandæ, aſſiduæ, denſæque tabellæ
Sollicitent: Αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναιδος.
Quod tamen ulterius monſtrum, quàm mollis avarus?
Hæc tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tuliſti.
Computat, & cevet. ponatur calculus, adſint
Cum tabulâ pueri: numera ſeſtertia quinque
Omnibus in rebus; numerentur deinde labores.
An facile & pronum eſt agere intrà viſcera penem
Legitimum, atque illic heſternæ occurrere cœnæ?
Servus erit minùs ille miſer, qui foderit agrum,
Quàm dominum. ſed tu ſane tener, & puerum te,
Et pulchrum, & dignum cyatho cœloque putabas.
Vos humili aſſeclæ, vos indulgebitis unquam
Cultori, jam nec morbo donare parati?
En cui tu viridem umbellam, cui ſuccina mittas
Grandia, natalis quoties redit, aut madidum ver
Incipit; & ſtratâ poſitus longâque cathedrâ
Munera fœmineis tractas ſecreta calendis.
Dic, paſſer, cui tot montes, tot prædia ſervas
Appula, tot milvos intrà tua puſcua laſſos?
Te Triſolinus ager fœcundis vitibus implet,

vice, tho' *Virro* with his rank Deſire chanced to ſee you naked, and courted you by many ſoft and importunate Letters; for theſe *Catamites* have engaging Ways of ſeducing Men to their Deſigns. But is there a greater Monſter upon Earth than a Wretch made up of Lechery and Avarice? *You had ſo much*, ſays he, *at firſt, then I gave you ſo much, afterwards you received more*; he computes the Charge, but uſes me ſtill; *let us caſt up what the whole comes too*; *Boy, bring the Account*; *you ſee you have had in all five* Seſtertia, *now reckon what you have done for it.* Is it an eaſy, a ready Matter to force one's ſelf into ſecret Naſtineſs, and to rake into the digeſted Filth of laſt Night's Supper? The Slave is the more miſerable of the two, that digs the Maſter than the Maſter's Ground. But you, forſooth, are all over Charms; you think yourſelf young and beautiful, and fit to be celeſtial Cup-bearer to *Jove*; will ſuch as you ever beſtow your Bounty upon a poor Client that attends you, when you are ſo cloſe-fiſted to us that ſerve your Luſts? See the ſoft *Virro* whom you are to preſent like a Miſtreſs with a green Umbrella; here you are to ſend the large Amber Bowl as oft as his Birth-day returns, or the ſhowery Spring begins; ſee how he ſits on his Carpet in his Chair of State, and receives the ſecret Favours of his Admirers on the [c] Calends of *March*, like a fine Lady! Tell me, thou ſalacious *Sparrow*, for whom you ſave ſo many Mountains, ſo many Farms in *Apulia*, Eſtates that the Kites are tired in flying over? Your *Trifoline* Plains,

[c] Upon the *Calends*, or the firſt Day of *March*, they celebrated the *Matronalia*, when the *Roman* Beauties, dreſſed up, ſate in Chairs that ſtood upon Carpets, and received rich Preſents from their Huſbands and Admirers. This Ceremony was imitated by the Pathic *Virro*.

the

Suſpectumque jugum Cumis, & Gaurus inanis:
Nam quis plura linit victuro dolia muſto?
Quantum erat exhauſti lumbos donare clientis
Jugeribus paucis? meliúſne hic ruſticus infans
Cum matre, & caſulis, & cum luſore catello
Cymbala pulſantis legatum fiet amici?
Improbus es, cùm poſcis, ait; ſed penſio clamat,
Poſce: ſed appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi
Lata acies, per quam ſolers evaſit Ulyſſes:
Alter emendus erit; namque hic non ſufficit; ambo
Paſcendi. quid agam brumâ ſpirante? quid, oro,
Quid dicam ſcapulis puerorum menſe Decembri,
Et pedibus? durate, atque expectate cicadas?
Verùm ut diſſimules, ut mittas cætera, quanto
Metiris pretio, quòd, nî tibi deditus eſſem,
Devotuſque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret?
Scis certè quibus iſta modis, quàm ſæpe rogâris,
Et quæ pollicitus. fugientem ſæpe puellam
Amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat, & jam
Signabat: totâ vix hoc ego nocte redemi
Te plorante foris. teſtis mihi lectulus, & tu,
Ad quem pervenit lecti ſonus, & dominæ vox.
Inſtabile, ac dirimi cœptum, & jam penè ſolutum
Conjugium in multis domibus ſervavit adulter.

the Mount *Miſenus* hanging over *Cumæ*, and *Gaurus* with its hollow Caverns, ſupply you with fruitful Vines. Who ſtops up more Caſks with Wine ſure to laſt long? What a mighty Matter would it be to beſtow a few Acres upon me your Drudge, worn out in your Service? Could you with more Juſtice leave your Effects, the Country Boy got by your Slave, his Mother, the poor Cottage with the Dog, their Play-fellow, as a Legacy to one of *Cybele*'s rank Prieſts beating his Cymbals? *You are never ſatisfied*, ſays he, *for ever begging*; Rent calls out, Beg on; my only Servant cries for Wages as loud as *Polyphemus* with his one large Eye, when *Ulyſſes* by his Cunning had eſcaped; I muſt ſoon purchaſe another, one is not enough for my Buſineſs, and both muſt be fed. What ſhall I do when Winter-Blaſts blow hard? What ſhall I ſay to the Boys naked Shoulders and bare Feet in the cold Month of *December*, Have Patience, my Lads the Graſhoppers are coming? But diſſemble as you pleaſe, and make as light as you will of theſe things, how much are you in Debt to me for another Jobb? Had not I ſtood faſt by you, and been your moſt devoted Servant, your Wife had been a Maid ſtill. You know well by what Methods that Affair was brought about, how often you begged, what mighty Promiſes you made me. Oft in my Arms I caught the flying Virgin; I prevented her tearing the Marriage-Articles, when ſhe was juſt ready to ſign to another; I could ſcarce ſet Matters right by a whole Night's Labour, while you ſtood whining at the Door. You want no Evidence; the Bed, the Noiſe you heard, convinced you ſufficiently. I am not the firſt Adulterer that in a Family has faſtened the Marriage-Knot, untying, cracked, and almoſt looſed. How will

Quò te circumagas? quæ prima, aut ultima ponas?
Nullum ergo meritum eſt, ingrate ac perfide, nullum,
Quòd tibi filiolus, vel filia naſcitur ex me?
Tollis enim, & libris actorum ſpargere gaudes
Argumenta viri. foribus ſuſpende coronas;
Jam pater es: dedimus quod famæ opponere poſſis.
Jura parentis habes; propter me ſcriberis hæres;
Legatum omne capis, nec non & dulce caducum.
Commoda prætereà junguntur multa caducis,
Si numerum, ſi tres implevero. P. *Juſta doloris,*
Nævole, cauſa tui: contrà tamen ille quid affert?

N. *Negligit,*

will you extricate yourſelf from theſe Objections? What can you offer firſt or laſt to this Charge? Is it no Merit then, ungrateful and perfidious Wretch, none at all, that you have the Credit of a Boy or a Girl by me? You bring them up, and are pleaſed to ſee them entered in the public [d] Regiſters, as Teſtimonies of your Manhood. Hang the Garland of Laurel upon your Gates, you are now a Father; I took off the Scandal that was againſt you, by me you enjoy the paternal Privileges, I have given you a Right to inherit, you are now qualified to receive the [e] whole Legacy, beſides the Benefit ſometimes of a ſweet [f] *Windfall*; and many other Advantages, if I complete the Number, and make them up [g] *Three.*

JUV. *Nævolus*, you have juſt Reaſon to complain, but what does he ſay to all this?

[d] *Servius Tullus*, in order to fix the Number of Births and Burials, ordered that when a Child was born, the Kindred ſhould bring a Piece of Money into the *Ærarium* of *Juno Lucina*; and ſo into the Exchequer of *Venus Libitina*, when any died. The Father was obliged to give Notice of the Birth of the Child, and the Child received its Name within thirty Days afterwards.

[e] If a Legacy was left to a married Man that had no Children, the tenth Part of it, by the *Papian* Law, fell to the Exchequer; but *Virro* having a Child, had a Right to the whole.

[f] A Will was ſometimes expreſſed conditionally, as that ſuch things ſhould deſcend to ſuch a one, provided he had Children. *Virro* was now capable of ſuch a Legacy.

[g] The Privileges of having three Children were an Exemption from the Trouble of being a Guardian, a Priority in bearing Offices, and a treble Proportion of Corn. This Privilege was not granted unleſs the Parents lived in *Rome*; if they lived in any other Part of *Italy*, they were to have *five* Children; and if in the *Roman* Provinces, *ſeven*: Otherwiſe, they could not claim the Advantages of the *Jus trium Liberorum.*

N. *Negligit, atque alium bipedem ſibi quærit aſellum.*

Hæc ſoli commiſſa tibi celare memento,
Et tacitus noſtras intrà te fige querelas.
Nam res mortifera eſt inimicus pumice lævis.
Qui modò ſecretum commiſerat, ardet, & odit;
Tanquam prodiderim quicquid ſcio: ſumere ferrum,
Fuſte aperire caput, candelam apponere valvis
Non dubitat. nec contemnas, aut deſpicias, quòd
His opibus nunquam cara eſt annona veneni.
Ergo occulta teges, ut curia Martis Athenis.

P. *O Corydon, Corydon, ſecretum divitis ullum*
Eſſe putas? ſervi ut taceant, jumenta loquentur,
Et canis, & poſtes, & marmora: claude feneſtras,
Vela tegant rimas, junge oſtia, tollito lumen
E medio, taceant omnes, propè nemo recumbat:
Quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille ſecundi,
Proximus ante diem caupo ſciet, audiet & quæ
Finxerunt pariter librarius, archimagiri,
Carptores: quod enim dubitant componere crimen
In dominos, quoties rumoribus ulciſcuntur
Baltea? nec deerit, qui te per compita quærat

Nolentem,

NÆV. He ſcorns me, and looks out for another two-legged Aſs in my room; but, Sir, remember, I beg you, to conceal what I have diſcovered, and keep theſe Complaints of mine cloſe in your Boſom; for one of theſe Pumice-ſmoothed Gentry, if he turns your Enemy, deſtroys you as ſure as Death. *Virro*, who truſted me with the Secret, is enraged, and hates me as if I had told all I know; he would not ſtick to ſtab me, to break my Head with his Cane, or ſet my Houſe o'fire. Men of his Fortune (do not deſpiſe this Truth) never think they buy Poiſon too dear, to gratify their Revenge. Be ſilent therefore as the Grave, as ſecret as the [h] Court of *Mars* at *Athens*.

JUV. O *Corydon*, *Corydon*, do you think the Actions of the Rich can be unknown? If the Servants ſhut their Mouths, the very Beaſts, the Dogs, the Poſts, the Marble Pillars will ſpeak out. Shut up the Windows, draw the Curtains cloſe, bar the Doors, put out all the Lights, let all be huſh, let no Soul lie near, what the rich Man does in the dark Morning at three, will be the Talk of the next Tavern before Day; there you will hear the Lyes raiſed by the Steward, the Maſter-Cook, the Butler of the Family; for what Crimes will they ſcruple to invent, how often by their vile Reports do they revenge the Stroke of the Belt over their Shoulders? You'll find one of theſe

[h] As the *Athenian* Court of the *Areopagites*, wherein the Judges gave their Suffrages by Night and in Silence by Characters, and Alphabetical Letters, *Theta* ſignifying the Sentence of Death; and it was a capital Crime to divulge the Votes by which that Sentence paſt. The Place where the Court was kept was called *Areopagus*, or *Mars Hill*, becauſe *Neptune* in that Court accuſed *Mars* for the Murder of his Son. He was acquitted by ſeven Votes of the twelve Gods that were his Judges.

Fellows

Nolentem, & miſeram vinoſus inebriet aurem.
Illos ergo roges, quicquid paulò antè petebas
A nobis. taceant illi, ſed prodere malunt
Arcanum, quàm ſubrepti potare Falerni,
Pro populo faciens quantum Laufella bibebat.
Vivendum rectè, cùm propter plurima, tùm his
Præcipuè cauſis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas: nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi.
Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit, illis
Quorum animas & farre ſuo cuſtodit, & ære.
N. *Idcirco, ut poſſim linguam contemnere ſervi,*
Utile conſilium modò, ſed commune, dediſti:
Nunc mihi quid ſuades poſt damnum temporis, & ſpes
Deceptas? feſtinat enim decurrere velox
Floſculus anguſtæ, miſeræque breviſſima vitæ
Portio; *dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta, puellas*
Poſcimus, obrepit non intellecta ſenectus.
P. *Ne trepida: nunquam pathicus tibi deerit amicus,*
Stantibus & ſalvis his collibus: undique ad illos
Convenient & carpentis, & navibus omnes,
Qui digito ſcalpunt uno caput. altera major
Spes ſupereſt: tu tantùm erucis imprime dentem
N. *Hæc exempla para felicibus: at mea Clotho,*
Et Lacheſis gaudent, ſi paſcitur inguine venter.

Fellows hunting after you all the Town over, plaguing you with his Story in ſpite of your teeth, and, very drunken, make you perfectly giddy with his Noiſe. Beg the ſame Favour of theſe Domeſtics as you did of me, let them keep counſel; they had rather divulge the Secret than drink as much *Falernan* Wine (ſtolen and therefore the Sweeter) as *Laufella* quaffed, when ſhe ſacrificed to the *Good Goddeſs* for the Safety of the People. A Man would live regularly for many Reaſons, but eſpecially for this, that he might deſpiſe the Tongues of his Servants; for the Tongue of a wicked Servant is the worſt Part he has about him: Yet the Maſter is the worſe of the two, that will not put himſelf out of the Power of theſe mercenary Slaves, whom he feeds and pays at his own Charge.

NÆV. You have laid down ſome Rules, I confeſs, very uſeful to ſecure me from the ſpiteful Reflections of my Domeſtics, but they are too general; what Advice do you give me in my particular Caſe, after ſo much time loſt, and my Hopes ſo often diſappointed? For the Flower of our time, the ſcanty Portion of a ſhort wretched Life flies ſwiftly on; while we drink and feaſt, amidſt our Ointments and the Toys of Love, Old Age ſteals inſenſibly upon us.

JUV. Fear not, you'll never want a Pathic Friend ſo long as theſe ſeven Hills are ſtanding ſafe; ſuch Friends will flock to *Rome* by Sea and Land, to carry on this filthy Trade. You may ſtill hope to find a better Patron, only eat Rocket to keep your Spirits up.

NÆV. Tell this to happier Men: The Deſtinies, *Clotho* and *Lacheſis*, that attend my Fate, are ſatisfied, if this ſad Drudging can procure

O parvi, noſtrique Lares, quos thure minuto,
Aut farre, & tenui ſoleo exornare coronâ ;
Quando ego figam aliquid, quo ſit mihi tuta ſenectus
A tegete & baculo ? viginti millia fœnus,
Pignoribus poſitis ? argenti vaſcula puri,
Sed quæ Fabricius cenſor notet, & duo fortes
De grege Mœſorum, qui me cervice locatâ
Securum jubeant clamoſo inſiſtere circo ?
Sit mihi prætereà curvus cælator, & alter,
Qui multas facies pingat citò. ſufficient hæc,
Quando ego pauper ero. votum miſerabile, nec ſpes
His ſaltem ; nam cùm pro me Fortuna rogatur,
Affigit ceras illâ de nave petitas,
Quæ Siculos cantus effugit remige ſurdo.

SATIRA

me Bread: O the ſmall *Lares* of my Family, to whom I uſed to offer a little Incenſe, a Cake, a Chaplet of Flowers, when ſhall my Prayers ſo ſucceed, as to ſecure old Age from Rags, and begging with a Crutch? When ſhall I receive Thouſands for Intereſt-Money, with Pledges in my Hand to ſecure the Principal? See on my Table Veſſels of pure Silver, ſuch as the ſtrict [i] *Fabricius* would condemn? When ſhall I be carried on the Shoulders of two luſty *Maſians*, ſafe from the Croud, into the noiſy *Circus?* Keep in my Family a ſkilful Carver, retain a Painter, ſoon to fill my Court-yard with noble Pictures? Then I would wiſh no more. But alas, ſince I am doomed to Poverty, my wretched Prayers and all my Hopes are vain; for Fortune, importuned in my behalf, ſeals up her Ears with Wax, as if ſhe ſail'd in the ſame Veſſel with that cunning [k] *Greek*, who ſaved his Seamen from the *Syrens* Charms.

[i] When *Caius Fabricius* was Cenſor, he adjudged *Cornelius Ruffinus* a Senator, who had been twice Conſul, unworthy of the Senatorial Dignity, becauſe he had Silver Veſſels which weigh'd ten Pounds a-piece; eſteeming it as a notorious Example of Luxury.

[k] *Ulyſſes* ſailing by the Iſland of the *Syrens*, and fearing their ſweet Singing might inchant his Men, he ordered them to ſtop their Ears with Wax, and commanded that he himſelf ſhould be tied to the Main-Maſt.

SATIRA X*.

OMnibus in terris, quæ ſunt à Gadibus uſque
Auroram & Gangem, Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa, *remotâ*
Erroris nebulâ: quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipſis
Dî faciles: nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur
Militiâ. torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia. viribus ille
Confiſus periit, admirandiſque lacertis.
Sed plures nimiâ congeſta pecunia curâ
Strangulat, & cuncta exſuperans patrimonia cenſus,
Quantò delphinis balæna Britannica major.

* This Satire has been always exceedingly admired; Biſhop *Furnet*, in his *Paſtoral* Letter, recommends it (together with *Perſeus*) to the ſerious Peruſal and Practice of the Divines in his Dioceſe, as the beſt Common Places for their Sermons, as the Store-houſes and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of Aſſiſtance for the Accompliſhment of a virtuous Life. The tenth Satire (ſays *Cruſius* in his Lives of the *Roman* Poets) is inimitable for the Excellence of its Morality, and ſublime Sentiments.

Temporibus

SATIRE X.

SURVEY the World over, from [a] *Cales* Weſtward to [b] *Ganges* in the Eaſt, you will find few able to diſtinguiſh without prejudice between Good and Evil; for what do we fear or hope for by the Rule of Reaſon? What do you attempt upon ever ſuch a Proſpect of Succeſs, that you do not repent of when accompliſhed, when your Deſires are fully anſwered? The kind Gods have ruined whole Families at their own Requeſt. In Peace, in War, we pray for what will deſtroy us. An abundant Fluency of Speech has ruined many, and the Orator has been undone by his own Eloquence. [c] *Milo* relying upon his Strength and his wonderful Limbs, periſh'd. But Money ſcraped together with too much Care has deſtroyed more; Heaps of Wealth, that as much exceed a common Fortune, as the Bulk of a *Britiſh* Whale compared to a Dolphin. For this it was that in theſe ſad

[a] An Iſland without the Streights of *Gibraltar*, in the South Part of *Spain*, divided from the Continent by a ſmall Creek. It is called ſtill *Cadiz*, *Cadix*, and corruptly *Calis* and *Cales*.

[b] The greateſt River in the Eaſt, dividing the *Indies* into two Parts.

[c] A mighty Wreſtler, born at *Croton* in *Italy*; but preſuming too much upon his Strength, he would try whether he could rend in ſunder a Tree which was cleft as it grew in the Foreſt; it yielded at firſt to his Violence, but cloſed preſently again, and catching his Hands, held him till the Wolves devoured him.

Temporibus diris igitur, jussuque Neronis
Longinum, & magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos
Clausit, & egregias Lateranorum obsidet ædes
Tota cohors : rarus venit in cænacula miles.
Pauca licèt portes argenti vascula puri,
Nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis,
Et motæ ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram.
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
Prima ferè vota, & cunctis notissima templis,
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes ; ut maxima toto
Nostra sit arca foro : sed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus : *tunc illa time, cùm pocula sumes*
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
Jamne igitur laudas, quòd de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem : flebat contrarius alter ?
Sed facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni :
Mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffecerit humor.
Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis

Prætexta,

Times a Troop of cut-throat Guards, by the command of *Nero*, beſet [d] *Longinus*, and the Great Gardens of the rich [e] *Seneca*, and ſurrounded the ſtately Buildings of the [f] *Lateran* Family; the Soldier ſeldom looks for Plunder in the Garrets of the Poor. Do but ſet out by Night with a paltry Charge of a little Silver-Plate, you are afraid of the Dagger or the Bludgeon, you ſhake at the Shadow of a Reed trembling by Moon-ſhine; while the Traveller that has nothing to loſe, ſings in the Robber's face.

OUR firſt Prayers commonly, and what all our Temples ring with, are that our Wealth, our Fortune may improve; that our Money-Cheſts may be the largeſt in all the *Forum*; but remember that Poiſon is never drunk out of Earthen-ware; then ſuſpect the Draught when the Cup is ſet with Jewels, and your *Setine* Wine ſparkles in the large Golden Bowl.

WHAT think you now of the [g] two Sages, one burſting into a Laugh, as ſoon as he moved one Foot over the Threſhold; the other, on the contrary, diſſolved in Tears? But it is an eaſy matter for a Man to ſneer and grin; the Wonder is, where the other could find continual Moiſture for his Eyes. *Democritus* was always ſhaking his Sides with Laughing, tho' in thoſe

[d] *Caſſius Longinus*, put to death by *Nero*; his pretended Crime was, that he had in his Chamber an Image of *Caſſius*, one of *Julius Cæſar*'s Murderers: But that which really made him a Delinquent, was his Wealth.

[e] *Nero*'s Tutor, ſuppoſed to be one in *Piſo*'s Conſpiracy, but put to death for his great Riches.

[f] The Palace of *Plautius Lateranus*, put to death by the Command of *Nero*.

[g] *Democritus* of *Abdera*, who always laughed, becauſe he believed all our Actions to be Folly; and *Heraclitus* of *Epheſus*, who always wept, becauſe he thought them to be Miſery.

Prætexta, & trabeæ, fasces, lectica, tribunal.
Quid, si vidisset Prætorem in curribus altis
Extantem, & medio sublimem in pulvere circi,
In tunicâ Jovis, & pictæ Sarranâ ferentem
Ex humeris aulæa togæ, magnæque coronæ
Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla?
Quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus, & sibi Consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
Da nunc & volucrem, sceptro quæ surgit eburno,
Illinc Cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia, & niveos ad fræna Quirites,
Defossa in loculis quos sportula fecit amicos.
Tunc quoque materiam risûs invenit ad omnes
Occursus hominum; cujus prudentia monstrat,
Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturos
Vervecum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre nasci.
Ridebat curas, necnon & gaudia vulgi,
Interdum & lachrymas; cùm fortunæ ipse minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumque ostenderet unguem.
Ergo supervacua hæc aut perniciosa petuntur,
Propter quæ fas est genua incerare Deorum.

Countries they had no ſuch Pageantry as Senatorial Gowns, Robes of State, Rods, Litters, or Ivory-Chairs. What, had he beheld the *Prætor* mounted in his lofty Chariot, conſpicuous in the Middle of the duſty *Circus*, ſtrutting in *Jove*'s triumphal Coat, labouring under the *Tyrian* Tapeſtry of his embroidered Gown, and ſinking with the Weight of ſo wide a Circumference of a Crown, that no one Neck was able to ſupport. A Slave therefore ſweating bears it up; and to mortify the mighty Conſul, this Slave is carried in the ſame Chariot with him: Not to forget the Eagle held in his Hand upon an Ivory Staff, the Trumpeters ſounding about him, a long Troop of his Dependants before him, and the Citizens in their white Robes walking by the Horſes Sides, Friends that wait upon him only for his Charity, that lies deep-buried in the Bottom of his Cheſt. This Man, in his Time, found Subjects of his Mirth in every Company he met; and his diſtinguiſhed Prudence fully ſhews, that the greateſt Genius's, who are capable of ſetting us moſt excellent Examples, may be born among the dull *Thracians*, and in the thickeſt Air. He laughed at the Cares, and even at the imaginary Happineſs of the Vulgar, and would ſometimes make merry with their Tears. To Fortune, who threatned him, he preſented a Halter, and held out the middle Finger at her in Contempt. Our Vows, therefore, which we ſo eagerly faſten upon the [h] Knees of the Gods, are Prayers for

[h] It was the Manner of the Ancients, when they made their Vows to the Gods, to write them in Paper, (or in waxen Tables) ſeal them up, and with Wax faſten them to the Knees of the Gods, or to the Thighs of them, that being ſuppoſed to be the Seat of Mercy. When their Deſires were granted, they took away the Paper, tore it, and offered to the Gods what they had promiſed.

what

Quoſdam præcipitat ſubjecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ; mergit longa atque inſignis honorum
Pagina; deſcendunt ſtatuæ, reſtemque ſequuntur;
Ipſas deindè rotas bigarum impacta ſecuris
Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
Jam ſtrident ignes, jam follibus atque caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe ſecundâ
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, ſartago, patellæ.
Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum,
Cretatumque bovem: Sejanus ducitur unco
Spectandus: gaudent omnes: quæ labra? quis illi
Vultus erat? nunquam (ſi quid mihi credis) amavi
Hunc hominem: ſed quo cecidit ſub crimine? quiſnam
Delator? quibus indiciis? quo teſte probavit?
Nil horum: verboſa & grandis epiſtola venit
A Capreis: benè habet; nil plus interrogo: ſed quid

Turba

what will be of no uſe, or perhaps prove fatal to us.

POWER liable to a Load of Envy hurries others into Ruin; a long and extraordinary Catalogue of [i] Titles overwhelms him; down come his Statues dragged about the Streets at a Rope's End. The Strokes of the Ax beat to Pieces the very Wheels of his triumphal Chariot, and the poor Horſes have their Legs undeſervedly broken in Revenge to their Maſter: Hark, the Fires ſnap, that [k] Head once the Idol of the People, is now diſſolving in the Melting-Pot heated by the Bellows; the great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames, and of that Face, the ſecond in the *Roman* World, are made Water-Pots, Baſons, Frying-Pans, and Platters. Crown your Doors with Laurel, lead a large milk-white Bull to the Capitol; *Sejanus* the Prime Miniſter is dragged with a Hook, as a Spectacle to the City; the People triumph at his Fall. *What Blubber-Lips are there? What a hanging Look? Believe me, I could never endure the Fellow. But what Crime was he charged with? Who was the Informer? What Diſcoveries, what Evidence was there againſt him?* Nothing of all this, only a long and ſolemn Letter came from *Capræ*. *Enough,*

[i] Before the Statues of eminent Perſons there was placed a Plate or Table of Braſs, containing all the Honours of him whoſe Statue it was.

[k] The Head of *Sejanus*, Collegue to *Tiberius*. He had a Deſign upon the Empire, which coming to the Ears of *Tiberius*, who was ſcandalouſly indulging himſelf at *Capreæ*, wrote a long Letter to the Senate, who immediately ſeized him; and after he was condemned, he was drawn by a Hook to the *Gemonian* Stairs, and thrown into the *Tiber*. The Statues erected in his Honour were, upon his Fall, pulled down, dragged about, broken and melted, together with the Chariot and Horſes, who are introduced by the Poet as if they had been ſenſible of the Execution.

Turba Remi? Sequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, & odit
Damnatos. *Idem populus, ſi Nurſcia Thuſco*
Faviſſet, ſi oppreſſa foret ſecura ſenectus
Principis, hâc ipſâ Sejanum diceret horâ
Auguſtum. Jampridem, ex quo ſuffragia nulli
Vendimus, effudit curas. nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, faſces, legiones, omnia, nunc ſe
Continet, atque duas tantùm res anxius optat,
Panem & Circenſes. perituros audio multos:
Nil dubium: magna eſt fornacula: pallidulus mî
Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram.
Quàm timeo, victus ne pœnas exigat Ajax,
Ut malè defenſus! curramus præcipites, &,
Dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæſaris hoſtem.
Sed videant ſervi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
Cervice aſtrictâ dominum trahat: hi ſermones
Tunc de Sejano: ſecreta hæc murmura vulgi.
Viſne ſalutari ſicut Sejanus? habere
Tantundem, atque illi ſummas donare curules?
Illum exercitibus præponere? tutor haberi
Principis Auguſtâ Caprearum in rupe ſedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo? vis certè pila, cohortes,
Egregios equites, & caſtra domeſtica? quidni

Hæc

I aſk no more, but what did the People? As they always do, follow Fortune, and hate the Unhappy. Had [l] *Nurſcia* the Goddeſs of his Country favoured this *Thuſcan* Stateſman with Succeſs; had he ſupplanted the ſecure old Tyrant, this very People, at that Inſtant, had proclaimed *Sejanus* Emperor. Long ſince, when we no more ſold our [m] Suffrages, we have lived void of public Care; we who once beſtowed Empires, Honours, Legions, all things, now look no farther, are anxious only for two weighty Matters, for Bread and the *Circenſian* Games. *I hear many more will ſuffer for the Plot.* No doubt of it, that Furnace is made for more than one. My Friend *Brutidius* met me at *Mars*'s Altar, and looked very pale; how I fear leſt *Cæſar* ſhould exact ſevere Revenge like *Ajax*, as if we left him unſupported; let us therefore hurry away in Time, and trample upon *Cæſar*'s Enemy as he lies upon the Bank; be ſure our Slave ſee us, leſt any of them ſhould deny it, and drag us trembling by the Neck to the Bar, and try us for our Lives. Such then was the common Talk, ſuch the private Whiſpers about *Sejanus*. Would you now receive the Honours of a Prime Miniſter? Poſſeſs his Wealth? Make this Man Conſul, another General? Be called Guardian of the Prince, ſitting in his Room of State, devoted to ſecret Luſt at *Capreæ*, with his *Chaldean* Fortune-tellers about him? I know you would wiſh to be an Officer, to have a Company, to command a Troop of

[l] *Sejanus* was a *Tuſcan*, born at *Volſcinium*; where the Goddeſs *Nurſcia*, the ſame as *Fortune*, was worſhipped.

[m] The poorer ſort of *Plebeians* uſed to ſell their Votes to the Candidates for public Offices, before *Julius Cæſar* took from the People the Right of electing their Magiſtrates.

Horſe,

Hæc cupias? & qui nolunt occidere quenquam,
Poſſe volunt. ſed quæ præclara, & proſpera tanti,
Cùm rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum?
Hujus, qui trahitur, prætextam ſumere mavis,
An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque eſſe poteſtas?
Et de menſurâ jus dicere, vaſa minora
Frangere pannoſus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris?
Ergo quid optandum foret, ignorâſſe fateris
Sejanum: nam qui nimios optabat honores,
Et nimias poſcebat opes, numeroſa parabat
Excelſæ turris tabulata, unde altior eſſet
Caſus, & impulſæ præceps immane ruinæ.
Quid Craſſos, quid Pompeios evertit? & illum,
Ad ſua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
Summus nempè locus, nullâ non arte petitus,
Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
Ad generum Cereris ſinè cæde & vulnere pauci
Deſcendunt reges, & ſiccâ morte tyranni.
Eloquium ac famam Demoſthenis, aut Ciceronis
Incipit optare, & totis Quinquatribus optat,

Quiſquis

Horſe, or be Captain of the *Prætorian* Guard; for why? Every Man deſires the Power that would avoid the Opportunity to kill. But what Titles, what good Fortune is of that value, when an equal Share of Unhappineſs is tempered with the higheſt Proſperity? Would you rather wear the Robe of this *Sejanus*, dragged about the Streets, or enjoy a ſmall Poſt at *Gabii* or *Fidenæ*, or be an *Ædile* in a patched Coat at poor *Ulubræ*, to ſit upon falſe Weights and Meaſures? You ſee then, *Sejanus* knew not what he ſhould have wiſhed for; he who deſired too many Honours, who prayed for too much Wealth, raiſed only more Stories in his Tower of State, from whence his Fall was the higher, and the Precipice that daſhed him to Pieces the more dreadful.

WHAT overthrew the [n] *Craſſi*, what the [o] *Pompeys*, and [p] *Julius Cæſar* himſelf, who bent the ſtubborn *Romans* to his Will, but ſupreme Power by wicked Arts obtained, and Prayers heard by ſome malignant God? Few Kings and Tyrants to the Shades deſcend by a dry Death, or without Wounds and Blood.

THE Boy that goes to School, that ſcarce can ſhew three Farthings worth of Learning, attended by a Slave to carry his little Satchel after him, yet ſoon begins to wiſh, and on *Minerva*'s

[n] *M. Craſſus* making War upon the *Parthians* for the Sake of Plunder, *Surena*, General of the Enemy, ſlew him, and cut off his Head and Hand, which he carried into *Armenia* to his Maſter.

[o] *Pompey* the Great, being routed at the Battle of *Pharſalia*, fled into *Ægypt*, where he was perfidiouſly ſlain; he left two Sons, *Cneius* and *Sextus*, the firſt was defeated in a Land-Battle, at *Munda* in *Spain*, the other in a Sea-Fight upon the Coaſt of *Sicily*.

[p] After he had obtained the Sovereignty by Arms and Violence, he was murdered publicly in the Senate-houſe.

five

Quiſquis adhuc uno partam colit aſſe Minervam,
Quem ſequitur cuſtos anguſtæ vernula capſæ.
Eloquio ſed uterque perît orator: utrumque
Largus & exundans letho dedit ingenii fons:
Ingenio manus eſt & cervix cæſa; nec unquam
Sanguine cauſidici maduerunt roſtra puſilli.
O fortunatam natam, me Conſule, Romam!
Antonî gladios potuit contemnere, ſi ſic
Omnia dixiſſet: ridenda poëmata malo,
Quàm te conſpicuæ, divina Philippica, famæ,
Volveris à primâ quæ proxima. ſævus & illum
Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenæ
Torrentem, & pleni moderantem fræna theatri.
Dis ille adverſis genitus, fatoque ſiniſtro,
Quem pater ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
A carbone & forcipibus, gladioſque parante
Incude, & luteo Vulcano ad rhetora miſit.
Bellorum exuviæ, truncis affixa trophæis
Lorica, & fractâ de caſſide buccula pendens,

Et

five days [q] Feſtival, invokes the Goddeſs that he may obtain the Eloquence and Fame of [r] *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*; yet both theſe Orators periſhed by their Eloquence; a rapid and overflowing Torrent of Wit was fatal to both. Wit ſtruck off *Tully*'s Hand and Head. You never heard of a mean paltry Pleader ſprinkling the *Roſtrum* with his Blood: [s] *O* Rome, *deem'd loſt, redeem'd by me thy Conſul!* Had all his Writings been in this poor Strain, he might have ſcorned the Sword of *Anthony*. I had rather write a Poem to be laugh'd at, than be thy Author, O Divine *Philippic*, the ſecond of the Name, for ever praiſed. A cruel Death took off [t] *Demoſthenes*, whom *Athens* once admired, bearing all before him like a Torrent, and leading the full Aſſembly as he pleaſed. This Man begot with the Gods againſt him, in an evil Hour, his Father a blear-eyed Smith ſent to the fatal School of Rhetoric, removed from the reeking Heat of glowing Iron, from Coals, and Tongs, and Anvils, (where Swords are tempered) and all the ſooty Trade of *Vulcan*'s Shop.

THE Spoils of War, a Coat of Mail fixed as a Trophy on a ragged Stump, a chap-fallen Bever, hanging from the broken Helmet, a

[q] The Goddeſs of Eloquence, her Feſtival was celebrated for five days; it began on the nineteenth of *March*, and ended on the twenty-third.

[r] His Death was agreed upon by the Triumvirs, *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Antonius*, and *Lepidus*. Accordingly an Officer of *Antony*'s (againſt whom he writ his *Philippics*, ſo called from the Orations of *Demoſthenes*, deliver'd by that Orator againſt *Philip* King of *Macedon*) cut off his Hand, and nailed his Head to the *Roſtrum*.

[s] A paltry Verſe made by *Tully* upon his Diſcovery of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy.

[t] An excellent Orator, the Son of a Blackſmith at *Athens*, who poiſoned himſelf for fear of falling into the hands of *Antipater*.

Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis
Apluſtre, & ſummo triſtis captivus in arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc ſe
Romanus, Graiuſque ac Barbarus induperator
Erexit: cauſas diſcriminis atque laboris
Inde habuit. Tantò major famæ ſitis eſt, quàm
Virtutis. quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam,
Præmia ſi tollas? *patriam tamen obruit olim*
Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido
Hæſuri ſaxis cinerum cuſtodibus; ad quæ
Diſcutienda valent ſterilis mala robora ficûs:
Quandoquidem data ſunt ipſis quoque fata ſepulchris.
Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce ſumme
Invenies? hic eſt, quem non capit Africa Mauro
Perfuſa oceano, Niloque admota tepenti.
Rurſus ad Æthiopum populos, alioſque elephantos
Additur imperiis Hiſpania: Pyrenæum
Tranſilit: oppoſuit natura Alpenque nivemque:
Diduxit ſcopulos, & montem rupit aceto.
Jam tenet Italiam, tamen ultrà pergere tendit;
Actum, inquit, nihil eſt, niſi Pœno milite portas

Franginus

Chariot without a Beam, the Flag of a Galley taken, a melancholy Captive ſitting on the Summit of the Triumphal Arch; theſe are accounted Bleſſings more than Human; for theſe the *Roman*, the *Greek*, the *Barbarian* Captain exerts all his Courage; theſe are the Spurs to Labour and to Danger; So much the Love of Fame inſpires before the Eſteem of Virtue; for Virtue who would wed, with all her Charms, without a Dowry? Yet time has been, when the Ambition of a few, the Deſire of Titles fixed upon their Tombs, the Keepers of their Aſhes, have brought Ruin and Deſtruction to their Country; Monuments through which the barren Fig-tree ſtrikes her piercing Roots, and tumbles to the Ground: For Sepulchres themſelves muſt yield to Fate.

PLACE [u] *Hannibal* in the Scale, how many Pounds will you find of that great General? Yet this is he whom *Africa* waſhed by the *Atlantic* Ocean to the Weſt, and ſtretching Eaſtward to the heated Waters of the *Nile*, could not contain. Not content with his *Æthiopian* Subjects and *Lybian* Elephants, all *Spain* is added to his Empire; he paſſed the *Pyrenees*; Nature offer'd to ſtop him by the rugged *Alps* cover'd with Snow; he open'd Rocks, and crumbled Mountains to pieces by the force of Vinegar. He is now come into *Italy*, and reſolves to purſue his March. *We have done nothing*, ſays he, *unleſs we break the Gates with* Punic *Troops, and fix*

[u] He gave the *Romans* many ſignal Overthrows, particularly at *Cannæ*, where he took above three Buſhels of Gold-Rings; which, ſays the Poet, were fully revenged by a little Ring he always carried about him, in which he concealed a Doſe of Poiſon. He was at laſt routed by *Scipio*, and forced to fly for Refuge to *Pruſias* King of *Bithynia*, of whom the *Romans* demanded him: So that finding no hopes of Safety, he took the Poiſon, and died.

Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono Suburrâ.
O qualis facies, & quali digna tabellâ,
Cùm Gætula ducem portaret bellua luſcum!
Exitus ergò quis eſt? ô gloria! vincitur idem
Nempe, & in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi magnus
Miranduſque cliens ſedet ad prætoria Regis,
Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miſcuit olim,
Non gladii, non ſaxa dabant, non tela; ſed ille
Cannarum vindex, & tanti ſanguinis ultor,
Annulus. I, demens, & ſævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.
Unus Pellæo juveni non ſufficit orbis:
Æſtuat infelix anguſto limite mundi,
Ut Gyaræ clauſus ſcopulis, parvâque Seripho.
Cùm tamen à figulis munitam intraverat urbem,
Sarcophago contentus erat. Mors ſola fatetur,
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. *Creditur olim*
Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoriâ; cùm ſtratum claſſibus îſdem,
Suppoſitumque rotis ſolidum mare: credimus altos
Defeciſſe amnes, epotaque flumina Medo

Prandente,

our Standards in the middle of Suburra *the chief Street of* Rome. O what a Face was there, how worthy to be painted, mounted as the one-eyed General rode on his *Gætulian* Elephant! But what was his End? O Glory! This great *Hannibal* is at laſt ſubdued, flies headlong into Exile, there as a mighty Spectacle of Wonder, waits at the Court of the *Bithynian* King, until the haughty Monarch pleaſed to wake. This Man that uſed to ſet the World on Fire, was not deſtroyed by Swords, or Stones, or Darts, but that Avenger of the Field at *Cannæ*, which ſatisfied for ſo much Blood, a little *Ring* concealed the Poiſon. Go, Madman as thou art, ſcour over the rugged *Alps* to pleaſe the Boys, and be a Theme at School!

ONE World did not ſuffice the warlike [x] Youth of *Pella*; he chafes unhappy, cooped in the narrow Compaſs of the Globe, as if ſhut up within the Rocks of *Gyaras*, or ſmall *Seriphus*: But when he made his Entry into *Babylon*, fortified with Towers of Brick, he had room enough within the ſtrait Dimenſions of a Tomb. How ſmall a Space our puny Bodies fill, Death only ſhews. It is believed, that formerly Mount [y] *Athos* was ſailed round, with other Tales like what the lying *Greeks* record in Story, as that the Sea was covered with thoſe very Ships, and as a Pavement paſſed over by Chariot-Wheels; we believe that deep Rivers failed, and their Waters were drunk up by

[x] *Alexander* the Great, born at *Pella* a City of *Macedon*, died of a Fever at *Babylon*; he lamented there were no more Worlds for him to conquer.

[y] A Mountain of *Macedon*, running like a *Peninſula* into the *Ægean* Sea. *Xerxes* dug through part of it, to make a Paſſage for his Fleet.

Prandente, & madidis cantat quæ Soſtratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictâ,
In Corum atque Eurum ſolitus ſævire flagellis
Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere paſſos,
Ipſum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennoſigæum?
Mitius id ſanè, quòd non & ſtigmate dignum.
Credidit: huic quiſquam vellet ſervire deorum.
Sed qualis rediit? nempe unâ nave cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tardâ per denſa cadavera prorâ.
Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.
Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos:
Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optas.
Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis! *deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vultum,*
Diſſimilemque ſui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendenteſque genas, & tales aſpice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus,
In vetulâ ſcalpit jam mater ſimia buccâ.
Plurima ſunt juvenum diſcrimina, pulchrior ille
Hoc, atque ille alio: multùm hic robuſtior illo:

[z] *Xerxes*'s Army at a Meal, and every thing that [a] *Soſtratus* (his Fancy moiſtened and inſpired with Wine) relates. But how did the *Perſian* Monarch look flying from *Salamis?* that proud *Barbarian* who uſed to ſcourge the Winds North, Eaſt, and Weſt, that never bore ſo great Indignity in their *Æolian* Priſon? He that bound *Neptune ſhaker of the Earth* in Fetters? It was gently done, he might with the ſame Eaſe have branded him for his Slave, no God would murmur to obey ſo mild a Prince! But how returned he? Truly in one ſmall Cockboat through the bloody Waves, that hardly made its way o'er Heaps of Slain. Glory ſo often wiſhed for, thus takes vengeance on the Ambitious.

GIVE Length of Life, Great *Jove*, give many Years: This you deſire; for this alone you pray, with Eyes to Heaven, trembling for fear of Death. But what great and continued Evils attend upon a long Old Age? See the Face ill-favour'd and frightful to look upon, unlike to what it was; inſtead of a Skin, a naſty Hide; a flabby pair of Cheeks, the Wrinkles of an old Grandam Ape (bred in the ſhady Woods of [b] *Tabracha*) that mumps and ſcrubs her leathern Face. The Complexion of Youth is different, this is fairer than that, he than another, a Third has the advantage in Strength;

[z] King of *Perſia*; he joined *Europe* and *Aſia* by a Bridge of Boats over the *Helleſpont*: But his mighty Fleet being beaten at *Salamis* by *Themiſtocles*, and finding his Bridge broken by a Tempeſt, he took a poor Fiſher-Boat, and ſo eſcaped. In his Pride he ſhot Arrows againſt the Sun, caſt Irons into the Sea to fetter *Neptune*, and ordered the Sea to be ſcourged with three hundred Laſhes.

[a] A *Greek* Poet, that wrote the *Perſian* Expedition into *Greece*.

[b] A City in *Africa Propria*, now called *Tunis*, on the *Mediterranean*, near which was a Wood wherein was great ſtore of Apes.

Una ſenum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
Et jam læve caput, maddidique infantia naſi.
Frangendus miſero gingivâ panis inermi:
Uſque adeò gravis uxori, gnatiſque, ſibique,
Ut captatori moveat faſtidia Coſſo.
Non eadem vini atque cibi, torpente palato,
Gaudia: nam coitûs jam longa oblivio: vel ſi
Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus;
Et quamvis totâ palpetur nocte, jacebit.
Anne aliquid ſperare poteſt hæc inguinis ægri
Canities? quid, quòd meritò ſuſpecta libido eſt,
Quæ Venerem affectat ſine viribus? aſpice partis
Nunc damnum alterius: nam quæ cantante voluptas,
Sit licèt eximius, citharœdo, ſive Seleuco,
Et quibus auratâ mos eſt fulgere lacerna?
Quid refert, magni ſedeat quâ parte theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum
Concentus? clamore opus eſt, ut ſentiat auris,
Quem dicat veniſſe puer, quot nunciet horas.
Prætereà minimus gelido jam in corpore ſanguis
Febre calet ſolâ: circumſilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus, quorum ſi nomina quæras,
Promptiùs expediam, quot amaverit Hippia mœchos;
Quot Themiſon ægros autumno occiderit uno;
Quot Baſilus ſocios, quot circumſcripſerit Hirrus
Pupillos: quot longa viros exſorbeat uno

Maura

but the Appearance of old Men is always the ſame; the Limbs trembling with the Voice, a bald Pate, a running Noſe like a Child, the poor Wretch forced to mumble his Cruſt with his toothleſs Gums; and ſo grievous is he to his Wife, his Children, and to himſelf, that *Coſſus*, with all his fawning Patience, could not endure him. His Pleaſure of eating and drinking is quite changed, his Taſte gone, the Rites of Love long ſince forgot; or, if he makes a faint Attempt, his little Power, with his broken Belly, flags; and flag it will, though all the Night he tries to raiſe the Spirit. For what are the Hopes of gray Hairs and Impotence? Is not that Warmth deſervedly ſuſpected, that *Venus* courts without the Strength to pleaſe her? Look now into the Loſs of another of his Senſes. What Pleaſure has he in the Voice of the beſt Muſician, or if [c] *Seleucus* ſings, or thoſe that uſed to ſhine upon the Stage in an embroidered Coat? What ſignifies it in what part of the large Theatre he ſits, who can ſcarce hear the Cornets or the Sound of Trumpets? His Boy muſt bawl with all his Force to reach his Ear, when he wants to tell him who called to ſee him, or what is the Time of Day. Beſides, the ſmall Current of his Blood in his cold Body can be heated by a Fever only. A whole Troop of all Kind of Diſeaſes pour in upon him; if you would know their Names, I could as ſoon reckon how many Adulterers *Hippia* entertained, how many Patients Doctor *Themiſon* killed in one Autumn; how many Provinces were ſpoiled by *Baſilus*, how many Orphans *Hirrus* over-reached, how many Men a Day long-ſided *Maura*

[c] A noted Muſician, who, according to the Faſhion of thoſe Times, uſed a rich embroidered Garment, for the Delight of the Spectators, to walk and ſing in upon the Stage.

could

Maura die, quot discipulis inclinet Hamillus.
Percurram citiùs, quot villas possideat nunc,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.
Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxâ debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luscis invidet: hujus
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.
Ipse ad conspectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantùm, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. sed omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici,
Cum quo præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos,
Quos genuit, quos eduxit: nam codice sævo
Hæredes vetat esse suos; bona tota feruntur
Ad Phialen: tantum artificis valet halitus oris,
Quod steterat multos in carcere fornicis annos.
Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
Funera gnatorum, rogus aspiciendus amatæ
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque sororibus urnæ.
Hæc data pœna diu viventibus; ut renovatâ
Semper clade domûs, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, & nigrâ veste senescant.
Rex Pylius (magno si quicquam credis Homero)

could diſpenſe with, or the Boys the Pedagogue *Hamillus* could defile; I could ſooner count the Country-Houſes now poſſeſſed by *Cinnamus*, my Barber once, whoſe nimble Sciſſars ſnipped my youthful Beard.

ONE is lame in his Shoulder, another in his Loins, this in his Hip, the other has loſt both his Eyes, and envies the Man that has one left; the pale Lips of a Fifth receive Meat from another's Hand. At the Sight of a Supper, he opens his Jaws, he makes a Shift to gape like a young Swallow, when the hungry Dam flies to feed her with a full Mouth. But a greater Unhappineſs than the Loſs of Limbs, is, that he does not know ſo much as the Names of his own Servants, nor the Face of a Friend with whom he ſupped the Night before; he forgets his Children whom he got and brought up; he excludes them by a cruel Codicil from inheriting his Eſtate, that his whole Fortune may paſs to his Whore *Phiale*; ſo inſinuating is the Breath of a cunning Strumpet, that many Years plied at a common Bawdy-houſe. But allow him to retain the Uſe of his Senſes, he lives to attend the Funerals of his Children, to ſee the Pile of his beloved Wife, and the Urn filled with the Aſhes of his Brother and Siſters; theſe are the Torments that purſue thoſe that live long, a Scene of Death in their Family continually renewing, much Sorrow, conſtant Trouble, always in Mourning. [d] *Neſtor* the King of *Pylus*, (if we

[d] He was ſaid to be three hundred Years old; for having told two hundred and eighty upon the Fingers and Thumb of his Left-hand, by twenty Years a Joint, he begun the other twenty upon his Right. This ſeems to be the eaſieſt Conſtruction, without the long Account of what is called *Hand-Arithmetic*, mentioned by various Authors. His Son was ſlain by *Memnon* at the Siege of *Troy*.

believe

Exemplum vitæ fuit à cornice ſecundæ:
Felix nimirùm, qui tot per ſecula mortem
Diſtulit, atque ſuos jam dextrâ computat annos,
Quique novum toties muſtum bibit: oro, parumper
Attendas, quantùm de legibus ipſe queratur
Fatorum, & nimio de ſtamine, cùm videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem: nam quærit ab omni,
Quiſquis adeſt, ſocio, cur hæc in tempora duret;
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiſerit ævo.
Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cùm luget Achillem,
Atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
Incolumi Trojâ Priamus veniſſet ad umbras
Aſſaraci magnis ſolennibus, Hectore funus
Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
Iliadum lachrymas, ut primos edere planctus
Caſſandra inciperet, ſciſſâque Polyxena palla:
Si foret extinctus diverſo tempore, quo non
Cœperat audaces Paris ædificare carinas.
Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
Everſa, & flammis Aſiam ferroque cadentem.
Tunc miles tremulus poſitâ tulit arma tiarâ,
Et ruit ante aram ſummi Jovis, ut vetulus bos,
Qui domini cultris tenue & miſerabile collum
Præbet, ab ingrato jam faſtiditus aratro.
Exitus ille utcunque hominis: ſed torva canino.
Latravit rictu, quæ poſt hunc vixerat, uxor.

believe what the great *Homer* ſings) was, next to the Raven's Age, an Example of the longeſt Life; happy, no doubt, that could ward againſt the Stroke of Death for ſo many Centuries, that counted the Number of his Years upon his Right-hand, and guzzled new Wine for three hundred Seaſons. But pray, hear a little, what Complaints he made againſt the Laws of Fate, and his Thread of Life too long extended, when he ſaw his Son *Antilochus* in the Prime of Youth burning upon the Pile. He demands of every Friend about him, why he lived to ſee that Day, what Crime condemned him to ſo great an Age? *Peleus* made the ſame Complaint, lamenting the Loſs of his Son *Achilles*; and *Laertes* likewiſe, grieving for *Ulyſſes* toſſed upon the Sea. Had *Troy* ſtood, *Priam* had viſited the Shade of *Aſſaracus* his Anceſtor with great Solemnity, carried upon the Shoulders of *Hector* and the other Brothers, amidſt the Tears of the *Trojan* Ladies, his Daughters *Caſſandra* and *Polyxena* with her Clothes rent, beginning the Funeral Lamentation; had he died at any Time before *Paris* fitted out an inſolent Fleet for the Rape of *Helen*. What Advantage had he by his long Life? He ſaw his whole Empire overthrown, and *Aſia* ravaged by Fire and Sword. Then the old Soldier trembling with Years, took Arms, laying his Diadem aſide; he ruſhed before the Altar of great *Jupiter*, as an Ox worn out that offers his lean miſerable Neck to the Maſter's Knife, his paſt Service to the Plough ungratefully forgotten. This Prince however died a Man, but his [e] Wife who outlived him, barked with her fierce Jaws, and died a Bitch.

[e] *Hecuba*, the Wife of *Priam* King of *Troy*, was turned into a Bitch.

Festino ad nostros, & regem transeo Ponti,
Et Crœsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.
Exilium & carcer, Minturnarumque paludes,
Et mendicatus victâ Carthagine panis,
Hinc causas habuêre. quid illo cive tulisset
Natûra in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam?
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni
Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalâsset opimam
Cùm de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?
Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas; sed multæ urbes, & publica vota
Vicerunt: igitur fortuna ipsius, & urbis
Servatum victo caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hâc pœnâ caruit, ceciditque Cethegus
Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.

Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cùm Veneris fanum videt anxia mater
Usque ad delicias votorum. cur tamen, inquit,
Corripias? pulchrâ gaudet Latona Dianâ.

Sid

I HASTEN to Examples at home, and paſs by *Mithridates* the *Pontic* King, and *Crœſus* commanded by the Eloquence of the wiſe *Solon*, not to applaud his Fortune, 'till he arrived at the laſt Stage of Life. The Exile, the Impriſonment of [f] *Marius*, the Marſhes of *Minturnæ*, and the begging of his Bread about the Streets of conquered *Carthage*, all this was owing to a Length of Life; what had Nature through the World produced more happy? Whom had *Rome* ſeen more fortunate than that great Citizen, had he breathed out his mighty Soul in all the Pomp of War, amidſt the Troops of Captives led before him, when he deſcended from his *Teutonic* Chariot in Triumph o'er the *Cimbri? Pompey* by Providence had a Fever in *Campania*; happy had he then died: But the Prayers of many Cities, and the public Vows prevailed; yet conquered, his own Fortune, and the Fate of *Rome* took off his Head, unhappily preſerved. A cruel Death, a Puniſhment unfelt by *Lentulus*; *Cethegus* died undiminiſhed, and *Catiline* (all Traytors to their Country) fell with his Body whole.

THE anxious Mother, at the Shrine of *Venus*, prays ſoftly for the Boys a moderate Share of Beauty, but for the Girls ſhe begs aloud a Form complete even to the greateſt Nicety. Why, ſays ſhe, do you blame me? Was not *Latona* glad to ſee *Diana* fair? But the Fate of

[f] Being overcome in the Conteſt between him and *Sylla*, for the Empire of *Rome*, he was forced to ſculk in the Marſhes of *Minturnæ*, where he was found; he was impriſoned, and a Soldier ſent to kill him: But the Man, daunted at his Preſence, his ſtern Looks and Words, durſt not attempt it. He eſcaped into *Africa*, where, it ſeems, he begged in the Streets of *Carthage*, 'till he was recalled by *Cinna*, aud made Conſul the ſeventh Time, and died in that Conſulſhip, in the ſixty-eighth Year of his Age.

Lucretia

Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipſa habuit. cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque ſuam Rutilæ dare. filius autem
Corporis egregii, miſeros, trepidoſque parentes
Semper habet. Rara eſt adeò concordia formæ,
Atque pudicitiæ! *ſanctos licèt horrida mores*
Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas:
Prætereà caſtum ingenium, vultumque modeſto
Sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna
Larga manu: (quid enim puero conferre poteſt plus
Cuſtode, & curâ Natura potentior omni?)
Non licet eſſe viros: nam prodiga corruptoris
Improbitas ipſos audet tentare parentes.
Tanta in muneribus fiducia. *Nullus ephebum*
Deformem ſævâ caſtravit in arce tyrannus:
Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero loripedem, vel
Strumoſum, atque utero pariter, gibboque tumentem.
I nunc, & juvenis ſpecie lætare tui, quem
Majora expectat diſcrimina. fiet adulter
Publicus, & pœnas metuet, quaſcunque maritus
Exigit iratus: nec erit felicior aſtro
Martis, ut in laqueos nunquam incidat: exigit autem
Interdum ille dolor plus, quàm lex ulla dolori

Conceſſit,

[g] *Lucretia* is no Encouragement to wiſh for a Face like her's. [h] *Virginia* would have been glad to exchange her Shape for *Rutila*'s Camel-Back. A Son with a moſt accompliſhed Perſon, makes his Parents unhappy, and keeps them perpetually in fear; for Beauty and Modeſty ſeldom meet together, tho' the plain honeſt Family had furniſhed him with the beſt Morals, and brought him up after the *Sabine* Education. Beſides, let liberal Nature, with a kind Hand, beſtow upon him a chaſte Diſpoſition, and a Face glowing with a modeſt Bluſh, (for what of greater value can Nature, ſuperiour to all the Art and Care of Guardians, beſtow upon a Youth?) yet ſtill the Boy cannot preſerve the Honour of his Sex; for the vile Prodigality of thoſe Corrupters of Virtue will dare to bribe his very Parents; ſuch is the Confidence that comes armed with Gold. No Tyrant in his cruel Palace ever gelt a Boy deformed; *Nero* never defiled a noble Youth club-footed, Neck-ſwelled, with Back and Belly prominent. Go now, vain Mother, pleaſe your ſelf with the Beauty of your Son, ſtill expoſed to greater Dangers. You will ſee him a public Stallion, dreading whatever Puniſhment the inraged Huſband pleaſes to inflict. Nor ſhall he eſcape more happily than *Mars*, as never to be caught in *Vulcan*'s Net. A Huſband's Rage ſometimes demands ſeverer Vengeance than what the Letter of the Law requires. Some of theſe Gal-

[g] A beautiful *Roman* Lady, raviſhed by *Sextus Tarquinius*, which ſhe ſo reſented, that ſhe immediately ſent for her Father and Huſband, and ſtabbed her ſelf before them.

[h] A *Roman* Virgin exceeding handſome, whom her own Father, to prevent her being expoſed to the Luſt of *Appius*, one of the *Decemviri*, ſtabbed in the middle of the *Forum*. *Rutila*, an ugly deformed old Woman above threeſcore and ſeventeen, as *Pliny* ſays, was in no danger of ſuch a Death.

Conceſſit. necat hic ferro, ſecat ille cruentis
Verberibus, quoſdam mœchos & mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion dilectæ fiet adulter
Matronæ. mox cùm dederit Servilia nummos,
Fiet & illius, quam non amat : exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum. quid enim ulla negaverit udis
Inguinibus, ſive eſt hæc Hippia, ſive Catulla?
Deterior totos habet illic fœmina mores.
Sed caſto quid forma nocet? quid profuit olim
Hippolyto grave propoſitum? quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu faſtidita repulsâ :
Nêc Sthenobœa minùs quàm Creſſa excanduit, & ſe
Concuſsêre ambæ. Mulier ſæviſſima tunc eſt,
Cùm ſtimulos odio pudor admovet. *elige quidnam*
Suadendum eſſe putes, cui nubere Cæſaris uxor

Deſtinat.

lants are ſtabbed with Poignards, ſome bleed with cruel Strokes, and the live Mullet enters ſome behind. But your ſweet *Endymion*, forſooth, will be engaged with a Lady for Love, for her Beauty only; but when *Servilia*, tho' deformed, loads him with golden Preſents, he will do her Drudgery whom he hates; ſhe will ſtrip her ſelf of all her Jewels for him: For what will a Woman prodigal as *Hippia*, or covetous as *Catulla*, what will ſhe deny to gratify her Luſt? The cloſeſt of them all will open their Purſe upon this Occaſion. But, you'll ſay, how can Beauty hurt the Chaſte? Pray what Advantage had [i] *Hippolitus* by his inflexible Virtue? Of what Uſe was it to [k] *Bellerophon?* Truly *Phædra* reddened as ſlighted by Denial, nor was *Sthenobœa* leſs on fire than ſhe. Both worked themſelves to Rage: A Woman riſes then to hot Revenge, when Fear of Shame adds Spurs to her Reſentment. Say, what Advice would you think proper for the unfortunate [l] *Silius*, whom *Meſſalina* the Wife of *Cæſar* reſolves to marry?

[i] The ſon of *Theſeus*, who refuſing the Love of his Stepmother *Phædra*, was by her accuſed of tempting her to Inceſt. He fled away in a Chariot by the Sea-ſide; but the Horſes, affrighted by the Sea-Calves that lay on the Shore, overturned and broke the Chariot, and killed him.

[k] The Son of *Glaucus*. *Sthenobœa* the Wife of *Pætus* King of the *Argives* falling in love with him, he refuſed her, at which ſhe was ſo incenſed, that ſhe accuſed him to her Huſband. This forced him upon many deſperate Adventures which he overcame. *Sthenobœa* hearing of his Succeſs, killed her ſelf.

[l] A noble *Roman*, deſigned to be Conſul. The inſatiable Empreſs *Meſſalina* ſo doated upon him, that ſhe made him put away his Wife *Julia Syllana*, and reſolved to marry him in the Abſence of her Huſband *Claudius*, who was gone no farther than *Oſtia*. Accordingly ſhe omits nothing of the *Hymeneal* Ceremony; ſhe put on the Flame-coloured Marriage-Veil, the Conjugal Bed was richly adorned with Purple, and prepared in the *Lucullan* Gardens; ſhe had her

Deſtinat. optimus hic, & formoſiſſimus idem
Gentis patriciæ rapitur miſer extinguendus
Meſſalinæ oculis: dudum ſedet illa parato
Flammeolo; Tyriuſque palam genialis in hortis
Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
Antiquo: veniet cum ſignatoribus auſpex.
Hæc tu ſecreta, & paucis commiſſa putabas?
Non niſi legitimè vult nubere. quid placeat, dic:
Nî parêre velis, pereundum eſt antè lucernas:
Si ſcelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota urbi & populo, contingat principis aures:
Dedecus ille domûs ſciet ultimus. intereà tu
Obſequere imperio, ſi tanti eſt vita dierum
Paucorum, quicquid melius, leviuſque putâris,
Præbenda eſt gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
Nil ergo optabunt homines? ſi conſilium vis,
Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dî.
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi: *nos animorum*
Impulſu, & cæcâ magnáque cupidine ducti,

Conjugium

marry? This moſt noble, moſt beautiful Youth of the firſt Quality is hurried to deſtruction by *Meſſalina*'s Eyes; ſhe ſits expecting in her Bridal-Veil Flame-coloured; the Marriage-Bed of *Tyrian* Dye is ſpread; the cuſtomary Portion of a thouſand *Seſtertia* is ready; the Soothſayer with the Public Notaries attend. Do you think ſhe does this privately, as a Secret entruſted with a few? No, ſhe reſolves to Marry in due form of Law. Adviſe what the Youth ſhould do; unleſs you comply, you are ſure to die before Candlelight; if you commit the Crime, you will gain a few Hours till the News reach the City and the People, and come to the Prince's Ears (for he will be laſt acquainted with the Diſgrace of his Family) pleaſe the Lady then for ſo ſmall a Time, if you think a few Days Life of ſuch Conſequence; but whatever Reſolution you judge ſafeſt, your fair and white Neck is ſure to bleed by the Sword of the Executioner.

MUST Men therefore wiſh for nothing? If you will be adviſed, leave it to the Gods to determine what is ſuitable to us, and uſeful to our Affairs: For the Deities, inſtead of what is pleaſing, will give what is moſt proper for us. We Mortals are dearer to them than we are to ourſelves. We, led on by the Impulſe of our Minds, by blind and ſtrong Deſire, pray for a

Portion ready of a thouſand *Seſtertia*, which was generally given with Ladies of the Senatorial Order. The Soothſayer and thoſe that ſealed were preſent; for before Marriage they writ down in Tables, by way of Record, the Form of the Contract, unto which the Witneſſes ſet their Seals. The Soothſayer attended according to Cuſtom, to take an Obſervation, and the moſt fortunate Sign on that Occaſion was a Crow. They pleaſed themſelves in all Solemnity that Day and Night, till they were both ſeized by the Emperor's Command, and put to Death.

Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris: at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.
Ut tamen & poscas aliquid, voveasque sacellis
Exta, & candiduli divina tomacula porci;
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
Fortem posce animum, & mortis terrore carentem;
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoscunque labores;
Nesciat irasci; cupiat nihil; & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, sævosque labores,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.
Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare: Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: sed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cœloque locamus.

SATIRA

Wife and Children ; they only know how that Wife and thoſe Children will prove. But that you may aſk ſomewhat (and vow the choiceſt Entrails to their Shrines, the ſacred Puddings of a whitiſh Hog) pray for a ſound Mind in a ſound Body ; beg for a great Soul, not terrified by the fear of Death, that eſteems the laſt Stage of a long Life among the Gifts of Nature, that is able to bear Misfortune, that knows not how to be angry, that deſires nothing, and thinks the Troubles and cruel Labours of *Hercules* more agreeable than the Laſciviouſneſs, the Luxury, the Softneſs of [m] *Sardanapalus*. I ſhew you what is in your own Power to beſtow upon your ſelf. Be aſſured, that the only Path to a Life of Peace is through a Courſe of Virtue. O Fortune, did Men act right, thou wouldſt have no Divinity about thee ; but we make thee a Goddeſs, and place thee in the Skies.

[m] The laſt King of *Aſſyria*, a Prince ſo ſoft and effeminate, that his Subjects diſdaining him revolted, and being overcome he made a Pile, ſet it on fire, and burnt himſelf and his moſt precious Moveables in it ; the only thing, ſays *Juſtin*, he ever did like a Man.

SATIRA XI.

ATTICUS eximiè ſi cœnat, lautus habetur:
Si Rutilus, demens: quid enim majore cachinno
Excipitur vulgi, quàm pauper Apicius? omnis
Convictus, thermæ, ſtationes, omne theatrum
De Rutilo. nam dum valida ac juvenilia membra
Sufficiunt galeæ, dumque ardens ſanguine, fertur
(Non cogente quidem, ſed nec prohibente Tribuno)
Scripturus leges, & regia verba laniſtæ
Multos porrò vides, quos ſæpe eluſus ad ipſum
Creditor introitum ſolet expectare macelli,
Et quibus in ſolo vivendi cauſa palato eſt.
Egregiùs cœnat, meliúſque miſerrimus horum,
Et citò caſurus jam perlucente ruinâ.
Intereà guſtus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obſtantibus: interiùs ſi
Attendas: magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.
Ergo haud difficile eſt perituram arceſſere ſummam

Lancibus

SATIRE XI.

IF *Atticus* ſups nobly, he is accounted ſplendid; if [a] *Rutilus*, he is called a Madman: For what is treated by the Vulgar with greater Ridicule than *Apicius* the Glutton all in Rags? Every Company, the Baths, the *Forum*, every Theatre, they talk of nothing but *Rutilus*. For ſo long as his robuſt and youthful Limbs are able to ſtand under a Helmet, while his Blood is warm, he eagerly ſtudies the Laws and the Words of Command in fencing, under the Maſter of the Gladiators, the Tribune neither compelling him indeed, nor forbidding him. You ſee many of theſe Fellows (whom their Creditors, often diſappointed, wait to meet with going into the *Butcher Row)* who place the End of Life only in pleaſing their Palate. The moſt wretched of theſe Gluttons eat elegantly and of the beſt, when they are viſibly falling into Ruin. They ranſack all the Elements for Dainties, never troubling themſelves about the Price; and if you attend cloſely, the Diſh pleaſes beſt that is deareſt bought. They make nothing therefore to borrow a Sum, that will ſoon be ſpent, upon the Security of the Family-Plate, or of the

[a] A Spendthrift and Diſgrace to the noble Family of his Anceſtors; he ſtudied the Rudiments of Fencing to qualify himſelf to be a public Gladiator for Money. Not like young *Proculus*, compelled by *Caligula* to fight with a *Thracian* Fencer; or *Domitius Glabrio*, who, by the Neceſſity of the Times, was forced to fight in the *Circus*.

Golden

Lancibus oppoſitis, vel matris imagine fractâ;
Et quadringentis nummis condire guloſum
Fictile: ſic veniunt ad miſcellanea ludî.
Refert ergo quis hæc eadem paret: in Rutilo nam
Luxuria eſt; in Ventidio laudabile nomen
Sumit, & à cenſu famam trahit. illum ego jure
Deſpiciam, qui ſcit quantò ſublimior Atlas
Omnibus in Libyâ ſit montibus: hic tamen idem
Ignoret, quantùm ferratâ diſtet ab arcâ
Saculus: è cælo deſcendit, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,
Figendum, & memori tractandum pectore, ſive
Conjugium quæras, vel ſacri in parte ſenatûs
Eſſe velis. nec enim loricam poſcit Achillis
Therſites, in quâ ſe traducebat Ulyſſes
Ancipitem: ſeu tu magno diſcrimine cauſam
Protegere affectas; te conſule, dic tibi quis ſis;
Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho. buccæ
Noſcenda eſt menſura tuæ, ſpectandaque rebus
In ſummis, minimiſque; etiam cùm piſcis emetur:
Nec mullum cupias, cùm ſit tibi gobio tantùm
In loculis: quis enim te, deficiente crumenâ,
Et creſcente gulâ, manet exitus; ære paterno,
Ac rebus merſis in ventrem, fœnoris atque
Argenti gravis, & pecorum agrorumque capacem?
Talibus à dominis poſt cuncta noviſſimus exit
Annulus, & digito mendicat Pollio nudo.

Non

Golden Image of their Mother, firſt broken in Pieces to prevent Diſcovery, and to provide a luxurious Diſh at the Expence of four hundred *Seſtertii:* Thus are they at laſt reduced to the mixt coarſe Diet of a common Prize-fighter. The Difference therefore is, who makes the Entertainment: In *Rutilus* it is called Luxury, in *Ventidius* it obtains the laudable Name of Generoſity, and aſſumes a Character from the Fortune of the Giver. I cannot but juſtly deſpiſe that Man who knows plainly how much *Atlas* is higher than the other Mountains of *Lybia*, and yet cannot diſtinguiſh between a ſmall Purſe and a large Iron-Cheſt. That Divine Maxim that dropped from the Skies, *Know thyſelf*, ſhould be fixed and impreſſed upon your Mind in every State of Life, whether you deſire to marry, or be a Member of the venerable Senate; for *Therſites* had not the Impudence to contend for the Armour of *Achilles*, in which Diſpute even *Ulyſſes* behaved with a Diſtruſt of himſelf. If you attempt to plead at the Bar in a Cauſe of Conſequence, conſult your own Abilities, ſatisfy yourſelf who you are, whether an Orator of ſtrong Eloquence, or an empty Advocate like *Curtius*, or a common Barreter as *Matho*. The Extent of your Capacity ſhould always be conſidered, this ſhould be regarded in the higheſt and the loweſt Concerns; even when you are buying of Fiſh, you ſhould not wiſh for a Barbel, when you have but a Gudgeon in your Purſe: for what will be the End of you, when your Throat grows wider as your Pocket fails? When the Eſtate and Fortune of your Family is ſwallowed up in that Gulph your Belly, that Devourer of Uſe and Principal, of Fields and Cattle upon the Ground. Laſt of all the Ring goes to pawn, and poor Sir *Pollio* is forced to beg with his Finger

Non præmaturi cineres, nec funus acerbum
Luxuriæ, ſed morte magis metuenda ſenectus.
Hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romæ,
Et coram dominis conſumitur: inde ubi paulum
Neſcio quid ſupereſt, & pallet fœnoris auctor,
Qui vertêre ſolum, Baias & ad Oſtia currunt.
Cedere namque foro jam non tibi deterius, quàm
Eſquilias à ferventi migrare Suburrâ.
Ille dolor ſolus patriam fugientibus, illa
Mæſtitia eſt, caruiſſe anno Circenſibus uno.
Sanguinis in facie non hæret gutta; morantur
Pauci ridiculum, & fugientem ex urbe pudorem.
Experiêre hodiè numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Perſice, non præſtem vitâ, nec moribus, & re;
Sed laudem ſiliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
Coram aliis dictem puero; ſed in aure placentas.
Nam, cùm ſis conviva mihi promiſſus, habebis
Evandrum, venies Tirynthius, aut minor illo

Hoſpes

Finger bare. Death never comes too ſoon, the Funeral Pile is never bitter to theſe Spendthrifts, Old Age they dread more to be feared than Death. Theſe are the Steps by which they are undone, they firſt take up Money at *Rome*, then they ſpend it in the Face of their Creditors; after this, when a ſmall matter is left, and the Uſurer turns pale for fear of his Money, they leave their native Soil, and away they run to *Baiæ* or to *Oſtia*. It is no more Diſcredit now to leave the City for Debt, than to retire from the hot Street *Suburra*, to the cool Shade of Mount *Eſquiline*. The only Grief they feel, theſe Fliers of their Country are concerned for nothing, but that for a whole Year they ſhall loſe the Pleaſure of the *Circenſian* Games. They have not a Drop of Blood to bluſh in their Faces, Modeſty is treated with Contempt, is flying out of the City, and there are few left to ſtop her.

THIS Day, Friend *Perſicus*, you ſhall be convinced whether I do not practiſe theſe fair Rules in my Life, my Conduct, and my Affairs; whether I recommend a Meal of Herbs, and at the ſame Time am a private Glutton; call to my Cook for a Diſh of Pulſe before Company, but whiſper Sweet-meats in his Ear. Now ſince you have promiſed to be my Gueſt, you will find me frugal as [b] *Evander*; you to me ſhall be as [c] *Hercules* or [d] *Æneas*, the leaſt Hero of the

[b] A King of *Arcadia*, who having accidentally ſlain his Father, ſailed into *Italy* by the Advice of his Mother, beat the *Aborigines*, and poſſeſſed himſelf of the Place where afterwards *Rome* was built; he entertained *Hercules*, and hoſpitably received *Æneas* when he landed in *Italy*.

[c] He burnt himſelf to death on Mount *Oeta* in *Theſſaly*.

[d] He was drowned in *Numicus*, a River in *Italy*, which was afterwards conſecrated to his Deity.

two,

Hoſpes, & ipſe tamen contingens ſanguine cœlum;
Alter aquis, alter flammis ad ſidera miſſus.
Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis;
De Tiburtino veniet pinguiſſimus agro
Hœdulus, & toto grege mollior, inſcius herbæ,
Necdum auſus virgas humilis mordere ſalicti;
Qui plus lactis habet quàm ſanguinis; & montani
Aſparagi, poſito quos legit villica fuſo.
Grandia prætereà, tortoque calentia fœno
Ova adſunt ipſis cum matribus, & ſervatæ
Parte anni, quales fuerant in vitibus uvæ:
Signinum, Syriumque pyrum: de corbibus îſdem
Emula Picenis, & odoris mala recentis,
Nec metuenda tibi. ſiccatum frigore poſtquàm
Autumnum, & crudi poſuêre pericula ſucci.
Hæc olim noſtri jam luxurioſa ſenatûs
Cœna fuit: Curius, parvo quæ legerat horto,
Ipſe focis brevibus ponebat oluſcula: quæ nunc
Squallidus in magnâ faſtidit compede foſſor,
Qui meminit, calidæ ſapiat quid vulva popinæ.
Sicci terga ſuis, rarâ pendentia crate,
Moris erat quondam feſtis ſervare diebus,
Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,
Accedente novâ, ſi quam dabat hoſtia, carne.
Cognatorum aliquis titulo ter Conſulis, atque
Caſtrorum imperiis, & Dictatoris honore

Functus,

two, yet ſpringing from celeſtial Blood, the one by Water and the other by Fire conſigned to Immortality.

HEAR now your Bill of Fare, not furniſhed from the Shambles: Firſt, a Kid, the fatteſt on my Farm at *Tibur*, the moſt tender of the Herd, that never cropped a Leaf of Graſs, nor brouſed upon the Twigs of the low Willow, that in his Veins has more of Milk than Blood. Then a Diſh of Mountain *Aſparagus*, gathered by my Bailiff's Wife, her Spindle laid aſide. The largeſt Eggs, yet warm in the Neſt of twiſted Hay, are ſet next, together with the Hens that laid them; Grapes preſerved for half a Year, and as freſh as they were upon the Vine; the *Signian* and *Syrian* Pear; Apples of a quick Flavour, that match the *Picene*, are ſerved out of the ſame Baſkets. You need not fear to eat them, ſince they are cured of the raw Taſte they have in Autumn by the Cold, and you are in no Danger from the Crudity of their Juice. This formerly was a luxurious Entertainment for a Senator; *Curius* the great Dictator boiled his Pot-herbs, gathered in his ſmall Garden, over a little Fire, with his own Hands. But now the dirty Rogue that digs in Chains, diſdains ſuch Meat, who has upon his Tongue the Reliſh of a Sow's Belly, dreſſed at a Cook's Shop. It was the Cuſtom formerly to reſerve a Flitch of dried Bacon, laid upon the wide Rack, for Holidays; to treat your near Relations on a Birthday with a Raſher, with an Addition perhaps of a Steak of freſh Meat, if any remained after you had ſacrificed to your good *Genius*. One of your great Anceſtors, who had thrice borne the Name of Conſul, who had been General of Armies, and diſcharged the Honour of a Dictator, would hurry away

ſooner

Functus, ad has epulas ſolito maturiùs ibat,
Erectum domito referens à monte ligonem.
Cùm tremerent autem Fabios, durumque Catonem,
Et Scauros, & Fabricios, rigidique ſeveros
Cenſoris mores etiam collega timeret:
Nemo inter curas, & ſeria duxit habendum,
Qualis in oceani fluctu teſtudo nataret,
Clarum Trojugenis factura ac nobile fulcrum:
Sed nudo latere, & parvis frons ærea lectis
Vile coronati caput oſtendebat aſelli,
Ad quod laſcivi ludebant ruris alumni.
Tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque ſupellex.
Tunc rudis, & Graias mirari neſcius artes,
Urbibus everſis, prædarum in parte repertâ,
Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
Ut phaleris gauderet equus, cælataque caſſis
Romuleæ ſimulacra feræ manſueſcere juſſæ
Imperii fato, & geminos ſub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & haſtâ.
Pendentiſque Dei, perituro oſtenderet hoſti.
Argenti quod erat, ſolis fulgebat in armis.
Ponebant igitur Thuſco farrata catino
Omnia tunc; quibus invideas ſi lividulus ſis.

Templorum

ſooner than uſual to ſuch an Entertainment, as to a Feaſt of Dainties, returning with his Spade mounted upon his Shoulder, proud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Hill. In old time, when the People trembled at the *Fabian* Name, at ſtern *Cato*, the *Scauri*, and *Fabricii*, when *Decius*, a Cenſor more remiſs, feared the ſevere Rules of his rigid Collegue, no one thought it worth their Care, for a Matter of any ſerious Concern, to know how a large a Tortoiſe ſwam in the wide Sea, whoſe Shell inlaid was to adorn the Couches of the luxurious *Romans*. Then were their [e] Beds ſmall, plain, and without Backs; in the Front, which was of Braſs, appeared the deſpicable Figure of an Aſs's Head, with a Garland upon it, at which the wanton Boys of the Village uſed to make Sport. In ſhort, their Diet, their Houſes and Furniture, were all of a piece. The Soldier, then rough and unpractis'd in the *Grecian* Arts, after the Sack of Cities, among a heap of Spoils, finding a weighty Bowl, the Work of ſome curious Hand, would break it into pieces, to adorn his Horſe with pompous Trappings; his Helmet was emboſſed with various Figures that amazed the Foe deſigned for Death; the Wolf appeared, by *Rome*'s happy Fate made tame, ſuckling the Infant-Twins, there ſhewed the Brothers as they lay expoſed under the Rock, and the naked Image of God *Mars*, glittering with Shield and Spear, hovering aloft; the Silver got in War, ſhone only in the Soldiers Arms; all their homely Fare was then ſerved up in *Thuſcan* Platters, which you would envy, had you the

[e] The Couches upon which they ſupped in ancient Times, were not adorned with Pearls and curious Shells; they had plain and ordinary Sides, or Sides which had no Backs riſing from them, to lean upon for their Eaſe.

Templorum quoque majeſtas præſentior, & vox
Nocte ferè mediâ, mediamque audita per urbem,
Littore ab oceani Gallis venientibus, & Dîs
Officium vatis peragentibus, hos monuit nos.
Hanc rebus Latiis curam præſtare ſolebat
Fictilis, & nullo violatus Jupiter auro.
Illa domi natas, noſtrâque ex arbore menſas
Tempora viderunt; hos lignum ſtabat in uſus,
Annoſam ſi fortè nucem dejecerat Eurus.
At nunc divitibus cœnandi nulla voluptas,
Nil rhombus, nil dama ſapit: putêre videntur
Unguenta, atque roſæ; latos niſi ſuſtinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno ſublimis pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis, quos mittit porta Syenes,
Et Mauri celeres, & Mauro obſcurior Indus,
Et quos depoſuit Nabathæo bellua ſaltu,
Jam nimios, capitique graves: hinc ſurgit orexis,
Hinc ſtomacho vires: nam pes argenteus illis,
Annulus in digito quod ferreus. Ergo ſuperbum
Convivam caveo, qui me ſibi comparat, & res
Deſpicit exiguas; adeò nulla uncia nobis
Eſt eboris, nec teſſellæ, nec calculus ex hâc
Materiâ; quin ipſa manubria cultellorum
Oſſea: non tamen his ulla unquam opſonia fiunt
Rancidula; aut ideò pejor gallina ſecatur.
Sed nec ſtructor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis
Pergula, diſcipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem

Sumine

leaſt Tincture of the Spleen about you. Then was the Majeſty of the Gods more preſent in all our Temples; a Voice almoſt at Midnight, and heard throughout the City, gave notice that the *Gauls* were coming from the Weſtern Shore: the Gods themſelves were Prophets for our Safety, and warned us of the Enemy's Approach. Thus *Jupiter* with his Earthen Statue, not yet profaned with Gold, uſed to ſhew his Care for the Affairs of *Italy*. Thoſe Times ſaw our Tables made at Home, and of Timber of our own growth; if a Storm of Wind by chance blew down an old Walnut-Tree, the Wood was always applied to theſe Uſes. Now our rich Gluttons take no pleaſure at a Feaſt, the Turbut, the Veniſon are inſipid, the Ointments, the Roſes ſeem to ſtink, unleſs a huge Pedeſtal of Ivory bears up the wide Circumference of your Table, ſupported by a lofty Panther, gaping with his wide Jaws, carved from the Teeth of Elephants, ſent hither, from the Port *Syene*, by the ſwift *Moors*, or blacker *Indians*, caſt by the Beaſts in the *Arabian* Woods, now grown too great, too heavy for their Head. This whets the Appetite, this gives Vigour to the Stomach. A Table with a Silver Foot they ſcorn, as they would to wear upon their Finger an Iron Ring; therefore a haughty Gueſt I ſhun, who meaſures my Expences by his own, and loaths my meaner Fare. I have not one Ounce of Ivory, neither my Cheſs-board nor the Men are of this Stuff; the very Handle of my Knives are Bone, and yet my Meat taſtes ne'er the ranker, nor does a Pullet cut the worſe on that Account. I'll have no Carver more ſkilful in his Art than all the Trade, a Pupil to the dextrous [f] *Trypherus*, in whoſe

[f] *Trypherus* was eminent for his Skill in Carving, which he taught in a public School; in which he had all kind of

Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, atque pygargus,
Et Scythicæ volucres, & Phœnicopterus ingens,
Et Gætulus orix, hebeti lautiſſima ferro
Cæditur, & totâ ſonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.
Nec fruſtum capreæ ſubducere, nec latus Afræ
Novît avis noſter tyrunculus, ac rudis omni
Tempore, & exiguæ fruſtis imbutus ofellæ.
Plebeios calices, & paucis aſſibus emptos
Porriget incultus puer, atque à frigore tutus;
Non Phryx, aut Lycius, non à mangone petitus
Quiſquam erit, & magno: cùm poſcis, poſce Latinè.
Idem habitus cunctis, tonſi, rectique capilli,
Atque hodie tantùm propter convivia pexi.
Paſtoris duri eſt hic filius, ille bubulci;
Suſpirat longo non viſam tempora matrem,
Et caſulam, & notos triſtis deſiderat hœdos:
Ingenui vultûs puer, ingenuique pudoris,
Quales eſſe decet, quos ardens purpura veſtit.
Nec pugillares defert in balnea raucus
Teſticulos, nec vellendas jam præbuit alas;
Craſſa nec oppoſito pavidus tegit inguina gutto.
Hic tibi vina dabit diffuſa in montibus illis,
A quibus ipſe venit, quorum ſub vertice luſit:
Namque una atque eadem eſt vini patria, atque miniſtri.

Forſitan

whoſe School we ſee cut up in Wood the large Udder of a Sow, the Hare, the Boar, the Pygarg, Pheaſants, the huge Phœnicopter and *Gætulian* Goat, choice Diſhes carved with a blunt dull Knife, ſo that the wooden Feaſt reſounds o'er all the Street. My raw Lad knows nothing how to take off a Slice of a Goat, or the Wing of a Turkey, quite clumſy from his Cradle; indeed he can broil a Pork-ſteak, and that's all. My Boy in his Country Frock (and yet it keeps him from the Cold) ſhall ſerve you in common Glaſſes purchas'd for a few Pence; no *Phrygian* or *Lycian* Youth waits at my Table, bought of the Slave-Merchant at a monſtrous Price; when you call for any thing, ſpeak plain *Roman*. My two Waiters are both dreſſed alike with cropt lank Hair; to-day indeed, in Honour of our Feaſt, you will find it combed. The one is my rough Shepherd's, the other my Ploughman's Son; he moans, alaſs! the tedious Abſence from his Mother's Arms, with Tears he longs to ſee the lowly Cottage, and his dear Play-fellows the Kids again. He is a Lad of an honeſt Countenance, and of a generous Modeſty, ſuch as would become the noble Youth cover'd with glowing Purple. Nor, hoarſe with Luſt, does he in the Bath produce his monſtrous Furniture, nor offer his Hair to be pulled off with Gums; nor, pale with fear of being diſcover'd, does he conceal with the Diſtillatory his large Obſcenities. This Lad ſhall ſerve you with the cheerful Juice made from the fruitful Hills from whence he came, under whoſe Brow he often played, for the Wine and he are the Growth of the ſame Soil.

Proviſion for a Feaſt, made in Wood, as being the beſt Materials for the Conveniency of Teaching: which, among all the Scholars, made no ſmall Noiſe.

Forſitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire choro, plauſuque probatæ
Ad terram tremulo deſcendant clune puellæ,
Spectent hoc nuptæ, juxtà recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narraſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis;
Irritamentum Veneris languentis, & acres
Divitis urticæ. major tamen iſta voluptas
Alterius ſexûs: magis illa incenditur, & mox
Auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur.
Non capit has nugas humilis domus: audiat ille
Teſtarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum olido ſtans
Fornice mancipium quibus abſtinet: ille fruatur
Vocibus obſcœnis, omnique libidinis arte,
Qui Lacedæmonium pytiſmate lubricat orbem.
Namque ibi fortunæ veniam damus. alea turpis,
Turpe & adulterium mediocribus: hæc tamen illi
Omnia cùm faciant, hilares nitidique vocantur.
Noſtra dabunt alios hodiè convivia ludos:
Conditur Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
Altiſoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
Quid refert, tales verſus quâ voce legantur?
Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis,
Et gratam requiem dona tibi; quando licebit
Per totam ceſſare diem: non fœnoris ulla
Mentio, nec, primâ ſi luce egreſſa reverti
Nocte ſolet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor,
Humida ſuſpectis referens multitia rugis,
Vexataſque comas, & vultum, auremque calentem.
Protinus ante meum, quicquid dolet, exue limen:

Pone

YOU may expect perhaps a *Spaniſh* Curtezan, leading a Round of ſinging Girls with wonton Air; theſe Wenches, once encouraged, will proſtitute themſelves upon the Ground with trembling Limbs: Let wanton Wives behold ſuch Sights, their Huſbands ſitting by, which would be ſhameful to relate before them; Provocatives to dying Luſt, the rich Man's ſharpeſt Sting to Lechery! and yet the Women take the greateſt pleaſure in ſuch Impurities, they are more inflamed, they ſuck the Poiſon with their Eyes and Ears, they can't contain. A ſmall Income is not capable of ſuch Follies; let the Rich enjoy the Muſic of *Caſtanets* with wanton Songs, which a poor tatter'd Whore, ſtanding in a filthy Brothel, would be aſhamed of; let him delight in obſcene Ribaldry, and every Art of Luſt, who makes the Floor, paved with round *Spartan* Marble, ſlippery, with drunken Vomits. In ſuch a Caſe we make allowance for a large Fortune; Gaming is ſcandalous, Adultery is vile in low Life; yet the Rich who act all this are called polite well-bred Gentlemen.

MY Entertainment to Day ſhall afford you other ſort of Diverſion; the Author of the *Iliad* ſhall be ſung, and lofty *Maro*'s Verſe, which makes it doubtful where to give the Prize: What ſignifies in what Tone ſuch Lines are read? Now therefore lay aſide Buſineſs, ſuſpend all Care, afford your ſelf ſome ſweet Refreſhment; and ſince you may command a whole Day's Pleaſure, ſay not a Word of Intereſt of Money; nor if your Wife ſlips from you at Day-break, and ne'er returns till Night, let her provoke your Rage, forced as you are to hide your Shame; though her ſtained Silks ſuſpected Rumples ſhew, her Hair betowſed, her Face and Ears on fire. Lay down whatever grieves you at my

Pone domum & ſervos, & quicquid frangitur illis,
Aut perit: ingratos ante omnia pone ſodales.
Intereà Megaleſiacæ ſpectacula mappæ
Idæum ſolenne colunt, ſimiliſque triumpho
Perda caballorum Prætor ſedet: ac, mihi pace
Immenſæ nimiæque licet ſi dicere plebis,
Totam hodie Romam Circus capit; & fragor aurem
Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
Nam ſi deficeret, mœſtam attonitamque videres
Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis
Conſulibus. ſpectent juvenes, quos clamor, & audax
Sponſio, quos cultæ decet aſſediſſe puellæ:
Noſtra bibat vernum contracta cuticula ſolem,
Effugiatque togam. jam nunc in balnea ſalvâ
Fronte licet vadas, quanquam ſolida hora ſuperſit

Ad

Door, think not of Home, of Servants, of what they broke or what is loſt; but, above all, forget the ingrateful Uſage of falſe Friends.

AND now the [g] Flag is hung out, the *Megaleſian* Games grace the *Idæan* Feſtival of *Cybele:* There the [h] *Prætor* (the Bane of Horſes) ſits as in Triumph; and (if without Offence it might be ſaid to ſuch a mighty Multitude of People) the *Circus* comprehends within its Walls all *Rome* to-day. A Shout this Moment ſtrikes my Ear, by which I gueſs the [i] *Green* has won the Honour of the Prize. If once theſe Shews ſhould fail, you would ſee the City all in Tears, aſtoniſhed as when the Conſuls were overcome in *Cannæ*'s fatal Field. Let Youth theſe Sports behold, pleaſed with Noiſe, and boldly laying Wagers, with their tight Laſſes ſitting by their Side. Let our rough Skin drink in the Vernal Sun, and lay aſide the Buſineſs of the Gown; you at your Years may bathe with a good grace, tho' it ſhould want a complete [k] Hour

[g] At the *Circenſian* and *Megaleſian* Games, inſtituted in Honour of *Cybele*, they hung out a Towel to ſhew the Plays were going to begin. *Nero* introduced this Cuſtom; for hearing, as he ſat at dinner, how impatiently the People expected his coming, he threw them out of the Window the Towel he wiped his Hands with, to give them Notice that he had dined, and would be preſently at the *Circus*.

[h] Many of the Horſes were provided by the *Prætor* at theſe Games, where they were ſpoiled and made uſeleſs. This Conſtruction of this difficult Paſſage ſeems the eaſieſt.

[i] The four Parties that ran Chariot Races in the *Circus* were divided into ſeveral Liveries; the *Green Coats*, the *Ruſſet Coats*, the *Blue Coats*, and the *White Coats*. To theſe four *Domitian* added two Companies more, the *Gold Coats* and the *Purple Coats*.

[k] The *Romans* uſed to follow their Buſineſs 'till Noon, that is the ſixth Hour, or our twelve o'clock; and then to the ninth Hour, our three o'clock in the Afternoon, they exerciſed and bathed themſelves: But to do this before Noon, was allowed only on Feſtival-Days, or to Perſons aged and infirm.

of

Ad ſextam. facere hoc non poſſis quinque diebus
Continuis: quia ſunt talis quoque tædia vitæ
Magna. Voluptates commendat rarior uſus.

SATIRA XII.

NATALI, Corvine, die mihi dulcior hæc lux,
Quâ feſtus promiſſa Deis animalia ceſpes
Expectat: niveam Reginæ cædimus agnam:
Par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maurâ.
Sed procul extenſum petulans quatit hoſtia funem,
Tarpeio ſervata Jovi, frontemque coruſcat:
Quippe ferox vitulus, templis maturus & aræ,
Spargenduſque mero, quem jam pudet ubera matris
Ducere, qui vexat naſcenti robora cornu.
Si res ampla domi, ſimiliſque affectibus eſſet,
Pinguior Hiſpullâ traheretur taurus, & ipſâ

Mole

of Noon; and yet you would not care for this five Days ſucceſſively, a great Fatigue attends even ſuch a Life. Pleaſures you ſeldom taſte go down the ſweeteſt.

SATIRE XII.

THIS Day, *Corvinus*, (on which the ſacred [a] Altars expect my promiſed Sacrifices to the Gods) is more welcome to me than a Birth-day. A ſnow-white Lamb I kill to *Juno*; another, with a Fleece as white, ſhall be preſented to *Pallas*, bearing the [b] *Mauritanian* Gorgon on her Shield. But ſee the wanton Victim devoted to *Tarpeian Jove*, ſhakes his long Rope, and brandiſhes his Brow. 'Tis a fierce Calf ripe for the Temple and the Altar, fit to be ſprinkled with pure Wine; ſo grown, that longer he is aſhamed to ſuck the Dam: And gores the Oak with his young budding Horns. Had I a large Fortune, and equal to my Love, a Bull much fatter than *Hiſpulla* ſhould be made

[a] In the Capitol was the Temple of *Jupiter*, to which joined the Temples of *Juno* and *Minerva*, under one Roof. To theſe principal Deities milk-white Beaſts were ſacrificed. But our Poet confining his Devotion within the Limits of his Fortune, built an Altar of green Turf, and offer'd white Victims to thoſe Deities.

[b] The Gorgons, *Meduſa*, *Sthenio* and *Euryale*, were Daughters to *Phorcas* and *Cete*. They reſided near Mount *Atlas*, upon the Borders of *Mauritania*, and were conquered by *Minerva*, who is fabled to bear in her Shield *Meduſa*'s Head, that had Vipers dangling down inſtead of Hair, and turned Men into Stones.

Mole piger, nec finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta ſed oſtendens Clitumni paſcua ſanguis
Iret, & à grandi cervix ferienda miniſtro,
Ob reditum trepidantis adhuc, horrendaque paſſi
Nuper, & incolumem ſeſe mirantis amici.
Nam præter pelagi caſus, & fulguris ictum
Evaſi, denſæ cælum abſcondêre tenebræ
Nube unâ, ſubituſque antennas impulit ignis;
Cùm ſe quiſque illo percuſſum crederet, & mox
Attonitus nullum conferri poſſe putaret
Naufragium velis ardentibus. Omnia fiunt
Talia, tam graviter, ſi quando poëtica ſurgit
Tempeſtas. Genus ecce aliud diſcriminis: audi,
Et miſerere iterum, quanquam ſint cætera ſortis
Ejuſdem: pars dira quidem, ſed cognita multis,
Et quam votivâ teſtantur fana tabellâ
Plurima. Pictores quis neſcit ab Iſide paſci?
Accidit & noſtro ſimilis fortuna Catullo,
Cùm plenus fluctu medius foret alveus, & jam
Alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis
Arboris incertæ, nullam prudentia cani
Rectoris conferret opem; decidere jactu

Cæpit

to bleed, ſlow with his Weight of Fat, not bred in the adjacent Plains, but his flowing Blood ſhould ſhew the rich Paſtures on [c] *Clitumnus'* Banks; his Neck not to be ſtruck but with a mighty Blow. This for my Friend's Return, yet trembling after dreadful Dangers lately paſſed, and wondring at the Safety he enjoys. For, beſide the Hazards of the Sea, and the Stroke of Lightning happily eſcaped, thick Darkneſs hid the Sky in one great Cloud, and then a ſudden Fire ſtruck the Sail-yards, when each believed the Flaſh was levelled at his Head; and, quite aſtoniſhed, thought a Shipwreck was nothing to the Terrors of the burning Sails. All things ſo diſtreſſed, ſo dreadful, as when *Poetic* Tempeſts riſe, and are deſcribed in Fiction. But ſee another Kind of Danger, attend and pity once again, though the Caſe be of the ſame unfortunate nature, a terrible Calamity indeed, but undergone by many; witneſs the Number of Shrines with [d] *Votive Tablets*, hung upon the Walls: Who knows not that Painters are maintained by theſe Deſigns in *Iſis'* Temple? The ſame ill Fortune happened to my Friend *Catullus*; for when the Hold was half full of Water, when the Waves were ready to o'erſet the Ship rolling from ſide to ſide, the Planks were not to be depended on, and the Skill of the old Pilot could afford no Help; then my

[c] A River that divides *Umbria* and *Tuſcany*, whoſe Water gives ſuch Virtue to the rich Paſtures adjoining, that the Cows grazing there had white Calves; therefore the *Capitoline* Sacrifices came from thence.

[d] Perſons that eſcaped a Shipwreck uſed to have a Painting of their Danger drawn upon a Tablet, which they vowed to *Neptune* in their Diſtreſs, and hung up in ſome Temple near the Sea-Coaſts. The *Romans*, it ſeems, made ſo many Vows to the *Egyptian* Goddeſs *Iſis*, that the whole Company of Picture-drawers were employed in drawing Votive Tablets, that were to be hung up in her Temple.

Friend

Cæpit cum ventis, imitatus Caſtora, qui ſe
Eunuchum ipſe facit, cupiens evadere damno
Teſticulorum: adeò medicatum intelligit inguen.
Fundite quæ mea ſunt, dicebat, cuncta, Catullus;
Præcipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, veſtem
Purpuream, teneris quoque Mæcenatibus aptam
Atque alias, quarum generoſi graminis ipſum
Infecit natura pecus, ſed & egregius fons
Viribus occultis, & Bæticus adjuvat aër.
Ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnæ cratera capacem,
Et dignum ſitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Fuſci.
Adde & baſcaudas, & mille eſcaria, multum
Cælati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
Sed quis nunc alius, quâ mundi parte, quis audet
Argento præferre caput, rebuſque ſalutem?
Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.

Jactatur

Friend began to compound with the Winds to his Loſs; having the Beaver for Example, who gelds himſelf, and is glad to get off without his Stones, ſo ſenſible is the Creature of the Phyſical Virtue of his Teſticles. Over with all that's mine, cries *Catullus*, willing to caſt away the choiceſt of his Goods, the Purple Veſt fit for the tender Favourites of Princes, and other Garments which received their Dye from the rich Nature of the Graſs which fed the Sheep, improved by the ſecret Quality of noble Springs and [e] *Bætick* Air. He never ſcrupled to throw over his Silver Veſſels, Chargers of *Parthenius'* Work, a Goblet of two Gallons, a Draught for [f] *Pholus* when a-dry, or *Fuſcus'* Wife. Beſides, in went the *Britiſh* Baſkets, a thouſand Diſhes, and that Golden Cup imboſſed, which [g] *Philip* uſed to quaff, who by his artful Bribes bought the Surrender of *Olynthus*. But where is there another, in what Part of the World does he live, who is he that now-a-days has the Courage to prefer his Life to his Money, his Safety to his Eſtate? Few Men now raiſe a Fortune with a Proſpect of enjoying it while they live, but blind with Covetouſneſs, deſire Life only for the Sake of raiſing a Fortune. In ſhort, the

[e] He means the Country in the South-Weſt of *Spain*, called *Andaluſia*, and in that the River *Bætis*, commonly called *Guadalquivir*, (or the great River) whoſe Water gives a natural Tincture to the Sheep's Wool upon their Backs, between black and red.

[f] A notorious drunken *Centaur*. When he treated *Hercules*, he brought out a Tun of Wine which he had buried in the Sand; and being pierced, it caſt a Perfume upon the Air, which his Brother *Centaurs* preſently ſmelt, and would have ſtormed the Place, had it not been defended by *Hercules*, who killed many of them, and made the reſt fly.

[g] A Golden Cup that *Philip* King of *Macedon* uſed, and ſlept with it under his Pillow. This Veſſel, and others, he gave to *Laſthenes*, and bribed him to betray *Olynthus*, a City of *Thrace*, into his Hands.

greateſt

Jactatur rerum utilium pars maxima; ſed nec
Damna levant. Tunc, adverſis urgentibus, illùc
Recidit, ut malum ferro ſummitteret, ac ſe
Explicat anguſtum; diſcriminis ultima, quando
Præſidia afferimus, navem factura minorem.
I nunc, & ventis animam committe, dolato
Confiſus ligno, digitis à morte remotus
Quatuor, aut ſeptem, ſi ſit latiſſima tæda.
Mox cum reticulis, & pane, & ventre lagenæ,
Aſpice ſumendas in tempeſtate ſecures.
Sed poſtquam jacuit planum mare, tempora poſtquam
Proſpera vectoris, fatumque valentius Euro,
Et pelago; poſtquam Parcæ meliora benignâ
Penſa manu ducunt hilares, & ſtaminis albi
Lanificæ; modicâ nec multò fortior aurâ
Ventus adeſt, inopi miſerabilis arte cucurrit
Veſtibus extenſis, &, quod ſuperaverat unum,
Velo, prora, ſuo: jam deficientibus Auſtris,
Spes vitæ cum ſole redit: tum gratus Iülo,
Atque novercali ſedes prælata Lavino,

Conſpicitur

greateſt part of the moſt uſeful Goods are thrown over-board, and the Danger continues; the contrary Winds blowing hard, it came to this, that he was forced to cut down the Maſt, and ſo got rid of that Incumbrance. A Caſe of the laſt Diſtreſs, when we are thus obliged for ſafety to make the Ship light. Go now, commit your Life to the Winds, relying on a hewn Plank, removed four or ſeven Fingers breadth at moſt from Death, if the Bottom be of the thickeſt; and remember, along with your Sea-Proviſions, your netted Knapſack, your Biſket, and large-bellied Flagons, to take an Axe with you in caſe of a Storm. But when the Sea lay ſmooth, when the happy Fortune of my Friend, and Fate, more powerful than Wind and Waves, prevailed; when the pleas'd Deſtinies, with a kind Hand, and in a better Humour, followed their Taſk, and drew a [h] *whiter Thread*, and the Wind blew no ſtronger than a gentle Gale, the ſhattered Veſſel made a ſad ſhift to ſteer her Courſe, aſſiſted by the Seamens Clothes ſpread out, and a Foreſprit-Sail, the only one left: And now the Wind was laid, and the Hope of Life returned with the Sun, the lofty *Alban* Mount, (loved by [i] *Iülus*, and preferr'd to *Lavinum*, built in honour of his Step-mother)

[h] It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that when the Deſtinies intended long Life to a Man, they ſpun a white Thread; when Death, a black.

[i] *Alba longa* was built by *Iülus Aſcanius*, who having before dwelt at *Lavinum*, (built by *Æneas*, and ſo called from his ſecond Wife *Lavinia*) left that Place to his Mother-in-law. The *Trojans* were told by the Oracle, that where they found a white Sow with thirty Pigs ſucking her, there they ſhould build a City, which they did, and called it from the Colour of the Sow, *Alba*; a happy Sight, ſays the Poet to the wandring *Trojans*, who here made themſelves a Settlement.

Conſpicitur ſublimis apex, cui candida nomen
Scrofa dedit (lætis Phrygibus mirabile ſumen)
Et nunquam viſis triginta clara mamillis.
Tandem intrat poſitas incluſa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia rurſum,
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longéque relinquunt
Italiam. non ſic igitur mirabere portus,
Quos natura dedit; ſed truncâ puppe magiſter
Interiora petit Baianæ pervia cymbæ
Tuti ſtagnæ ſinûs. gaudent ibi vertice raſo
Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.
Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animiſque faventes,
Sertaque delubris, & farra imponite cultris,
Ac molles ornate focos, glebamque virentem.
Jam ſequar, & ſacro, quod præſtat, ritè peracto,
Inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
Accipient fragili ſimulachra nitentia cerâ.
Hîc noſtrum placabo Jovem, Laribuſque paternis
Thura dabo, atque omnes violæ jactabo colores.
Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos,
Et matutinis operatur feſta lucernis.

was deſcried, the City had its Name from a *white Sow*, (a Sight admired by the joyful *Trojans*) famous for her thirty Pigs ne'er ſeen before. At laſt [k] ſhe enters the Mole, through the Tide incloſed, and arrives at our *Tyrrhene Pharos*, and thoſe Arms ſtretched out which reach the Mid Sea, and leave far behind the Shore of *Italy*. The Havens, formed by Nature, admit of no ſuch Wonder. The Steerſman, with his ſhatter'd Bark, drops anchor in the inmoſt Bay, where ſmall Boats ride ſafe from Winds. The Sailors, there ſecure with their [l] ſhaved Heads, delight to prate of Dangers they eſcaped.

HASTE then, my Boys, aſſiſt me with your Hearts and Voice, lay Garlands on the Temples, and Meal upon your ſacrificing Knives, and dreſs your ſoft Hearths of Turf, your Altars of green Graſs; I'll follow ſoon, and when the holy Rites are finiſhed in due Form, and as they ſhould, home I'll repair, and all my little Deities, ſhining in brittle Wax, ſhall be adorned with Chaplets; here will I appeaſe our mighty *Jove*, and Incenſe burn to the old *Lares* of my Family, and ſcatter to their Honour the various Colours of the Violet. Every thing looks gay, my Gates with lofty Branches are adorned, and celebrate this Feſtival with Morning-Lights.

[k] The Ship enters the Haven of *Oſtia*, whoſe two Sides (artificial Mounts like two Arms) run ſo far into the *Tyrrhene* Sea, that they ſeemed to incloſe it, and, as it were, to leave *Italy* behind them. In this Haven there was a *Pharos*, or Watch-Tower, in imitation of that of *Egypt*, and for the ſame uſe, to give notice to Seamen in the Night, by a Lanthorn hanged up, of the Nearneſs of the Shore.

[l] Slaves made free were ſhaved before they put on the *Cap* of Liberty, becauſe they had eſcaped the Tempeſt of Servitude: Thus Seamen profeſſed themſelves preſerved to Life and Liberty, after they had eſcaped the Danger of Shipwreck.

Nec ſuſpectà tibi ſint hæc, Corvine: Catullus,
Pro cujus reditu tot pono altaria, parvos
Tres habet hæredes. libet expectare, quis ægram
Et claudentem oculos gallinam impendat amico
Tam ſterili. verùm hæc nimia eſt impenſa: coturnix
Nulla unquam pro patre cadet. ſentire calorem
Si cæpit locuples Gallita & Paccius, orbi,
Legitimè fixis veſtitur tota tabellis
Porticus. Exiſtunt, qui promittant hecatomben.
Quatenus hîc non ſunt nec venales elephanti,
Nec Latio, aut uſquam ſub noſtro ſidere talis
Bellua concipitur: ſed furvâ gente petita
Arboribus Rutulis, & Turni paſcitur agro
Cæſaris armentum, nulli ſervire paratum
Privato: ſiquidem Tyrio parere ſolebant
Hannibali, & noſtris Ducibus, Regique Moloſſo,
Horum majores, ac dorſo ferre cohortes,
Partem aliquam belli, & euntem in prælia turrim.
Nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Iſtrum
Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras,
Et cadat ante Lares Gallitæ victima ſacra,
Tantis digna Deis, & captatoribus horum.
Alter enim, ſi concedas mactare, vovebit
De grege ſervorum magna, aut pulcherrima quæque
Corpora; vel pueris, & frontibus ancillarum
Imponet vittas: &, ſi qua eſt nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etſi

Non

THINK not, *Corvinus*, that theſe Ceremonies are paid for ſelfiſh Ends; for *Catullus* (for whoſe return I raiſe ſo many Altars) has three little Heirs. I ſhould be glad to ſee, who beſides would ſacrifice a rotten Hen, juſt dying, for a Friend ſo little to be got by; this truly is an Expence too great, not a poor Quail will be offered up for ſuch a Father: But if rich *Gallita* and *Paccius*, childleſs both, ſhould chance to have a Fever, all the Porches of the Temples are covered ſolemnly with *votive Tablets* for their Recovery; ſome would even vow a hundred Oxen: For Elephants, you know, cannot be purchaſed here, this Beaſt is never bred in *Italy* or in our Climate, but is hither brought by *Moors*, fed in the *Rutilian* Woods, or in the Plains of *Turnus*, *Cæſar*'s Imperial Herd, at no private Man's command; their great Sires were uſed to ſerve the *Tyrian Hannibal*, our mighty Generals, *Pyrrhus* the *Moloſſian* King, to bear Cohorts, part of the warlike Force, and Towers moving in the Fight, upon their Backs. *Novius*, no doubt, would inſtantly, and *Iſter Pacuvius* too with utmoſt haſte, lead one of theſe Ivory Brutes up to the Altar, there ſhould the ſacred Victim fall before the *Lares* of rich *Gallita*, a Victim worthy of Deities ſo great, and of thoſe Knaves that flatter them. *Pacuvius*, give him but leave, would ſlay the comelieſt and the faireſt of all his Servants, would dreſs the Foreheads of his favourite Boys and Maids with Chaplets; and if he had a Daughter, an [m] *Iphigenia*, marriageable at home, he will

[m] The *Grecians* having killed a Hind conſecrated to *Diana*, were by the offended Goddeſs detained a long time at the Haven of *Aulis*, with their Fleet, by a contrary Wind; upon this, conſulting the Oracle, they were anſwered, that

Non ſperet tragicæ furtiva piaculæ cervæ.
Laudo meum civem, nec comparo teſtamento
Mille rates: nam ſi Libitinam evaſerit æger,
Delebit tabulas, incluſus carcere naſſæ,
Poſt meritum ſanè mirandum; atque omnia ſoli
Forſan Pacuvio breviter dabit. ille ſuperbus
Incedet victis rivalibus. ergo vides, quàm
Grande operæ pretium faciat jugulata Mycenis.
Vivat Pacuvius, quæſo, vel Neſtora totum:
Poſſideat, quantum rapuit Nero: montibus aurum
Exæquet; nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo.

SATIRA

will devote her to the Altars, tho' in her place he cannot hope for the ſecret Expiation of the Hind ſo famed in Tragic Verſe. I commend my Countryman, and make no compariſon between a thouſand Ships, and a rich Man's Will; for if the ſick Miſer now eſcapes the Stroke of Death, he will cancel all former Diſpoſitions of his Eſtate; and, hamper'd in the Net laid for him, perhaps will make *Pacuvius* (upon the account of ſuch wonderful Merit) in a few Words ſole Heir to his whole Fortune. Then will the Fellow ſtrut triumphant, his Rivals all o'ercome. See how a fair [n] *Mycenian* with her bleeding Throat, has brought him mighty Gains. Long may *Pacuvius* live, I beg, even *Neſtor*'s Age: May he poſſeſs as much as *Nero* plundered, heap Riches mountain-high, not have a Friend to love, and be by none beloved.

they muſt ſacrifice *Iphigenia* the Daughter of *Agamemnon*. The Father, by the Eloquence of *Ulyſſes*, was perſuaded; but when the time came, *Diana* conveyed her away, and ſubſtituted a Hind as a Sacrifice in her room. Our Poet obſerves, if *Pacuvius* ſhould ſacrifice an only Daughter for the Recovery of *Gallita*, he ſhould not think the Act of *Agamemnon* ſo extraordinary; for alas! what is the Freedom of a thouſand Ships, to the glorious Expectation of a Legacy?

[n] *Agamemnon* was King of *Mycenæ*.

SATIRA XIII.

EXemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipſi
Diſplicet authori. prima eſt hæc ultio, quòd ſe
Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur; improba quamvis
Gratia fallacis prætoris vicerit urnam.

SATIRE XIII.

EVERY Crime a Man commits, that gives a bad Example, diſpleaſes even the Author of it; the firſt Revenge is, that no guilty Perſon is acquitted by the Sentence of his own Conſcience, tho' [a] the wicked Favour of a corrupt Judge may poſſibly declare him innocent. What

[a] Or to tranſlate literally, *tho' wicked Favour may pervert the Juſtice of the* Prætor's *Urn.* To explain this Expreſſion, *Holyday* gives a curious Note concerning the Forms of Trials at Law among the *Romans.* The *Prætor*, who was ſupreme Judge, had many others appointed him as Aſſiſtants. The Names of theſe were written upon little Balls, and by the *Prætor* caſt into an *Urn*; and after they were ſhaken together, he drew out again, as in a Lottery, ſo many as were by Law, according to the nature of the Cauſe, accounted neceſſary. After which, the Plaintiff and Defendant had power to reject, upon good Exceptions, ſuch as they thought would be Enemies to the Cauſe. The Number was appointed to be filled up by drawing of other Names out of the *Urn.* Then the Judges that were appointed, and accepted of the Trouble, (for in ſome Caſes they were allowed their Excuſe) took an Oath to judge according to Law; but, on many Occaſions, others were often ſubſtituted in their room by the *Prætor.* After pleading of the Cauſe, the *Prætor* gave to each of the Judges three waxen Tables, wherein were expreſſed ſo many ſeveral Opinions; in one was written the Letter *A*, to ſignify the *Acquittal* or *Abſolution* of the Defendant; in another, the Letter *C*, to imply his *Condemnation*; and in the Third, the Letters, *N. L.* for *Non Liquet*; ſignifying that the Buſineſs required a farther Hearing, as being as yet not clear enough; which Delay of the Cauſe was called *Ampliation.* Then the Judges being called, expreſſed their Opinions by the Tables, which they choſe to caſt into the *Urn*; and according to the Conſent

Quid ſentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De ſcelere, & fidei violatæ crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis cenſus tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus: nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris; caſus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, & è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major.
Tu quamvis levium minimam, exiguamque malorum
Particulam vix ferre potes, ſpumantibus ardens
Viſceribus, ſacrum tibi quòd non reddat amicus
Depoſitum. ſtupet hæc, qui jam poſt terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Conſule natus?
An nihil in melius tot rerum proficis uſu?
Magna quidem, ſacris quæ dat præcepta libellis,
Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia. Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magiſtrâ.
Quæ tam feſta dies, ut ceſſet prodere furem,
Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum
Quæſitum, & partos gladio vel pyxide nummos?
Rari quippe boni: *numero vix ſunt totidem, quot*

Thebarum

What think you, *Calvinus*, the World ſays of that late Injuſtice, that villainous Breach of Truſt you complain of? That neither your Circumſtances are ſo ſmall, that the Weight of ſo mean a Loſs ſhould ſink you; nor is the Damage you ſuſtain uncommon: The ſame Caſe has happened to many before; you hear of it every Day, it is one of the lighteſt Evils drawn out of the heap of Misfortunes that Men by Fate are liable to ſuffer. Prithee, don't fret thy ſelf too much, a Man's Concern ſhould never exceed the proper Bounds, or appear greater than the Wound. You that can ſcarce bear the leaſt, the moſt minute Particle even of the moſt trifling Evils, that are all on Fire, your very Bowels boiling with Rage, becauſe your Friend will not give up to you the Pledge he ſwore to return; is this ſuch a wonder to a Man that has left ſixty behind him, that was born when [b] *Fonteius* was Conſul? Are you never the better by ſeeing ſo much of the World? 'Tis true, that Wiſdom lays down excellent Rules in the ſacred Volumes of Philoſophy, and triumphs over Fortune; yet we pronounce thoſe Men happy, who, by the Experience of Life only, have learnt to bear common Accidents with Temper, without ſhaking the Yoke. What Day ſo ſacred, that does not diſcover to us a Thief, a Scene of Treachery, of Fraud, of Gain gotten by every ſort of Wickedneſs, and Money obtained by Stabbing or by Poiſon? Good Men are thinly ſown, they are ſcarce ſo many

ſent of the major part of their Opinions, the *Prætor* pronounced Sentence. In which many Turns of the Buſineſs, (ſays the Commentator) there was room enough for a Bribe to ſlip in.

[b] *L. Fonteius Capito* was Conſul with *C. Vipſanius*, in the Reign of *Nero*.

as

Thebarum portæ, vel divitis oſtia Nili.
Nunc ætas agitur, pejoraque ſæcula ferri
Temporibus: quorum ſceleri non invenit ipſa
Nomen, & à nullo poſuit natura metallo.
Nos hominum Divûmque fidem clamore ciemus,
Quanto Fæſidium laudat vocalis agentem
Sportula. Dic ſenior bullâ digniſſime, neſcis,
Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? neſcis,
Quem tua ſimplicitas riſum vulgo moveat, cùm
Exigis à quoquam ne pejeret, & putet ullis
Eſſe aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti?
Quondàm hoc indigenæ vivebant more, priùs quàm
Sumeret agreſtem poſito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens: tunc, cùm virguncula Juno,
Et privatus adhuc Idæis Jupiter antris.
Nulla ſuper nubes convivia Cælicolarum,
Nec puer Iliacus, formoſa nec Herculis uxor
Ad cyathos; & jam ſiccato nectare tergens

Brachia

as are the Gates of [c] *Thebes*, or the Mouths of fruitful *Nile*. An Age is now come much worſe than that of *Iron*, an Age of Villany, for which Nature herſelf can find no Name, no Metal baſe enough to call it by. Yet we exclaim againſt the Vices of the Times, we call Heaven and Earth to witneſs, as loud as the noiſy Clients of *Fæſidius* applaud him pleading at the Bar. Tell me, old Gentleman, worthy again to wear your childiſh Baubles, don't you know the Charms another Man's Money ſhews? Don't you know how your Simplicity will ſet the whole Town a-laughing, when you expect that no Man dares forſwear, but ſhould believe ſome Deity preſides in every Temple, and delights to ſee the Victim bleed upon the Altars. Formerly indeed, our home-bred Anceſtors knew no better; [d] before *Saturn*, laying his Diadem aſide, and forced to fly, handled the Country-Scythe. It was when *Juno* was a very little Girl, and [e] *Jupiter* for fear was hid in the Caves of *Ida*; when there was no Carouſing among the Gods above the Clouds, no *Ganymede*, no [f] *Hebe* (fair Wife of *Hercules*) to be Cup-bearer, and *Vulcan* (not yet allowed to quaff celeſtial Nectar) ſcoured his black Arms fouled

[c] *Thebes* in *Bœotia* had ſeven Gates, as the *Nile* had ſeven Mouths.

[d] In the Golden Age, before *Saturn* was glad to fly into *Latium*, being expelled from the Kingdom of *Crete* by his Son *Jupiter*; he invented the Scythe, which ſome make a Symbol of Huſbandry, which he taught the rude People; others take to be his Attribute, as the God of *Time*.

[e] *Jupiter* was hid in the Caves of Mount *Ida* in *Crete*, leſt his Father *Saturn* ſhould have devoured him.

[f] The Daughter of *Juno* alone, (who conceived by eating too freely of Lettice) and Cup-bearer to *Jupiter*; ſhe happened to make a ſlip at a Banquet among the Gods, ſo was turned out of her Place, and *Ganymede* put into it. She was afterwards married to *Hercules*.

at

Brachia Vulcanus Liparæâ nigra tabernâ.
Prandebat ſibi quiſque Deus, nec turba Deorum
Talis, (ut eſt hodie) contentaque ſidera paucis
Numinibus miſerum urgebant Atlanta minori
Pondere. nondum aliquis ſortitus triſte profundi
Imperium, aut Siculâ torvus cum conjuge Pluto.
Nec rota, nec Furiæ, nec Saxum, aut vulturis atri
Pœna; Sed infernis hilares ſine regibus umbræ.
Improbitas illo fuit admirabilis ævo.
Credebant hoc grande nefas, & morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat; & ſi
Barbato cuicunque puer: licèt ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, & majores glandis acervos.
Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis,
Primaque par adeò ſacræ lanugo ſenectæ.
Nunc, ſi depoſitum non inficietur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum totâ ærugine follem,
Prodigioſa fides, & Thuſcis digna libellis,

at his Forge at *Lipara*. Every God then dined alone; nor was there ſuch a Rout of Godſhips as we have now: But Heaven, content with few Divinities, preſſed groaning [g] *Atlas* with a leſſer Weight. No Deity had yet by Lot obtained the dreadful Empire of the Deep, nor did grim *Pluto* reign with *Proſerpine* his *Sicilian* Wife; nor was there then in Hell, [h] a *Wheel*, or *Furies*, or a [i] *Stone* to roll, nor a black [k] *Vulture* to devour the *Liver*: But the Ghoſts lived jocund then, without their Kings Infernal. Villany was a wonder in thoſe Times; it was thought a monſtrous Crime, and to be purged to Death, if Youth did not riſe to ſhew reſpect to Age, or if a Boy did not expreſs a Duty to one arrived at Manhood, tho' the Lad had the larger Fortune, could produce more Strawberries and higher Heaps of Acorns in his Houſe. So venerable a Diſtinction was it to have the Precedence but of four Years; and the firſt Down upon the Chin was equal in regard, to the moſt ſacred Reverence of Old Age.

BUT now for a Friend not to deny his Truſt, if he reſtores the old leathern Purſe with all the ruſty Coin, 'tis a Prodigy of Honeſty fit to be recorded among the Miracles in [l] *Tuſcan* Calen-

[g] A high Hill in *Mauritania*, feigned by the Poets to bear up the Heavens.

[h] He alludes to the Story of *Ixion*, who was thrown down to Hell by *Jupiter*, for boaſting he had lain with *Juno*. He was there tied to a *Wheel*, and encompaſſed with Serpents.

[i] *Siſyphus* was condemned to roll a great *Stone* to the Top of a high Mountain, which preſently fell down upon his Head; ſo his Labour was never at an end.

[k] *Prometheus* was chained to Mount *Caucaſus*, for ſtealing Fire from Heaven, where a *Vulture* was continually preying upon his *Liver*, which grew again as faſt as it was devoured.

[l] The *Romans* received the Art of Divination from *Tuſcan* Soothſayers, who preſaged of future Events by Prodigies, of which they kept a very exact Record.

dars,

Quæque coronatâ luſtrari debeat agnâ.
Egregium ſanctumque virum ſi cerno, bimembri
Hoc monſtrum puero, vel mirandis ſub aratro
Piſcibus inventis, & fœtæ comparo mulæ;
Sollicitus tanquam lapides effuderit imber,
Examenque apium longâ conſederit uvâ
Culmine delubri, tanquam in mare fluxerit amnis
Gurgitibus miris, & lactis vortice torrens,
Intercepta decem quereris ſeſtertia fraude
Sacrilega? quid ſi bis centum perdidit alter
Hoc arcana modo? majorem tertius illâ
Summam, quam patulæ vix ceperat angulus arcæ?
Tam facile & pronum eſt Superos contemnere teſtes,
Si mortalis idem nemo ſciat. aſpice quantâ
Voce neget; quæ ſit ficti conſtantia vultûs.
Per Jolis radios, Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis frameam, & Cirrhæi ſpicula vatis;
Per calamos venatricis, pharetramque puellæ,
Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem:
Addit & Herculeos arcus, haſtamque Minervæ,
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.
Si verò & pater eſt, comedam, inquit, flebile gnati
Sinciput elixi, Pharioque madentis aceto.
Sunt, in Fortunæ qui caſibus omnia ponunt,
Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,

Naturâ

dars, to be expiated by a Lamb, crowned with a Chaplet, for a Sacrifice. To ſee a Man of Probity and Faith, a Sight ſo portentous, I always liken to a Child, half Man half Brute, or to a wondrous Shoal of Fiſh turned up by the Plough, or to a Mule with Foal; I am all amazement, as if the Clouds rained Showers of Stones, as if a Swarm of [m] Bees fixed like a long Cluſter of Grapes upon a Temple's Top; as if a River flowed into the Sea with dreadful Violence, ruſhing impetuous with a Stream of Milk.

Do you complain becauſe you loſt ten *Seſtertia* by impious Fraud? What if another, in the ſame Manner, had loſt two hundred, truſted with equal Secreſy? a Third been cheated of a larger Sum, which the Corner of his wide Cheſt could ſcarce hold? So eaſy, ſo ready a Thing is it to deſpiſe the Gods, that witneſs all our Crimes, if we can hide them from the Eyes of Men. See with how bold a Voice the Wretch denies it, what a ſteady Look diſguiſes his falſe Face? He ſwears by the Sun's Rays, and by the Thunder of *Tarpeian Jove*, by *Mars*'s Javelin, and *Apollo*'s Darts, by the Arrows and the Quiver of *Diana*, and by thy Trident, *Neptune* Father of *Ægeus*; he adds the Bow of *Hercules*, and *Minerva*'s Spear, and all the Weapons ſtored in the Armory of Heaven; and if he be a Father, I'll eat, ſays he, if guilty, my Son's lamented Head, boiled and ſeaſoned with *Ægyptian* Vinegar.

THERE are who refer all Things to the Chances of Fortune, and believe the World is governed by no Firſt Cauſe; Nature her ſelf bring-

[m] It was accounted ominous in the *Roman* Superſtition, for Bees to ſettle upon the Top of a Houſe, or of a Temple.

Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni,
Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.
Eſt alius, metuens ne crimen pœna ſequatur,
Hic putat eſſe Deos, & pejerat, atque ita ſecum;
Decernat quodcunque volet de corpore noſtro,
Iſis, & irato feriat mea lumina ſiſtro,
Dummodò vel cæcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.
Et phthiſis, & vomicæ putres, & dimidium crus
Sunt tanti? pauper locupletem optare podagram
Ne dubitet Ladas, ſi non eget Anticyrâ, nec
Archigene: quid enim velocis gloria plantæ
Præſtat, & eſuriens Piſææ ramus olivæ?
Ut ſit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum eſt.
Si curant igitur cunctor punire nocentes,
Quando ad me venient? ſed & exorabile numen
Fortaſſe experiar: ſolet his ignoſcere. multi
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato.
Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema.
Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ
Confirmant. tunc te ſacra ad delubra vocantem

Præcedit,

ing about the Revolution both of Days and Years, ſo they [n] touch any Altars, and ſwallow Oaths undaunted.

Another, fearing leſt a Puniſhment ſhould purſue his Crimes, imagines that there are Gods; and yet forſwears with this *Salvo* to himſelf: Let *Iſis* (the Scourge of Perjury) do as ſhe pleaſes with this Body of mine, and ſtrike my Eyes out with her angry [o] *Siſtrum*, ſo that, even Blind, I may hold faſt the Money I deny; what's a Conſumption, rotten Sores, and half a Leg? Would [p] *Ladas*, the running Footman, all in Rags, ſtick to wiſh for the rich Gout, unleſs he were ſtark-mad, and wanted Hellebore, or the Advice of *Archigenes* the Phyſician? What ſignifies the Honour of his nimble Feet? Will a hungry Branch of *Piſæan* Olive, the Prize of Victory, fill his Belly? But ſay the Anger of the Gods is great, yet it is ſlow; and if they reſolve to puniſh all the guilty World, when will they come to me? Beſides, I may poſſibly find favour with their Deities, they ſometimes pardon; many, we ſee, commit the ſame Crimes with different Fate: one, for his Villany, is crucified; another crowned. Thus they harden their Minds, tender at firſt, and trembling for fear of Guilt; thus confident, the Wretch you ſummon to the holy Altar, hurries away before you, he is ready

[n] When a Man would put a Truſtee to his Oath, he brought him into the Temple, and there made him ſwear, laying his Hand upon the Altar.

[o] An Inſtrument uſed by the Prieſts in the Celebration of the Rites of *Iſis*; it was of a triangular Form, with little Rings upon each Side, which being ſtruck with a ſmall Iron Rod, gave a ſhrill Sound.

[p] Footman to *Alexander* the Great; his Swiftneſs was ſo great, that the Print of his Foot was not ſeen upon the Sand. His Statue was ſet up at *Argos* in the Temple of *Venus*, after he had won the Foot-Race in the *Olympic* Games.

Præcedit, trahere imò ultrò, ac vexare paratus.
Nam cùm magna malæ ſupereſt audacia cauſæ,
Creditur à multis fiducia: mimum agit ille,
Urbani qualem fugitivus ſcurra Catulli.
Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis,
Vel potiùs quantùm Gradivus Homericus: audis,
Jupiter, hæc? nec labra moves, cùm mittere vocem
Debueras, vel marmoreus, vel aheneus? aut cur
In carbone tuo chartâ pia thura ſolutâ
Ponimus, & ſectum vituli jecur, albaque porci
Omenta? ut video, nullum diſcrimen habendum eſt
Effigies inter veſtras, ſtatuamque Batylli.
Accipe, quæ contrà valeat ſolatia ferre,
Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoïca dogmata legit
A Cynicis tunicâ diſtantia; non Epicurum
Suſpicit exigui lætum plantaribus horti.

Curentur

to drag you along by Force, and teazes you to bring him to his Oath; for when Impudence ſupports a wicked Cauſe, to ſome it looks like Innocence. He rails at you with ſuch an Outcry as the run-away Buffoon makes in the [q] *Viſion* of *Catullus*. Then you, poor Soul, exclaim ſo loud as to drown [r] *Stentor's* Noiſe; or rather, to exceed the Cry of wounded [s] *Mars*, deſcribed by *Homer*. Heareſt thou, *Jove*, theſe Things, and not one Word, when thou oughteſt to threaten Vengeance, wert thou even made of Marble or of Braſs? Or why, inſtead of empty Vows, upon thy burning Altars do we pour the ſacred Frankincenſe, a Calf's ſlit Liver, or a Hog's white Cawl? As far as I perceive, there is no Difference between thy Images and the Statue of [t] *Bathyllus* the Muſician.

HEAR therefore what Comfort may be applied in your Caſe, by one who neither reads the Rules of the *Cynic* or *Stoic* Philoſophers, differing from the other only in [u] Dreſs, by wearing a Coat leſs; by one who is no Admirer of [x] *Epicurus*, who pleaſed himſelf with the Herbs raiſed in his own ſmall Garden. Patients

[q] *Urbanus Catullus* was the Author of a Comedy, called, *The Phantaſm* or *Viſion*, where a Mimic is introduced making a hideous Noiſe. This Play is loſt by Time, and ſo it is all Conjecture.

[r] A *Grecian*, who had as loud a Voice as fifty Men together.

[s] *Mars*, wounded by *Diomedes*, roared as loud as the Cry of ten thouſand Men when they join Battle.

[t] His Statue was erected at *Samos*, in the Temple of *Juno*, by the Tyrant *Polycrates*.

[u] The *Cynic* and *Stoic* Philoſophers differed more in their Clothes than in their Opinions, the *Cynics* wearing two Cloaks, the *Stoics* but one.

[x] A Philoſopher of *Athens*, a temperate and ſober Man, who lived upon Bread and Water, and Herbs; he placed the chief Happineſs in the Tranquillity of the Mind.

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri,
Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.
Si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
Ostendis, taceo; nec pugnis cædere pectus
Te veto, nec planâ faciem contundere palmâ:
Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno,
Et majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu
Planguntur nummi, quàm funera. nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris.
Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querelâ;
Si decies lectis diversâ parte tabellis,
Vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
Arguit ipsorum quos litera, gemmaque princeps
Sardonyches, loculis quæ custoditur eburnis:
Ten', ô delicias, extra communia censes
Ponendum? Quî tu gallinæ filius albæ,
Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis?
Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam,
Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina: Confer
Conductum latronem, incendia sulphure cæpta,
Atque dolo, primos cùm janua colligit ignes:
Confer & hos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
Pocula adorandæ rubiginis, & populorum
Dona, vel antiquo positas à rege coronas.
Hæc ibi si non sunt, minor extat sacrilegus, qui
Radat inaurati femur Herculis, & faciem ipsam

Neptuni

who are in a deſperate way, ſhould be attended by Phyſicians of Character, but you may truſt your Vein with *Philip* the Surgeon's Boy.

COULD you ſhew no Example of ſo vile an Act in all the World, I have done, in God's Name beat your Breaſt with your Fiſt, and ſtrike your Face with your open Hands, ſhut up your Doors cloſe, in ſign of Mourning for your Loſs; for Money is lamented with much deeper Groans, and with a louder Noiſe of all the Family than the Death of neareſt Friends; no one feigns concern in ſuch a Caſe, or thinks it ſufficient to rend only the Border of his Gown, or rubs his Eyes to ſqueeze out forced Tears; no, loſt Money is deplored with real Grief. But if you ſhould ſee our Courts of Juſtice full of the like Complaints; if, when Writings have been read ten Times over before many Witneſſes, and in divers Places, you find Men denying the Obligation of ſuch Deeds, tho' their own Hand, and their Seal, (cut upon a *Sardonyx* of Value, and kept in a choice Ivory Box) are plain Evidence againſt him, do you, ſweet Sir, think your ſelf exempt from the Stroke of ſuch common Accidents? How came you to be Fortune's Favourite, hatched as we ſay by a white Hen, and we a baſer Brood from unpropitious Eggs? You ſuffer but a trifle to be born with moderate Concern, if you do but turn your eyes to greater Crimes about you. What think you of the hired Cut-throat, of Fires treacherouſly raiſed by Sulphur, that firſt ſets your Doors all in a Blaze? What think you of the Villain who ſpoils ſome antique Shrine of a huge Goblet of venerable Ruſt, a whole Nation's Offering, or of a Crown preſented by ſome ancient King? If there be none of theſe, the little ſacrilegious Thief will ſcrape the gilded Thigh of

Neptuni, qui bracteolam de Caſtore ducat.
An dubitet, ſolitus totum conflare Tonantem?
Confer & artifices, mercatoremque veneni,
Et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo
Clauditur adverſis innoxia ſimia fatis.
Hæc quota pars ſcelerum, quæ cuſtos Gallicus urbis
Uſque à Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit?
Humani generis mores tibi nôſſe volenti
Sufficit una domus; paucos conſume dies, &
Dicere te miſerum, poſtquàm illinc veneris, aude.
Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? Aut quis
In Meroë craſſo majorem infante mamillam?
Cærula quis ſtupuit Germani lumina, flavam
Cæſariem, & madido torquentem cornua cirro?
Nempè quòd hæc illis natura eſt omnibus una.
Ad ſubitas Thracum volucres, nubemque ſonoram
Pygmæus parvis currit bellator in armis:
Mox impar hoſti, raptuſque per aëra curvis
Unguibus à ſævâ fertur grue: Si videas hoc
Gentibus in noſtris, riſu quaterere: Sed illic,
Quanquàm eadem aſſiduè ſpectentur prælia, ridet
Nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non eſt altior uno.

Nullane

Hercules, or *Neptune*'s Beard, or peel the Leaf-Gold laid upon *Caſtor*'s Statue. What will not he dare, that has been uſed to ſteal *Jove*'s Image, and even to melt the Thunderer down? What think you of the Compounders and Sellers of Poiſon, of Parricides thrown in an Ox-hide into the Sea, with whom, hard Fate! the guiltleſs Ape is doomed to die? What Trifles are theſe Crimes, if once compared with ſuch as *Gallicus* the Præfect of the City hears, ſitting in Court from break of Day 'till Night? If you deſire to know the Vices of Mankind, this Court alone will ſhew abundantly; do but attend a few Days here, and when you come away, dare, if you can, to call yourſelf unhappy. Who wonders on the [y] *Alps* to ſee a hanging Throat? Who ſtares, in *Meroë*, at the Mother's Breaſt larger than the plump Infant? Who is ſurprized to meet a *German* with his blue Eyes and yellow Hair, twiſting his anointed Locks, like Horns, into a Curl? The Reaſon is, becauſe Nature acts uniformly, and appears one and the ſame in all. When ſuddenly a Flight of Cranes deſcend like a dark Cloud, cruncling with dreadful Noiſe, the [z] *Pygmy* Warrior hurries to his Arms ſo ſmall; but ſoon o'erpower'd, and carried ſprawling through the Air, is borne away in the bent Claws of his moſt cruel Foe. If you were to ſee this in our Country, you would ſhake your Sides with laughing: But there, where ſuch Battles are fought every Day, no one ſo much as ſmiles, and yet not a Soldier in the Army meaſures much above a Foot.

[y] The Inhabitants about the *Alps* have generally great Swellings in their Throat; occaſioned, it is ſuppoſed, by drinking the Snow-Water.

[z] The Pygmies were a People of *Thrace*, not much above a Foot-high, who had continual War with the Cranes.

BUT

Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudiſque nefandæ
Pœna erit? abreptum crede hunc graviore catenâ
Protinus, & noſtro (quid plus velit ira?) necari
Arbitrio. manet illa tamen jactura, nec unquam
Depoſitum tibi ſoſpes erit: ſed corpore trunco
Invidioſa dabit minimus ſolatia ſanguis:
Ad vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ.
Nempe hoc indocti, quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum, aut levibus videas flagrantia cauſis.
Quantulacunque adeò eſt occaſio, ſufficit iræ.
Chryſippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique ſenex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare. Plurima felix
Paulatim vitia, atque errores exuit omnes,
Prima docens rectum Sapientia: quippe minuti
Semper & infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio. *continuò ſic collige, quòd vindicta*
Nemo magis gaudet, quàm fœmina. cur tamen hos tu
Evaſiſſe putes, quos diri conſcia facti
Mens habet attonitos, & ſurdo verbere cædit,
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo ſævior illis,
Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque ſuum geſtare in pectore teſtem.
* *Spartano cuidam reſpondit Pythia vates,*
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quòd dubitaret
Depoſitum retinere, & fraudem jure tueri

* The Poet alludes here to a Story related by *Herodotus*, of one *Glaucus* a *Spartan*, with whom a *Mileſian*, in confidence of his Honeſty, left a Sum of Money in Truſt; the Sons of this *Mileſian*, ſome time after, came and demanded the Money; but *Glaucus* denied it, and ſent them away without it. Yet going to the Oracle to know whether he ſhould conſtantly deny it or not, he was anſwered, That if he forſwore the Money, he might eſcape for a Time; but for his wicked Deſign, he and all his Family ſhould be utterly deſtroyed. Upon this *Glaucus* ſent for the *Mileſians*, and paid them the whole Sum. But what the Oracle foretold came to paſs, for he and all his Kindred were ſoon exterminated.

Jurando:

BUT ſhall no Puniſhment purſue the perjured Head, a Treachery horrid as this! Suppoſe the Villain caſt into a Dungeon, loaded with heavieſt Chains, and tortured there at your own Will, (and what can Rage deſire more than this?) Your Loſs would ſtill remain the ſame, nor would your Pledge be ever the more ſafe. *But the leaſt Drop of Blood, preſſed from his mangled Body, would give me Comfort even to be envied; Revenge affords a Pleaſure ſweeter than Life it ſelf.* Fools indeed think ſo, whoſe very Bowels are all on fire, ſometimes for nothing, or for the ſmalleſt Reaſon; any the leaſt Occaſion is enough to raiſe their Paſſion: But ſo ſaid not *Chryſippus*, nor the forgiving Mind of *Thales*, nor old *Socrates*, a Neighbour to the ſweet *Hymettus*, who bound in cruel Chains, would not offer one Drop of the cold Hemlock to his Accuſer. Wiſdom that firſt informs us what is right, ſtrips us by Degrees of every Vice and every Error; Revenge is pleaſing only to a little, an abject, and a narrow Mind. This you may ſoon collect from hence, that no Creature is more delighted with Revenge than *Woman.* But why ſhould you ſuppoſe thoſe Wretches eſcape unpuniſhed, whoſe very Souls, conſcious of dreadful Crimes, are all Aſtoniſhment, are laſhed with Strokes unheard, Conſcience the Executioner ſhaking her ſecret Whip with Terror over them? To carry Night and Day within his Breaſt a Witneſs of his Guilt, is Vengeance more ſevere, more terrible than what the ſtern *Cæditius*, or *Rhadamanthus* Judge of Hell, could e'er invent.

A CERTAIN *Spartan* was anſwered by the *Pythian* Propheteſs, that he ſhould not go unpuniſhed only for doubting whether he ſhould retain a Pledge left in his Hands, or defend the Fraud

Jurando: Quærebat enim quæ numinis eſſet
Mens; & an hoc illi facinus ſuaderet Apollo.
Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; & tamen omnem
Vocem adyti dignam templo, veramque probavit,
Extinctus totâ pariter cum prole domoque,
Et quamvis longâ deductis gente propinquis.
Has patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas.
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet: *cedò, ſi conata peregit?*
Perpetua anxietas, nec menſæ tempore ceſſat;
Faucibus ut morbo ſiccis, interque molares
Difficili creſcente cibo. ſed vina miſellus
Exſpuit: Albani veteris pretioſa ſenectus
Diſplicet. oſtendas melius, denſiſſima ruga
Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.
Nocte brevem ſi fortè indulſit cura ſoporem,
Et toto verſata toro jam membra quieſcunt,
Continuò templum, & violati numinis aras,
Et (quod præcipuis mentem ſudoribus urget)
Te videt in ſomnis. tua ſacra & major imago
Humanâ turbat pavidum, cogitque fateri.
Hi ſunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,
Cùm tonat; exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli:
Non quaſi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, ſed
Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.

Fraud by a falſe Oath. He inquired what the Opinion of the Deity was, and whether *Apollo* approved of the Deceit; however, the Money he reſtored, more from a Principle of Fear than of Conſcience: Yet the Event confirmed the Prediction of the Oracle to be true, and worthy of the Shrine from whence it came; for the Man, with his Children and Family, was utterly extirpated, with all his Relations, tho' deſcended from a long Train of Anceſtors. Thus was the meer Intention of doing Ill, moſt juſtly puniſhed; for he, who in his Heart conceives a ſecret Villany, has equal Guilt as if he did the Act. But had he finiſhed the Deſign, what would he ſuffer? Perpetual Torment, without reſpite even at his Meals, his Jaws parched as in a Fever, his Meat hard to ſwallow, and ſwelling between his Grinders. The miſerable Wretch ſpues up his Wine, the precious Juice of the *Albanian* Grape, mellowed with Age diſpleaſes; ſet before him Liquor of a nobler Flavour, he makes a ſour Face all over Wrinkles, as if it were tart *Falernan*. If in the Night the Horror of his Mind allows him a ſhort Repoſe, and his Limbs, tired with toſſing o'er the Bed, enjoy ſome Reſt, preſently in his Dreams he ſees the Temple, the Altars of the Deity profaned, and (which preſſes his dark Soul with Agonies not to be endured) he ſees Thee, thy dreadful Figure of Gigantic Size, torments him quaking with Fear, and frights him to confeſs; theſe are the Guilty that tremble at every Flaſh of Lightning, at every Thunderclap turn pale, are dying at the leaſt Grumbling in the Air; the Fire he knows is not the Effect of Chance, or raiſed by Rage of Winds, but falls in Fury on the Earth, and comes full charged

Illa nihil nocuit, curâ graviore timetur
Proxima tempeſtas; velut hoc dilata ſereno.
Prætereà lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
Si cæpêre pati, miſſum ad ſua corpora morbum
Infeſto credunt à numine: ſaxa Deorum
Hæc, & tela putant. pecudem ſpondere ſacello
Balantem, & Laribus criſtam promittere galli
Non audent. quid enim ſperare nocentibus ægris
Conceſſum? vel quæ non dignior hoſtia vitâ?
Mobilis & varia eſt fermè natura malorum.
Cùm ſcelus admittunt, ſupereſt conſtantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt ſentire, peractis
Criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos, fixa & mutari neſcia. nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attritâ de fronte ruborem?
Quiſnam hominum eſt, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio? dabit in laqueum veſtigia noſter
Perfidus, & nigri patietur carceris uncum,
Aut maris Ægæi rupem, ſcopuloſque frequentes
Exulibus magnis. pœnâ gaudebis amarâ
Nominis inviſi: tandemque fatebere lætus
Nec ſurdum, nec Tireſiam quenquam eſſe Deorum.

ged with Vengeance. This Stroke perhaps he 'ſcapes, but dreads the next with double Horror, as if delayed by one fair Day, only to fall the heavier. Beſides, when they begin to feel a ſharp *Pleuritic* Pain, attended by a wakeful Fever, the Diſeaſe inflicted on their Bodies, they believe, is ſent by ſome inraged Deity. Theſe are the Stones they think the Artillery of the Gods to plague the Wicked. They dare not vow to offer at the Altar a bleating Lamb for their Recovery, nor promiſe a poor Cock's Creſt as an Oblation to their *Lares*; what can ſuch guilty Souls be allowed to hope for when they are ſick? Or what Victim does not more deſerve to live than they? The Nature of the Wicked is commonly wavering and timorous at firſt, but engaging in the Act, they become reſolute. When the Pleaſure of the Crime is over, they begin too late to reflect, to diſtinguiſh between Right and Wrong; but Nature ſoon returns to vitious Courſes, in that ſhe is fixed and unchangeable. For who engaged in Vice ever ſet Bounds to his Purſuit of it? When did a Man recover his Modeſty once baniſhed from his harden'd Face? Where is he that contented himſelf with taſting a Sin but once? This cheating Villain of your's will never reſt, 'till he has got his Legs into Fetters, and drags his Chain in ſome dark Dungeon, or is baniſhed into a craggy Iſle of the *Ægean* Sea, among the Rocks thronged with Exiles of the firſt Quality; then will you glory in the bitter Puniſhment of his hated Name; and then with Joy confeſs that no God is deaf, or, as [a] *Tireſias*, blind.

[a] A blind Soothſayer of *Thebes*, fabled to be ſtruck blind by *Juno*, for deciding a Diſpute between her and her Huſband, in favour of *Jupiter*, who in requital gave him the Gift of Prophecy.

SATIRE

SATIRA XIV.

PLurima ſunt, Fuſcine, & famâ digna ſiniſtrâ,
Et nitidis maculam hæſuram figentia rebus,
Quæ monſtrant ipſi pueris traduntque parentes.
Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo:
Nec de ſe meliùs cuiquam ſperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terræ,
Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
Mergere ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
Et canâ monſtrante gulâ. cùm ſeptimus annus
Tranſierit puero, nondum omni dente renato,
Barbatos licèt admoveas mille inde magiſtros,
Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu
Semper, & à magnâ non degenerare culinâ.

Mitem

SATIRE XIV.

THERE are many Actions, *Fuſcinus*, that are deſervedly ſcandalous, and fix a laſting Stain and Blemiſh upon the moſt inoffenſive Behaviour, which Parents themſelves daily ſhew and recommend to their Children. If the fatal Die be the favourite Pleaſure of the Father, you will ſee the Son and Heir in Hanging-Sleeves ſhaking his little Box, and engaging at the ſame Weapons. Nor does the Youth give any of his Relations a better Proſpect of doing well, who has learnt to peel a *Fungus*, to pickle a *Muſhroom*, and ſet the [a] *Beccafico* a-ſwimming in the ſame Liquor; and this by the Inſtruction of the Epicure his Father, by the Example of Gluttony in grey Hairs. Take ſuch a Lad juſt turned of ſeven, before his Sett of Teeth are all come again, and place a Thouſand of the graveſt Tutors on one ſide of him, and as many on the other, he will be always longing for an extravagant Supper, and never degenerate from the Luxury of his Father's Kitchen.

[a] A delicious Bird called a *Fig-eater*, recommended by *Apicius* according to the wanton Cookery of thoſe Times. This was the only Bird, it ſeems, that was uſually eaten all of it; for it was eſteemed a Sign of a coarſe vulgar Palate, to eat any more than the hinder Parts of other Birds.

Mitem animum, & mores, modicis erroribus æquos :
Præcipit, atque animas ſervorum, & corpora noſtra
Materiâ conſtare putat, paribuſque elementis ;
An ſævire docet Rutilus ? qui gaudet acerbo
Plagarum ſtrepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis
Comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus ?
Tum felix, quoties aliquis tortore vocato
Uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro.
Quid ſuadet juveni lætus ſtridore catenæ,
Quem mirè afficiunt inſcripta ergaſtula, carcer
Ruſticus ? Expectas, ut non ſit adultera Largæ
Filia, quæ nunquam maternos dicere mœchos
Tam citò, nec tanto poterit contexere curſu,
Ut non ter decies reſpiret ? conſcia matri
Virgo fuit : ceras nunc hâc diſtante puſillas
Implet, & ad mœchum dat eiſdem ferre cinædis.
Sic natura jubet : Velociùs & citiùs nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domeſtica, magnis
Cùm ſubeunt animos authoribus. *Unus & alter*

Forſitan

Is *Rutilus* capable of ſetting his Children an Example of a mild Diſpoſition, of a Temper that makes allowance for ſmall Faults? Does he think his Servants have Souls, and that their Bodies are made of Fleſh and Blood, and of the ſame Elements with his own? Does not he rather ſhew a Pattern of Cruelty? Does not he delight in the ſad Noiſe of Blows, and prefers the Crack of Whips to the Muſic of a *Siren*? Is he not a downright [b] *Antiphates*, a *Polyphemus*, to his trembling Family? Never happy but when one of his Servants is [c] burnt by the Executioner with a hot Iron, for ſtealing ſuch a Trifle as a couple of Towels? What but Barbarity can a Father, who is pleaſed with the rattling of Chains, recommend to his Son, whom he has taught to be wonderfully delighted with the Sight of Slaves branded, and with the Smell of a Country Jail? Do you expect that the Daughter of *Larga* ſhould not be a common Strumpet, who could not repeat the Names of her Mother's Adulterers, let her run over the Liſt ever ſo faſt, without taking Breath at leaſt thirty Times? The Girl was privy to her Mother's Lewdneſs, now ſhe is grown up to write her little Billetdoux, inſtructed by the old Bawd, and ſends them to her Gallant by the ſame Pimps; it was natural to do ſo, for Examples of Vice in the ſame Family corrupt the ſooneſt, eſpecially under the Influence of thoſe who have a Right to uſe Authority over us. One

[b] King of the *Læſtrigones*, a ſavage People near *Formiæ* in *Italy*, Eaters of Man's Fleſh; *Polyphemus* the *Cyclops* lived upon the ſame Diet.

[c] It was the Cuſtom to brand their Servants with deep Characters upon their Faces, being their Maſter's Mark by which they were known, that if they ran away they might be brought back again. The common Letter with which they were branded to expreſs their Flight was the *Greek* Φ.

Forſitan hæc ſpernant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ,
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.
Sed reliquos fugienda patrum veſtigia ducunt ;
Et monſtrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.
Abſtineas igitur damnandis ; hujus enim vel
Una potens ratio eſt, ne crimina noſtra ſequantur
Ex nobis geniti : quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus & pravis omnes ſumus ; *& Catilinam*
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe :
Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus uſquam.
Nil dictu fœdum, viſuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer eſt. *procul hinc, procul inde puellæ*
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis paraſiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. *Si quid*
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contempſeris annos :
Sed peccaturo obſiſtat tibi filius infans.
Nam ſi quid dignum Cenſoris fecerit irâ,
(Quandoquidem ſimilem tibi ſe non corpore tantùm,
Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius) & cûm
Omnia deteriùs tua per veſtigia peccet,
Corripies nimirùm, & caſtigabis acerbo
Clamore, ac poſt hæc tabulas mutare parabis.
Unde tibi frontem, libertatemque parentis,
Cùm facias pejora ſenex ? vacuumque cerebro

Jampridem

Youth perhaps among a Thouſand may deſpiſe the Infection of his Father's Vices, but he muſt have been moulded with ſingular Art indeed, and his Contexture formed out of the fineſt Clay. But generally the deteſtable Examples of Parents leave a laſting Impreſſion upon Children, and the beaten Track of Wickedneſs, conſtantly before their Eyes, draws them into the ſame Crimes. Refrain therefore from ill Actions, were it only for this one invincible Reaſon, leſt our Children ſhould follow us in the ſame Vices; for we are all of us too ready to imitate baſe and depraved Examples. You may ſee a *Catiline* in every Nation, in every Climate, but no where will you find a *Brutus* or a *Cato*. Nothing indecent to be ſaid or ſeen, ſhould approach thoſe Doors were there are Children. Hence far away, be gone you hired Whores, and filthy Catches of the Paraſite ſinging all Night for Bread. The greateſt Reverence is due to Youth. If you propoſe to commit a ſecret Sin, do not deſpiſe the tender Years of your Son, but let the Preſence of the little Boy check your Deſign, and ſtop you from the Act. If the Lad proves vicious, and falls under the Correction of the *Cenſor*, (for he is not to reſemble you in Perſon and in Face only, but will ſhew himſelf the Son of your Morals) and becomes much worſe by following you in all your Steps, no doubt, you will call him to a ſevere Account, and exclaim bitterly againſt him; and if he does not mend his Manners, you will alter your Will, and diſinherit him. With what Face can you aſſume the Look and Authority of a Father, when you, an old Fellow too, do much worſe? When that brainleſs Head of

Jampridem caput hoc ventoſa cucurbita quærat?
Hoſpite venturo, ceſſabit nemo tuorum:
Verre pavimentum, nitidas oſtende columnas,
Arida cum totâ deſcendat aranea telâ:
Hic læve argentum, vaſa aſpera tergeat alter:
Vox domini fremit inſtantis, virgamque tenentis.
Ergo miſer trepidas, ne ſtercore fœda canino
Atria diſpliceant oculis venientis amici?
Ne perfuſa luto ſit porticus: & tamen uno
Semodio ſcobis hæc emundet ſervulus unus:
Illud non agitas, ut ſanctam filius omni
Aſpiciat ſinè labe domum, vitioque carentem?
Gratum eſt, quòd patriæ civem populoque dediſti,
Si facis, ut patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis & bellorum, & pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimùm enim intererit, quibus artibus, & quibus hunc tu
Moribus inſtituas. *Serpente ciconia pullos*
Nutrit, & inventâ per devia rura lacertâ:
Illi eadem ſumptis quærunt animalia pennis.
Vultur jumento & canibus, crucibuſque relictis,
Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert.
Hinc eſt ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, & ſe
Paſcentis, propriâ cùm jam facit arbore nidos.
Sed leporem, aut capream, famulæ Jovis, & generoſæ

yours has long ſince called loud for [d] Cupping-glaſſes to ſet it right?

WHEN a Friend intends you a Viſit, not one in the Family is idle, *Rub all the Floors, ſee the Pillars are clean, bruſh the dead Spiders and the Cobwebs down; you Sir, ſcour all the plain Plate, and you, the figured:* The Maſter's bluſtering Voice, and the Whip in his Hand, keep them all to their Work. Wretch! doſt thou tremble leſt thy Court-yard, fouled by ſome filthy Cur, ſhould diſtaſte the Eyes of thy expected Gueſt, leſt thy Gallery ſhould be covered with Dirt, when an ordinary Servant with half a Buſhel of ſcouring Duſt, would make every thing clean, and yet haſt no Concern that thy Son ſhould ſee a ſober Famly at Home, without Reproach, and free from Vice? It is commendable, I own, that you gave a Subject to your Country and the *Roman* People; but then you ſhould take care that he be worthy of his Country, that he underſtands the Buſineſs of the Field, that he is qualified to tranſact the Affairs of War and Peace; for it is of the utmoſt Conſequence with what Principles, with what Morals you furniſh him in his Youth. The Stork feeds her Young with Serpents, and with Lizards ſhe finds in the wild Woods; they, when they can fly, purſue the ſame Creatures for their Food. The Vulture haſtens to his Brood with Horſe-fleſh, with Dogs, with Limbs from Gibbets, and brings part of the Carcaſe with her. The Young, when grown up to feed themſelves, live upon the ſame Diet, and chuſe Trees to build Neſts of their own. But *Jove*'s

[d] The ancient Cupping-Glaſſes were of Braſs and Horn; in a Phrenſy they uſed to trepan the Patient or open the Fore-part of his Scull, and ſet on Cupping-Glaſſes to take off the Fever, and bring him to ſleep.

In ſaltu venantur aves: hinc præda cubili
Ponitur: inde autem, cùm ſe matura levârit
Progenies ſtimulante fame, feſtinat ad illam,
Quam primùm rupto prædam guſtaverat ovo.
Ædificator erat Centronius, & modò curvo
Littore Cajetæ, ſummâ nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis, longéque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem;
Ut ſpado vincebat Capitolia noſtra Poſides.
Dum ſic ergo habitat Centronius, imminuit rem.
Fregit opes, nec parva tamen menſura relictæ
Partis erat: totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.
Quidam ſortiti metuentem Sabbata patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & cæli numen adorant;
Nec diſtare putant humanâ carne ſuillam,
Quâ pater abſtinuit; mox & præputia ponunt:
Romanas autem ſoliti contemnere leges,
Judaïcum ediſcunt, & ſervant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moſes:
Non monſtrare vias, eadem niſi ſacra colenti;
Quæſitum ad fontem ſolos deducere verpos.
Sed pater in causâ, cui ſeptima quæque fuit lux

Ignava,

Eagle, and Birds of nobler Blood, hunt the Woods for the Hare or the Kid, from thence they bear their Prey home; and ſo their Young, when raiſed upon the Wing, and Hunger pinches, haſten to that Prey, which firſt they taſted when they burſt the Shell.

CENTRONIUS was a Builder; one while the lofty Tops of Palaces he raiſed upon [e] *Cajeta*'s winding Shore; then at the Tower of *Tybur*, now on *Præneſte*'s Hills, with *Grecian* Marble, and far fetched, as much exceeding the Temple of *Fortune* and of *Hercules*, as [f] *Poſides* the Eunuch out-did the Fabric of the Capitol; *Centronius* therefore living thus in Grandeur, leſſened his Fortune, impaired his Wealth, and yet what he left of his great Eſtate, was no inconſiderable Part; all this however his mad Son run through, attempting to raiſe new *Villas* of more expenſive Marble.

THERE are ſome deſcended from a Father who dreads to break the *Sabbath*; theſe worſhip nothing but the Clouds, and one only God that dwells above. The Fleſh of Swine they hold as execrable to eat as human Bodies. Of this their Fathers never touched. They cut off the Foreſkin, and are uſed betimes to villify the *Roman* Rites, they learn to keep the *Jewiſh* Rules, and fear no Laws, but what are publiſhed in the myſtic Volume by *Moſes*. They will not ſo much as ſhew the Way to one of a different Religion, nor lead a Stranger to a deſired Spring to drink, only their Brethren of the Circumciſion. And why? Their Fathers taught them ſo, who every ſeventh Day kept idle, nor

[e] A Sea-Port in *Campania*, not far from *Baiæ*, built in memory of *Cajeta*, Nurſe to *Æneas*.

[f] A Freedman of *Claudius Cæſar*. He built at *Baiæ* that ſtately Fabric called the *Poſidonian* Bath.

made

Ignava, & partem vitæ non attigit ullam.
Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera: ſolam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
Fallit enim vitium ſpecie virtutis, & umbrâ,
Cùm ſit triſte habitu, vultuque & veſte ſeverum.
Nec dubiè tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo, & rerum tutela ſuarum
Certa magis, quàm ſi fortunas ſervet eaſdem
Heſperidum ſerpens, aut Ponticus. adde quòd hunc, de
Quo loquor, egregium populus putat, atque verendum
Artificem: quippe his creſcunt patrimonia fabris.
Sed creſcunt quocunque modo, majoraque fiunt
Incude aſſiduâ, ſemperque ardente camino.
Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
Pauperis eſſe putat; juvenes hortatur, ut illam
Ire viam pergant, & eidem incumbere ſectæ.
Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa: his protinus illos
Imbuit, & cogit minimas ediſcere ſordes.
Mox acquirendi docet inſatiabile votum.
Servorum ventres modio caſtigat iniquo,
Ipſe quoque eſuriens: neque enim omnia ſuſtinet unquam
Mucida cærulei panis conſumere fruſta,
Heſternum ſolitus medio ſervare minutal
Septembri; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ

made it anſwer to any the leaſt Purpoſes of Life.

ALL other Vices Youth are fond to imitate, but that of Avarice is forced upon them againſt their Wills; this Vice deceives under the Pretence and Shade of Virtue; it has a reverend Outſide, its Face and Dreſs ſhew ſolemn and ſevere; no wonder then the Covetous is applauded as a frugal, as a thrifty Man, whoſe Money is ſecured more ſafely than if thoſe Bags were guarded by the [g] *Heſperian* or *Pontic* Serpent. Beſides, this very Man the People praiſe as excellent, and reſpect as a moſt ingenious Artiſt; for it is by Workmen ſuch as theſe Eſtates are raiſed, but raiſed they are, no matter how; by laying on the Anvil perpetually, and keeping the Forge hot, Fortunes are hammered out. The Father, therefore, believes the Covetous alone bleſt in their Minds, he admires their Wealth, and thinks there is no Example of a poor Man happy; his Sons he ſtrictly orders to go the ſame Way, and follow cloſe that thriving Sect. There are certain Elements of Vice, with theſe he ſeaſons firſt their tender Years, and compels the Youth to learn the meaneſt, the moſt ſordid Stingineſs; then as they grow up, he opens to them the unbounded Scene of growing rich. He mortifies his Servant's Bellies by ſhort Allowance, himſelf half-ſtarved, nor will he ſuffer all the mouldy Cruſts of his blue Bread to be devoured at once; he ſets by part of the Haſh of Yeſterday in the middle of *September*, and lays up for another Meal the Diſh of cold

[g] The Dragon that watched the Garden of the *Heſperides*, the Daughters of *Atlas*; from whence, notwithſtanding, *Hercules* ſtole the *Golden Apples*. *Jaſon* likewiſe carried off the *Golden Fleece*, guarded by the Dragon at *Colchos* in *Pontus*.

Beans

Alterius, conchen æſtivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique ſiluro,
Filaque ſectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negaret.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas?
Cùm furor haud dubius, cùm ſit manifeſta phreneſis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato?
Intereà pleno cùm turget ſacculus ore,
Creſcit amor nummi, quantùm ipſa pecunia creſcit;
Et minùs hanc optat, qui non habet. ergo paratur
Altera villa tibi cùm rus non ſufficit unum,
Et proferre libet fines; majorque videtur,
Et melior vicina ſeges: mercaris & hanc, &
Arbuſta, & densâ montem qui canet olivâ:
Quorum ſi pretio, dominus non vincitur ullo,
Nocte boves macri, laſſoque famelica collo
Armenta ad virides hujus mittentur ariſtas;
Nec priùs inde domum, quàm tota novalia ſævos
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
Dicere vix poſſis, quàm multi talia plorent,
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.
Sed qui ſermones? quàm fœdæ buccina famæ?
Quid nocet hoc? inquit. tunicam mihi malo lupini,
Quàm ſi me toto laudet vicinia pago
Exigui ruris pauciſſima farra ſecantem.
Scilicet & morbis & debilitate carebis,
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi poſt hæc fato meliore dabuntur;
Si tantum culti ſolus poſſederis agri,

Quantum

Beans with Scraps of Summer Fiſh ſealed up; nor does he forget to ſave half of a ſtinking Shad, and the Threads of a chop'd Leek, carefully counted leſt they ſhould be ſtolen. A Beggar on a Bridge invited here would ſcorn to come.

BUT to what end ſerve Riches heaped together with ſuch Plagues, ſince it is Madneſs beyond Diſpute, a Phrenzy moſt notorious, to live poor, that you may die rich. Beſides, when your Bags are full up to the Mouth, your Love of Money grows as your Wealth increaſes; the Man that has none deſires it the leaſt. You look out then for another Farm, one is not enough, you want to extend your Boundaries; your Neighbour's Crop ſhews larger and better than your own, his Field therefore muſt be purchaſed, his Grove, and the Hill white with a Wood of Olives when in Bloom. If the Owner refuſes to ſell at any Price, your lean Oxen and ſtarved Herd, with their tired Necks, are turned into his green Corn by Night, nor will they ſtir homewards, 'till the whole Crop be ſwallowed into their inſatiable Guts, that you would think the Field had been reaped with Sickles. It is incredible almoſt how many have ſuffered by ſuch Oppreſſion, how many, Injuries of this Nature have forced to ſell their Eſtates.

BUT what does the World ſay of you, what a foul Character you have abroad? *What does this hurt me?* he cries; *I value the Huſk of a Bean more than to have the Praiſe of all the Town, if my Farm be ſmall, and affords but a poor Crop.* No doubt, you will eſcape Diſtempers and Sickneſs, avoid all Sorrow and Care, and be allowed a long Stage of Life, attended with uncommon Happineſs, provided you alone poſſeſſed as much ploughed Land as the whole *Roman* People

Quantum ſub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
Mox etiam fractis ætate, ac Punica paſſis
Prælia, vel Pyrrhum immanem, gladioſque Moloſſos,
Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. merces ea ſanguinis atque laboris
Nullis viſa unquam meritis minor, aut ingratæ
Curta fides patriæ. ſaturabat glebula talis
Patrem ipſum, turbamque caſæ, quâ fœta jacebat
Uxor, & infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
Vernula, tres domini: ſed magnis fratribus horum
A ſcrobe vel ſulco redeuntibus, altera cœna
Amplior, & grandes fumabant pultibus ollæ.
Nunc modus hic agri noſtro non ſufficit horto.
Inde ferè ſcelerum cauſæ, nec plura venena
Miſcuit, aut ferro graſſatur ſæpiùs ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quàm ſæva cupido
Indomiti cenſûs. nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri. ſed quæ reverentia legum?
Quis metus, aut pudor eſt unquam properantis avari?
Vivite contenti caſulis & collibus iſtis,
O pueri, Marſus dicebat & Hernicus olim,
Veſtinuſque ſenex; panem quærамus aratro,
Qui ſatis eſt menſis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope & auxilio, gratæ poſt munus ariſtæ,
Contingunt homini veteris faſtidia quercûs.
Nil vetitum feciſſe volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi; qui ſummovet Euros

Pellibus

ple cultivated in the Reign of *Tatius*. Since thoſe Times, the Soldier broken by Age, engaged in all the *Punic* Wars, who had felt the Rage of cruel *Pyrrhus* and *Moloſſian* Swords, was ſcarce at length rewarded with two Acres for his many Wounds; this Recompence for Blood and Toil, no one thought leſs than he deſerved, or called his Country ungrateful, as if the Allotment were too ſcanty. So ſmall a Share of Land maintained in Plenty the Father himſelf, the large Family of his Cottage, where his Wife lay big with Child, and four young Boys play'd upon the Ground, one a Slave, three free-born; but then a Meſs larger than ordinary was provided for their luſty Brother's returning from the Ditch or Plough, then the largeſt Pot ſmoked with Pulſe for Supper; but now ſo ſmall a Piece of Ground would ſcarce ſerve for a Garden.

HENCE commonly ariſe the Seeds of Villany; for there is no Wickedneſs in the Heart of Man, that compounds more Poiſons, or rages oftner with a murdering Sword than the inſatiable Deſire of an unbounded Fortune. The Man that reſolves to be wealthy, would be ſo ſoon; where is the Reverence of the Laws? Where are any Reſtraints of Fear or Shame upon a covetous Mind that hurries to be rich? *Live content, my Boys, with your Cottages and your rugged Hills*, ſaid honeſt *Marſus*, *Hernicus*, and old *Veſtinus* in former Days. *Let us get Bread by the Plough ſufficient for our Tables, the Rural Gods applaud our Diligence: It was their Bounty and Aſſiſtance that beſtowed upon us the Uſe of Corn, and taught us to loath our old Food of Acorns; the Poor (who is not aſhamed to wade through Ice in his high Shoes, and keeps off the Eaſt Wind by Skins turned inſide out) is an Enemy to Vice;*

foreign

Pellibus inverſis. peregrina, ignotaque nobis
Ad ſcelus atque nefas, quodcunque eſt, purpura ducit.
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus: at nunc
Poſt finem autumni mediâ de nocte ſupinum
Clamoſus juvenem pater excitat: accipe ceras,
Scribe, puer, vigila, cauſas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges, aut vitem poſce libello.
Sed caput intactum buxo, nareſque piloſas
Annotet, & grandes miretur Lælius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, caſtella Brigantûm
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi ſexagiſſimus annus
Afferat: aut longos caſtrorum ferre labores
Si piget, & trepido ſolvunt tibi cornua ventrem
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere poſſis
Pluris dimidio, nec te faſtidia mercis
Ullius ſubeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra:
Nec credas ponendum aliquid diſcriminis inter
Unguenta, & corium. lucri bonus eſt odor ex re
Quâlibet. *illa tuo ſententia ſemper in ore*
Verſetur, Dîs atque ipſo Jove digna, poëtæ:
Unde habeas quærit nemo; ſed oportet habere.
Hoc monſtrant vetulæ pueris poſcentibus aſſem:
Hoc diſcunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ.

foreign Purple it was, unknown to us, that led Men into Wickedneſs, into Crimes of every Sort. Theſe Remarks thoſe good old Men left to their Poſterity. But now the bauling Father rouſes his ſleepy Son at the end of Autumn, and at Midnight; *Wake, Boy, take your Paper, Write, make a Motion in Court, turn over the red-letter'd Titles of our old Law-Books, or elſe petition to be a Captain*; Lælius *the General has his Eye upon thoſe uncombed Locks of your's, thoſe hairy Noſtrils, and admires the Breadth of your Shoulders*; *down then with the Tents of the* Moors *and the Caſtles of the* Brigantes, *that by Sixty you may riſe to the fat Poſt of a Standard-bearer. But if you do not care for the long Fatigues of a Camp*; *if the Trumpet or the Cornet's Sound ſets you Trembling, and throws you into a Lax, take to a Shop*; *buy what you are ſure to ſell for Profit more than half*; *do not be nice in what Commodities you deal in, tho' fit for the other Side of the* [h] Tiber; *and believe there is no manner of Difference whether you are a Perfumer, or a ſtinking Tanner*; *for the Smell of Gain is ſweet, whatever it comes from* [i]; *let that Maxim of the Poet (worthy of the Gods, of* Jupiter *himſelf) be always in your Mouth.* [k] *No one aſks whence it comes, but come it muſt:* This is the Leſſon the old Women teach the Boys when they are begging for Halfpence, this every little Girl learns before her Alphabet.

[h] Beyond the *Tiber*, Tanning and other noiſome Trades were carried on, to preſerve the City ſweet and healthy.

[i] He alludes to the Anſwer of *Veſpaſian Cæſar*, made to his Son *Titus*, that was againſt the raiſing of Money by a Tax laid upon Urine. *Veſpaſian* pulling out of his Pocket a new-minted Piece of Gold, aſked, *How ſmells it, Titus?* He replied, *Very well, Sir. Yet*, ſaid *Veſpaſian*, *This came out of the Piſs-pot.*

[k] This whole Verſe is quoted out of the old Poet *Ennius.*

Talibus inſtantem monitis quemcunque parentem
Sic Poſſem affari: dic, ô vaniſſime, quis te
Feſtinare jubet? meliorem præſto magiſtro
Diſcipulum. Securus abi: Vincêris, ut Ajax
Præteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
Parcendum eſt teneris; nondum implevêre medullas
Nativæ mala nequitiæ: cùm pectere barbam
Cœperit, & longi mucronem admittere cultri,
Falſus erit teſtis, vendet perjuria ſummâ
Exiguâ, Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
Elatam jam crede nurum, ſi limina veſtra
Mortiferâ cum dote ſubit. quibus illa premetur
Per ſomnum digitis? Nam quæ terrâque marique
Acquirenda putes, brevior via conferet illi.
Nullus enim magni ſceleris labor. hæc ego nunquam
Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia ſuaſi:
Mentis cauſa malæ tamen eſt, & origo penes te.
Nam quiſquis magni cenſûs præcepit amorem,
Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros:
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare
Dat libertatem, totas effundit habenas
Curriculo; quem ſi revoces, ſubſiſtere neſcit,
Et te contempto rapitur, metiſque relictis.
Nemo ſatis credit tantum delinquere, quantum
Permittas: adeò indulgent ſibi latiùs ipſi.

I WOULD reply thus to any Parent ſeaſoning his Son with ſuch Principles: Tell me, vain Man, who bids you be in ſuch haſte? The Scholar, I'll warrant him, will ſoon exceed the Maſter, don't trouble yourſelf, you will be outdone. *Ajax*, you know, was more than a Match for his Father *Telamon*, and ſo was *Achilles* for his. Make allowance for his Youth; the Native Poiſon he received from you is not yet got into his Blood; have patience till he begins to trim his Beard, and admit the ſharp Razor upon his Face, you will ſoon ſee him a forſworn Evidence, ſelling his Perjuries at a very low Price, and touching the Altar and the Foot of *Ceres* without fear. Pronounce your Daughter-in-law dead, if ſhe comes within your Doors with a fatal large Fortune; how buſy his Fingers are to ſtrangle her in her Sleep? The Money you ſuppoſed would be acquired by trading by Sea and Land, but he knows how to come at it in a much ſhorter way; there is no great Labour in being a finiſhed Villain. You'll ſay perhaps when it is too late, I never gave him ſuch Orders, it was no Advice of mine. But you were the Cauſe of that wicked Diſpoſition of his, you was the Beginning of all: For whoever preſcribes the Love of unbounded Wealth, and tinctures his Children with the curſed Principles of Avarice, and allows them the liberty of doubling their Eſtates by Fraud, throws the Reins looſe upon their Neck; it is in vain to call them back, they don't know where to ſtop, they laugh at your Advice, and are carried headlong beyond all bounds. No one thinks it enough to ſin by Rule, to go as far as you allow, and no farther; they will indulge themſelves on without end, without Reſtraint or Controll. When you tutor your Son, and tell him that

Cùm dicis juveni, ſtultum, qui donet amico,
Qui paupertatem levet, attollatque propinqui;
Et ſpoliare doces, & circumſcribere, & omni
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te eſt,
Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum
Dilexit Thebas, ſi Græcia vera, Menœceus:
In quarum ſulcis legiones dentibus anguis
Cum clypeis naſcuntur, & horrida bella capeſſunt
Continuò, tanquam & tubicen ſurrexerat unà.
Ergo ignem, cujus ſcintillas ipſe dediſti,
Flagrantem latè, & rapientem cuncta videbis.
Nec tibi parcetur miſero, trepidumque magiſtrum
In caveâ magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
Nota Mathematicis geneſis tua: ſed grave tardas
Expectare colos. morieris ſtamine nondum
Abrupto: jam nunc obſtas, & vota moraris;
Jam torquet juvenem longa & cervina ſenectus.
Ocyùs Archigenem quære, atque eme quod Mithridates
Compoſuit, ſi vis aliam decerpere ficum,
Atque alias tractare roſas: medicamen habendum eſt,
Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut Rex.

Monſtro

Fools only beſtow any thing upon a Friend, or relieve the Poverty of a Relation; you teach him at the ſame Time to rob, to cheat, by the worſt of Crimes to get Money, which you follow with as ſtrong a Love as the brave [l] *Decii* ſhew'd to ſave their Country, or as [m] *Menœceus* bore for *Thebes*, if *Greece* ſays true. There, in the Furrows, armed Legions riſe from [n] *Serpents* Teeth, and wage horrid Wars continually, as if a Trumpeter had ſprung up with them, and ſounded the Alarm to Battle. You ſee then a Flame raiſed from a Spark blown up by your own Breath, that Rages far and wide, and burns down all before it, not ſparing thy wretched ſelf; and thus the young Lion roaring in his Cage, devours his trembling Keeper.

THE Aſtrologers, you ſay, have ſettled your Nativity; but 'tis irkſome to the Boy to wait the Work of that ſlow lazy Diſtaff: No, you muſt die, your Thread not yet cut off. You are in his way, you delay his Wiſhes; that long and Hart-like Old-Age of your's puts him beyond all Patience. Send inſtantly for a Phyſician, buy a Doze of *Mithridate*, if you have a Mind to pluck another Fig, or ſmell a Roſe more; get an Antidote ready to take before you eat, fit for a wealthy Father, or a Tyrant King.

[l] Noble *Romans*, who devoted themſelves to Death, to ſave their Country.

[m] The Son of *Creon* King of *Thebes*. When the City was beſieged by the *Argives*, the Oracle promiſed it ſhould not be taken, if the laſt of the Family of *Cadmus* would voluntarily die; *Menœceus* thinking himſelf concerned, fell upon his Sword.

[n] He alludes to the Story of *Cadmus*, who killing a great Serpent, took the Teeth and ſowed them in the Ground, from each of which ſprung an armed Man, who preſently fell to fighting, and diſpatched each other except five, who eſcaped with their Lives.

Monſtro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
Nulla æquare queas Prætoris pulpita lauti,
Si ſpectes, quanto capitis diſcrimine conſtent
Incrementa domús, æratâ multus in arcâ
Fiſcus, & ad vigilem ponendi Caſtora nummi,
Ex quo Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, & res
Non potuit ſervare ſuas. ergo omnia Floræ
Et Cereris licèt, & Cybeles aulæa relinquas,
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.
An magis oblectant animum jactata petauro
Corpora, quique ſolent rectum deſcendere funem?
Quàm tu, Coryciâ ſemper qui puppe moraris,
Atque habitas, Coro ſemper tollendus & Auſtro,
Perditus, ac vilis ſacci mercator olentis?
Qui gaudes pingue antiquæ de littore Cretæ
Paſſum, & municipes Jovis advexiſſe lagenas?
Hic tamen ancipiti figens veſtigia plantâ
Victum illâ mercede parat, brumamque famemque
Illâ reſtè cavet: tu propter mille talenta,
Et centum villas temerarius. aſpice portus,
Et plenum magnis trabibus mare. plus hominum eſt jam
In pelago: veniet claſſis, quocunque vocârit
Spes lucri; nec Carpathium, Gætulaque tantùm

Æquora

I'LL ſhew you a diverting Scene; nothing repreſented upon the Stage, no Shew exhibited by a *Prætor* in his Robe of State, can be compared to it. Obſerve only what deſperate Hazards attend the Increaſe of Wealth, and Treaſure locked up in a Cheſt of Braſs, and Money laid at watchful [o] *Caſtor*'s Shrine to be ſecured; for *Mars* the Revenger has no Cuſtom now, e'er ſince he loſt his Golden Helmet, nor could preſerve what was his own. No more then run after the Plays of *Flora*, of *Ceres* and of *Cybele*, the buſy World affords much more Delight; who makes the beſt Sport, a Fellow that dextrouſly throws his Body through a Hoop, or ſlips down a ſtrait Rope, or you who are ever on board in your [p] *Corycian* Ship, who live there ſubject to be toſſed by all the Winds, a baſe Wretch, a Merchant of vile ſtinking Wares, whoſe Pleaſure it is to import ſweet heavy Wine, and *Jove*'s own Country Bottles from the old *Cretan* Shore: The Dancer, who with his twining Foot takes doubtful hold, gets Bread, he eſcapes Cold and Famine by his Rope; but you venture raſhly, not for what you want, but for a thouſand Talents, a hundred *Villa's*. See the Havens, the Seas covered with great Ships; whole Cities dwell upon the Water; a Fleet will ſoon arrive where-e'er the Hope of Gain invites; and not content to paſs the [q] *Carpathian* and [r] *Gætulian* Waves, but leaving

[o] The Ancients uſed to lay up their Treaſures in the Temples, as Places of Safety, being committed to the Cuſtody of the Gods.

[p] *Corycium* was a Promontory in *Crete*, where *Jupiter* was born. The Wine made there was called *Paſſum* by the *Romans*, made of withered Grapes dried in the Sun.

[q] The *Carpathian* Sea, lying between *Rhodes* and *Egypt*, ſo called from the Iſland *Carpathus*.

[r] The Streights of *Gibraltar*, where the two *Herculean*

Æquora transiliet : sed longè Calpe relictâ,
Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.
Grande operæ pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti
Inde domum possis, tumidâque superbus alutâ,
Oceani monstra, & juvenes vidisse marinos.
Non unus mentes agitat furor. ille ororis
In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur & igni.
Hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit,
Aut Ithacum. parcat tunicis licèt atquè lacernis,
Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet
Ad summum latus, & tabulâ distinguitur undâ ;
Cùm sit causa mali tanti, & discriminis hujus,
Concisum argentum in titulos facieque minutas.
Occurrunt nubes & fulgura : solvite funem,
Frumenti dominus clamat, piperisque coëmptor ;
Nil color hic cœli, nil fascia nigra minatur :
Æstivum tonat. Infelix, ac forsitan ipsâ
Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur
Obrutus, & zonam lævâ morsuve tenebit.
Sed, cujus votis modò non suffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus, & rutilâ volvit Pactolus arenâ,
Frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni,
Exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
Dum petit, & pictâ se tempestate tuetur.

Tantis

ing *Calpe* far behind, will hear the Sun hiſſing in the *Atlantic* Ocean.

A LABOUR exceedingly worth while! to be able when you return home with your Bags ſtretched, and ſtrutting with your ſwelled Purſe, to talk what Sea-Monſters, what Mermaids you had ſeen. Madneſs does not always ſhew itſelf in the ſame Shape; *Oreſtes*, tenderly cheriſhed in his Siſter's Arms, was terrified, and took her for a Fury with her Torch. *Ajax*, in beating out a Bullock's Brains, thought *Agamemnon* or *Ulyſſes* roared. He as much wants a Keeper (tho' he does not tear his Clothes to pieces) who loads a Ship with Merchandize up to the utmoſt Edge, and has but a Plank between him and the Waves; and the Cauſe of all this Evil, of all this Hazard that he runs, is Silver ſtampt with Titles, and ſome doughty Monarch's puny Face. The Clouds, the Lightning threatens, *Weigh Anchor*, cries this Corn, this Pepper-Merchant; *That Colour of the Sky, that black Cloud forebodes no Harm; 'tis Summer-Thunder.* Unhappy Wretch, when, perhaps, this very Night the Veſſel ſplits, and down he plunges in the Sea, deep o'erwhelm'd with Waves. His Purſe aloft he bears in his Left-hand, or elſe between his Teeth. This mighty Man, unſatisfied but now with all the Gold, that *Tagus* or *Pactolus* rolls within its yellow Sand, muſt now take up with Rags to cover his cold Thighs, his Belly poorly fed. And thus our Merchant ſhipwreck'd, and his Veſſel ſunk, begs Farthings, and ſupports himſelf, ſhewing a Tempeſt paint-

Pillars ſtand, *Calpe* on the *Spaniſh* Side, and *Abyla* on the *African* Coaſt. Theſe Pillars, in *Juvenal*'s Time, were commonly believed to be the fartheſt Weſt; if they ſailed beyond, they fancied they could, when the Sun ſet, hear his fiery Chariot hiſſing in the Sea.

ed

Tantis parta malis, curâ majore metuque
Servantur. miſera eſt magni cuſtodia cenſûs.
Diſpoſitis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro, ſigniſque ſuis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
Atque ebore, & latâ teſtudine. dolia nudi
Non ardent Cynici: ſi fregeris, altera fiet
Cras domus; aut eadem plumbo commiſſa manebit.
Senſit Alexander, teſtâ cùm vidit in illâ
Magnum habitatorem, quantò felicior hic, qui
Nil cuperet, quàm qui totum ſibi poſceret orbem,
Paſſurus geſtis æquanda pericula rebus.
Nullum numen habes, ſi ſit prudentia: nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam. menſura tamen quæ
Sufficiat cenſûs, ſi quis me conſulat, edam.
In quantum ſitis atque fames & frigora poſcunt:
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis ſuffecit in hortis:
Quantum Socratici ceperunt antè Penates.

ed on a [s] Board. Riches acquired by ſo great Misfortunes are ſecured with Care and Fear much greater. 'Tis a miſerable Life to keep guard always o'er your Heaps of Money, 'tis worſe than to be poor.

RICH *Licinus* commands his Troop of Slaves to watch all Night, and have their Water-Buckets ready, quite diſtracted leſt he ſhould loſe his Amber, his Statues, *Phrygian* Columns, his Ivory and large Shells; yet the naked [t] *Cynic*'s Tub fears no fire, if you break it he may have another Houſe To-morrow, or the ſame may ſerve again ſorder'd with Lead. *Alexander*, when in that Cell he ſaw the great Inhabitant, perceived how much more happy was the Man who wiſhed for nothing, than he who ſought the Empire of the World, expoſed to certain Dangers equal to the Glory he acquired. O Fortune, did we act right, thou wouldſt have no Divinity about thee, we make thee a Goddeſs. Yet if my Opinion was aſked, what I call a competent Eſtate, my Anſwer is, as much as would provide againſt Thirſt, and Hunger, and Cold; as much as ſatisfied you, *Epicurus*, in your little Garden; as much as contented *Socra-*

[s] It was the Cuſtom for a poor Man that was ſhipwrecked, to have his Misfortune painted upon a Board, and to hang it before his Breaſt, to move Compaſſion, as our Beggars now hang their Certificates.

[t] *Diogenes*'s *Tub* is ſcarce more known than miſtaken; the Word, in the common Acceptation; implying a Veſſel of Wood, whereas his was of *Earth* baked, and conſequently in no Danger of Fire. But the Difficulty ſeems to be in repairing it if it was broken. This was done with a Soder of Lead or Pewter tempered together. I have ſeen an Earthen cracked Veſſel artificially ſewed up with a ſmall Wire drawn through little Holes made with a Drill, and the Holes and Seam afterwards cloſed up with a Sort of Cement, ſo as to hold any Liquor.

tes

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dicit,
Acribus exemplis videor te claudere; miſce
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus; effice ſummam,
Bis ſeptem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
Hæc quoque ſi rugam trahit, extenditque labellum,
Sume duos Equites, fac tertia quadringenta:
Si nondum implevi gremium, ſi panditur ultrà:
Nec Cræſi fortuna unquam, nec Perſica regna
Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narciſſi,
Indulſit Cæſar cui Claudius omnia, cujus
Paruit imperiis, uxorem occidere juſſus.

SATIRA

tes before; Nature and Wiſdom always agree in teaching us the ſame Leſſon. I ſeem perhaps by theſe Examples to be too ſcanty in my Allowance, then add ſomething upon the Account of the Extravagancy of the Age we live in; take what the *Roſcian* Law calls a [u] Knight's Eſtate; if this Sum makes you frown and hang the Lip, be as rich as two Knights; if you will, as three. If yet I have not thrown into your Lap ſufficient, if it ſpreads out wide for more, neither the Wealth of *Crœſus*, or the *Perſian* Empire, would ſatisfy your Mind, not the Riches of *Narciſſus*, a Favourite ſo much indulged in every thing by *Claudius Cæſar*, that at this Prime Miniſter's Command he killed his Wife.

[u] A Knight's Eſtate, by *Otho*'s Law, was about 3125*l.* yearly Revenue.

SATIRE

SATIRA XV.

QUIS neſcit, Voluſi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc: illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin.
Effigies ſacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicæ reſonant ubi Memnone chordæ, 5
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Illic cæruleos, hîc piſcem fluminis, illic

Oppida

SATIRE XV.

WHO knows not, *Voluſius* of *Bithynia*, what ſtrange Monſters the diſtracted *Egyptians* worſhip? One Sect adores the [a] Crocodile, another trembles before the Bird [b] *Ibis*, that preys upon Serpents; the Golden Image of a ſacred Monkey is the bright Deity where the Magic Harp, in the Hand of the broken Statue of [c] *Memnon*, reſounds; and where the ancient City of *Thebes* lies ruined with her hundred Gates; here they pay homage to Sea-Fiſh, there to Fiſh in the Rivers: Whole Towns *worſhip* a

[a] A Serpent of the River *Nilus*, that from an Egg no bigger than a Gooſe-Egg, grows to be above two and twenty Cubits long. The *Egyptians* know how high the River *Nile* will riſe that Year, by the Place where this Egg is hatched. He was worſhipped with divine Honours, becauſe he killed the *Libyan* and *Arabian* Robbers, that ſwam over the River and deſtroyed the Inhabitants.

[b] A filthy Bird ſomewhat like a Stork, with ſtiff Thighs and a horny Beak. They preſerve the *Egyptians* from the Plague by watching and killing the flying Serpents which the South-weſt Wind brings out of the *Libyan* Deſerts.

[c] The Statue of *Memnon* at *Thebes* in *Egypt*, gave a Sound at the riſing of the Sun, when it was firſt ſtruck with its Rays; 'till *Cambyſes* ruined the City, and cauſed the Statue to be broken about the Middle, imagining that the Sound proceeded from ſome Mathematical Springs and Wheels within; but nothing was found. From this Time the Muſic was thought to be Magical. *Strabo* ſays, that he and others heard the Vocal Marble about One in the Afternoon, but confeſſes he could not underſtand the Cauſe.

Hound,

Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam,
Porrum & cæpe nefas violare, aut frangere morſu.
O ſanctas gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina! lanatis animalibus abſtinet omnis
Menſa. nefas illic fætum jugulare capellæ;
Carnibus humanis veſci licet. attonito cùm
Tale ſuper cænam facinus narraret Ulyſſes
Alcinöe, bilem aut riſum fortaſſe quibuſdam
Moverat, ut mendax Aretalogus. in mare nemo
Hunc abicit, ſævâ dignum verâque Charybdi,
Fingentem immanes Læſtrygonas atque Cyclopas?

Nam

[d] Hound, none bow before [e] *Diana* the Huntreſs. 'tis a horrid Impiety ſo much as to bruiſe or bite a [f] Leek or Onion. O bleſſed Nations, whoſe Gods ſpring up in their Gardens! Every one at his Table refrains from eating Mutton or Lamb, 'tis Wickedneſs among them to kill a Kid, but lawful to feed upon Man's Fleſh. When [g] *Ulyſſes* at Supper, ſurprized *Alcinous* with the Story of ſuch a Barbarity, no doubt this pleaſant Romancer moved the Spleen of ſome, and the Mirth of others of the Company. Does no-body, cries one, throw this Lyar into the Sea, that deſerves to be really daſh'd againſt a Rock, dreadful as the *Charybdis* he now invents, for impoſing upon us with Stories of *Læſtrigonians* and *Cyclops* that

[d] *Anubus*, the Son of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, gave the Hound for his Arms, or the Impreſs of his Shield, and was therefore worſhipped in the Shape of that Creature.

[e] The Poet ſeems not to have been very exact in the Nature of the *Egyptian* Worſhip; for *Herodotus* obſerves, that *Diana* was worſhipped in that Country under the Name of *Baubatis*; which Adoration under another Name might perhaps induce our Author to ſay that ſhe was not worſhipped at all.

[f] *Leeks* and *Onions* were not eaten by the *Egyptians*, becauſe they were ſuppoſed to croſs the Influencies of the Moon, decreaſing when ſhe increaſed, and increaſing when ſhe wained. Mutton, *&c.* was the Fleſh of a moſt lazy Creature; for which Reaſon they hated a Garment of Wool, it being a filthy Excrement.

[g] *Ulyſſes* arriving at the Iſland *Phæacia*, or *Corcyra*, (now *Corfu*) was entertained by *Alcinous* the King, to whom he made a Relation of his Travels, and recited ſuch monſtrous Incredibilities concerning the *Læſtrigonians* and the *Cyclops* eating Men, that the reſt of his Adventures, ſuch as the Stories of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, that *Neptune* gave him Bladders full of Wind, that *Circe* turned his Men into Hogs, *&c.* might be eaſily believed as pardonable Fictions. That Men ſhould eat Men, was thought by our Author to be ſo incredible a Lye, that he wonders no *Phæac* perfectly in his Senſes did not kill him, for impoſing upon him.

Nam citiùs Scyllam, vel concurrentia ſaxa
Cyanes, plenos & tempeſtatibus utres
Crediderim, aut tenui percuſſum verbere Circes,
Et cum remigibus gruniſſe Elpenora porcis.
Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit?
Sic aliquis meritò nondum ebrius, & minimum qui
De Corcyræâ temetum duxerat urnâ:
Solus enim hoc Ithacus nullo ſub teſte canebat.
Nos miranda quidem, ſed nuper conſule Junio
Geſta, ſuper calidæ referemus mœnia Copti;
Nos vulgi ſcelus, & cunctis graviora cothurnis.
Nam ſcelus, à Pyrrhâ quanquam omnia ſyrmata volvas,
Nullus apud Tragicos populus facit. accipe noſtro
Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit ævo.
Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua ſimultas,
Immortale odium, & nunquam ſanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Ombos & Tentyra. ſummus utrinque
Inde furor vulgo, quòd numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus; cùm ſolos credat habendos
Eſſe Deos, quos ipſe colit ſed tempore feſto

Alterius

eat Man's Fleſh? I would ſooner believe the Fictions concerning *Scylla*, the floating Rocks of *Cyene* ſtriking one againſt another, the Bladders of *Æolus* filled with Wind, and that *Elpenor* with his Ship's Crew were turned into Swine, by a gentle Stroke of *Circe*'s Wand; does he think we *Phæacians* are a People ſo empty-headed? Thus with Reaſon might a *Phæac* reply over a *Corcyræan* Glaſs of generous Wine before the Liquor has got into his Head; for *Ulyſſes*, you muſt know, told this Story upon his own Credit without one Voucher. I have my Wonders likewiſe to tell of what happen'd lately when *Junius* was Conſul; the Scene of Action was nigh the Walls of [h] *Coptus*, ſcorch'd by the Sun's Heat. The Impiety I am ſpeaking of was committed by a whole People, and more flagitious than is to be found in the deepeſt Tragedies; for if you turn over all the Tragic Strains ſince the Days of *Pyrrha*, you will find no Poet repreſenting a Barbarity as the Act of a whole Nation; hear then an Inſtance of ſavage Ferity, perpetrated in the Age we now live in.

THERE was a Grudge of a very long ſtanding kept up between two neighbouring Cities, it became at laſt an immortal Hatred, a Wound never to be cured; this Heart-burning raged among the Citizens of [i] *Ombos* and *Tentyra*. The Fury of theſe People began from the Hatred that each bore to his Neighbour's Gods, for both thought the only true Deities were thoſe

[h] A Metropolitan City of *Egypt*, over which the Sun at Noon is almoſt in his Vertical Point.

[i] It is obſerved by *Diodorus Siculus*, that the Quarrels between the People of theſe two Cities were kept up by the *Egyptian* Kings out of Policy, ſo to ſecure the Inhabitants, being ridiculouſly divided, from the Danger of Conſpiracies.

Alterius populi rapienda occaſio cunctis
Viſa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus; ne
Lætum hilaremque diem, ne magnæ gaudia cœnæ
Sentirent, poſitis ad templa & compita menſis,
Pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce jacentem
Septimus interdum Sol invenit. horrida ſanè
Ægyptus: ſed luxuriâ, quantum ipſe notavi,
Barbara famoſo non cedit turba Canopo.
Adde quòd & facilis victoria de madidis, &
Blæſis, atque mero titubantibus. inde virorum
Saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacunque
Unguenta, & flores, multæque in fronte coronæ:
Hinc jejunum odium. ſed jurgia prima ſonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus: hæc tuba rixæ.
Dein clamore pari concurritur, & vice teli
Sævit nuda manus: paucæ ſine vulnere malæ:

worſhipped by themſelves. All the Leaders and chief Men of the hoſtile *Tentyrites* reſolved to ſeize upon a proper Opportunity to revenge themſelves at a public Feſtival celebrated by the other Nation; for they determined their Enemies ſhould have no merry Day of it, but ſhould be balk'd of the Jollity they propoſed from ſo profuſe Entertainments: For the *Ombites* had ſpread their Tables plentifully near the Temples of their God the Crocodile, and in the Highways their Couches were fixed, where they lay revelling without Sleep, Night and Day, for [k] ſeven Days together. A wretched Part of *Egypt* truly! But this barbarous Crew, as far as I obſerved, is not inferiour to the infamous City of *Canopus* for Lewdneſs. Beſides, the *Tentyrites* thought the Victory would be eaſily purchaſed over a Company of drunken ſtammering reeling Fellows. The *Ombites*, for their part, begin to dance, with a *Negro* Piper at the head of them daubed over with Ointments that came firſt to hand, and their Temples were ſurrounded with Chaplets of many ſorts of Flowers. On the other Side, the *Tentyrites* had their Malice whetted by an empty Stomach; but their Minds were firſt inflam'd by loud Brawlings on both Sides, their Tongues were the Trumpeters of the Fray. Then they engage with loud Shouts, and inſtead of Weapons they fall to it heartily with Handy-cuffs. Few Cheeks there

[k] The *Egyptians* held the Number *Seven* to be ſacred, and more eſpecially believed, that during their Feſtival of ſeven Days, the Crocodiles loſt their natural Cruelty. The Cuſtom of feaſting ſeven Days and ſeven Nights was obſerved for the Happy overflowing of the *Nile*. The Poet adds, that tho' the *Egyptians*, where he was, were but barbarous, yet they were as luxurious as the *Canopians*; here he aims at *Criſpinus*, who in the Beginning of theſe Satires is called *Verna Canopi*.

Vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine naſus
Integer. aſpiceres jam cuncta per agmina vultus
Dimidios, alias facies, & hiantia ruptis
Oſſa genis, plenos oculorum ſanguine pugnos.
Ludere ſe credunt ipſi tamen, & pueriles
Exercere acies, quòd nulla cadavera calcent:
Et ſanè quò tot rixantis millia turbæ,
Si vivunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus, & jam
Saxa reclinatis per humum quæſita lacertis
Incipiunt torquere, domeſtica ſeditionis
Tela; nec hos lapides, quales & Turnus, & Ajax,
Vel quo Tydides percuſſit pondere coxam
Æneæ; ſed quos valeant emittere dextræ
Illis diſſimiles, & noſtro tempore natæ.
Nam genus hoc vivo jam decreſcebat Homero.
Terra malos homines nunc educat atque puſillos.
Ergo Deus quicunque aſpexit, ridet, & odit.
A diverticulo repetatur fabula. poſtquam
Subſidiis auctі, pars altera promere ferrum
Audet, & infeſtis pugnam inſtaurare ſagittis:
Terga fugæ celeri præſtantibus hoſtibus inſtant,
Qui vicina colunt umbroſæ Tentyra palmæ.
Labitur hîc quidam, nimiâ formidine curſum
Præcipitans, capiturque; aſt illum in plurima ſectum

Fruſta

were without Scratches; ſcarce a Man, if any of them, throughout the Battle had a whole Noſe upon his Face; you might ſee among all the Rout, Fellows with half their Viſage torn off, with quite different Countenances, Jaw-bones ſtaring through broken Cheeks, Fiſts full of Blood drawn from the Eyes of the Enemy. Yet hitherto they think themſelves in Jeſt, acting of Childrens Play, for they could feel no dead Bodies under their Feet; and, cry they, to what purpoſe ſhould ſo many Thouſands of us go together by the Ears, if we all eſcape with Life? Their Fury therefore grows ſharper, and now they ſtoop down to look for Stones, and hurl them with all their Force; ready Weapons in ſuch Diſputes. But theſe Stones, you muſt know, were not ſuch as *Turnus* or *Ajax* threw, or of the Weight of that with which *Diomedes* bruiſed the Hip of *Æneas*, but ſuch as Men of our Times are able to wield, not near ſo ſtrong as thoſe old Heroes. For the Size of Men decreaſed mightily ſince *Homer* was living, and the Earth now produces a wretched ſort of Mortals, a Pigmy Race. If any Deity looked down upon this Battle, he could not avoid laughing, and at the ſame Time abhorring the Combatants.

BUT to recover our Story from this Digreſſion; when the *Tentyrites* (ſo called from an adjacent Mountain they inhabit, cover'd with ſhady Palm-Trees) were increaſed by Supplies, they had the Courage to draw their Swords, and to renew the Fight with deadly Arrows. They preſs hard upon the Backs of their Enemies, who ran with all their Speed; and among thoſe that fled, a poor *Ombite*, hurried headlong, by his Over-fear, falls down and is taken. The

Fruſta ac particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
Sufficeret, totum corroſis oſſibus edit
Victrix turba : nec ardenti decoxit aheno,
Aut verubus : longum uſque adeò, tardumque putavit
Expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.
Hinc gaudere libet, quòd non violaverit ignem,
Quem ſummâ cæli raptum de parte Prometheus
Donavit terris. elemento gratulor, & te
Exſultare reor. ſed qui mordere cadaver
Suſtinuit, nihil unquam hâc carne libentiùs edit.
Nam ſcelere in tanto ne quæras, aut dubites, an
Prima voluptatem gula ſenſerit. ultimus autem
Qui ſtetit abſumpto jam toto corpore, ductis
Per terram digitis, aliquid de ſanguine guſtat.
Vaſcones (ut fama eſt) alimentis talibus uſi
Produxêre animas : ſed res diverſa : ſed illic
Fortunæ invidia eſt, bellorumque ultima, caſus
Extremi, longæ dira obſidionis egeſtas.
Hujus enim, quod nunc agitur, miſerabile debet
Exemplum eſſe cibi : Sicut modò dicta mihi gens
Poſt omnes herbas, poſt cuncta animalia, quicquid

Cogebat

Conquerors chop their Captive into Bits and Morſels, that they might all have a Taſte of him; in ſhort, they eat him all up, and gnaw his very Bones, without the Ceremony of putting on the Pot, or uſing a Spit about him. They had not Patience to ſtay 'till a Fire could be made, they were content with the Carcaſe, raw as it was. Here, my Friend, we may well rejoice that theſe *Tentyrites* offered no Pollution to the *Fire* (by dreſſing of Human Fleſh) which *Prometheus* ſtole from Heaven, and beſtowed upon the Earth. I congratulate the Element itſelf upon the Occaſion, and you, I fancy, muſt be wonderfully pleaſed; but theſe *Barbarians*, who could bear the gnawing of this Carcaſe, never eat any thing more willingly; for to ſave you the Trouble of enquiring or doubting, whether the firſt who taſted ſwallowed it with any Pleaſure, I aſſure you the laſt of them who ſtood by, and found that the Body was quite devoured, obſerving ſome clotted Gore upon the Ground, dipt his Fingers in it, and ſucked them with the utmoſt Satisfaction.

The [1] *Vaſcons* (a People of *Spain*) as the Story goes, ſupported their Lives by uſing ſuch Diet; for they were compelled by the Malice of Fortune, by the Extremity of War, the laſt Effort, the dreadful Poverty attending upon a long Siege. This Conſequence of Famine we are ſpeaking of, ought to be conſidered as a lamentable Caſe, for after they had conſumed all ſorts of Herbs, all living Creatures, and whatever the Rage of Hunger could provoke them

[1] They were a People of the ancient *Cantabrians* in the North-Eaſt of *Spain*; they were beſieged by *Metellus* and *Pompey*, and reduced to ſuch extreme Neceſſity, that the Living were forced to eat the Dead, but were at laſt relieved by *Sertorius*.

to

Cogebat vacui ventris furor, hoſtibus ipſis
Pallorem, ac maciem, & tenues miſerantibus artus.
Membra aliena fame lacerabant, eſſe parati
Et ſua. quiſnam hominum veniam dare, quiſve Deorum
Viribus abnuerit dira atque immania paſſis;
Et quibus ipſorum poterant ignoſcere manes,
Quorum corporibus veſcebantur? meliùs nos
Zenonis præcepta monent: nec enim omnia, quædam
Pro vitâ facienda putat. *ſed Cantaber unde*
Stoïcus, antiqui præſertim ætate Metelli?
Nunc totus Graias, noſtraſque habet orbis Athenas.
Gallia cauſidicos docuit facunda Britannos:
De conducendo loquitor jam rhetore Thulè.
Nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus; & par
Virtute atque fide, ſed major clade Saguntus
Tale quid excuſat. Mæotide ſævior arâ
Ægyptus: quippe illa nefandi Taurica ſacri
Inventrix homines (ut jam, quæ carmina tradunt,
Digna fide credas) tantùm immolat, ulterius nil,
Aut grævius cultro timet hoſtia. quis modò caſus

Impulit

to eat, inſomuch that their very Enemies pitied their pale lean Faces and emaciated Bodies, they fell upon the Limbs of others, ready to devour their own. For what Man, or which of the Gods is there, that can refuſe Pardon to Cities ſuffering ſo ſad and terrible Diſtreſs? the very Ghoſts of them upon whoſe Bodies they fed muſt excuſe them. 'Tis true, the Precepts of the Philoſopher *Zeno* ſupply us *Romans* with better Principles, he thought that Life itſelf was not to be purchaſed at too dear a Price, but how could a poor *Vaſcon* become a Stoic? eſpecially in the unlearned Time of old *Metellus?* Now indeed the whole World receives the Benefit of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Literature; the Eloquence of the *Gauls* taught the *Britiſh* Lawyers how to plead, and the barbarous Iſland of *Thulè* now talks of hiring a maſterly Orator to inſtruct her Youth. However, the *Vaſcons* we are ſpeaking of, behaved themſelves nobly, and the Caſe of the [m] *Saguntines*, who were equal to them in Valour and Fidelity, but more unfortunate, might excuſe ſuch a barbarous Practice as eating of Man's Fleſh. But theſe *Egyptians* ſhew more Cruelty than the Altar ſacred to *Diana*, near the Lake of [n] *Mæotis*, for this Deity of Mount *Taurus*, (to prove that what Poets ſay may be believed) expects only the Sacrifices of Men, the Victim has nothing farther or more grievous to fear than the Knife. What Cala-

[m] *Saguntum* was a City of *Spain* beyond the River *Ebro*, a moſt faithful Ally to the *Romans*; for when they had held out againſt *Hannibal*, and were reduced to Skeletons by Famine, rather than ſubmit, they choſe to burn themſelves, Wives and Children, which was the Cauſe of the ſecond *Punic* War.

[n] Here every tenth Stranger was ſacrificed to *Diana*, which bloody Ceremony continued 'till the Arrival of *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.

mity

Impulit hos? quæ tanta fames, infeſtaque vallo
Amo coëgerunt tam deteſtabile monſtrum
Audere? anne aliam, terrâ Memphitidæ ſiccâ,
Invidiam facerent nolenti ſurgere Nilo?
Quâ nec terribiles Cimbri, nec Brittones unquam,
Sauromatæque truces, aut immanes Agathyrſi,
Hâc ſævît rabiæ imbelle & inutile vulgus,
Parvula fictilibus ſolitum dare vela phaſelis,
Et brevibus pictæ remis incumbere teſtæ.
Nec pœnam ſceleri invenies, nec digna parabis
Supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares ſunt
Et ſimiles ira atque fames. Molliſſima corda
Humano generi dare ſe natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit: hæc noſtri pars optima
ſenſûs.
Plorare ergo jubet caſum lugentis amici,
Squalloremque rei, pupillum ad jura vocantem
Circumſcriptorem, cujus manantia fletu
Ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
Naturæ imperio gemimus, cùm funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans,
Et minor igne rogi, Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult eſſe ſacerdos.

Ulla,

mity now could force theſe *Egyptians?* what great Famine could they lie under? what Enemy beſieged them, to compel them to perpetrate ſo horrible a Barbarity? what worſe Impiety could they commit to provoke the *Nile* to ſtay within her Banks, when the Country of *Egypt* is chopt with Drought? An Impiety more ſavage than was ever acted by the cruel *Cimbrians*, which the *Britons* never thought of, nor the fierce *Scythians*, nor the wild *Sarmatians*; and acted too by the Rage of a baſe good-for-nothing Rabble, uſed to venture with their ſmall Sails upon the Water in Earthen Boats, and to row their poor painted Skiffs with ſhort Oars: Nor can you find a Puniſhment or Torture ſuited to the Crime of theſe Wretches, whoſe Minds were inflamed with an equal Proportion of Rage and Hunger. Nature confeſſes, that ſhe has beſtowed the moſt tender Hearts upon the human Race, for ſhe has given them Tears, and this compaſſionate Quality is the beſt Accompliſhment of our Minds. She it is therefore that commands us to lament the Misfortunes of an afflicted Friend, to pity the dirty Rags of a Criminal, and the Fate of an Orphan obliged to cite his Guardian before a Court of Juſtice, whoſe Hair, like a Girl's moiſtened with Tears, make it doubtful of what Sex he is. We ſigh by the Command of Nature, when we meet the Funeral of a Virgin ripe for Marriage, or ſee an ° Infant laid in the Earth, too young to be conſumed upon a Pile; for what good Man, or qualified by his Virtue to be admitted by the Prieſt of *Ceres*, to celebrate the ſacred Myſte-

° It was the Cuſtom of the Ancients to bury the Bodies of Infants that died before they had Teeth, that is, about ſeven Months old.

ries,

Ulla aliena ſibi credat mala? Separat hoc nos
A grege brutorum, atque ideo venerabile ſoli
Sortiti ingenium, divinorumque capaces,
Atque exercendis capiendiſque artibus apti,
Senſum à cæleſti demiſſum traximus arce,
Cujus egent prona, & terram ſpectantia. mundi
Principio indulſit communis conditor illis
Tantùm animas, nobis animum quoque mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere auxilium, & præſtare juberet,
Diſperſos trahere in populum, migrare vetuſto
De nemore, & proavis habitatas linquere ſylvas:
Ædificare domos, Laribus conjungere noſtris
Tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine ſomnos
Ut collata daret fiducia: protegere armis
Lapſum, aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem;
Communi dare ſigna tubâ, defendier îſdem
Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri.
Sed jam ſerpentum major concordia: parcit
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera. quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.
Aſt homini ferrum lethale incude nefandâ
Produxiſſe parum eſt; cùm raſtra & ſarcula tantùm
Aſſueti coquere, & marris ac vomere laſſi

Neſcierint

ries, can avoid thinking another's Misfortune to be of ſome concern to himſelf? This Humanity ſeparates us from the Race of Brutes, and therefore we alone are alloted that venerable Diſtinction of Reaſon, are capable of apprehending divine Things, and fit to underſtand and exerciſe the Uſe of all Arts. This Reaſon of ours deſcended, and is derived to us from Heaven, which Brutes, with their Eyes groveling upon the Ground, have nothing of. The common Creator of the Univerſe, in the Beginning, indulged them with a ſenſitive, but us with a rational Soul; that a mutual Affection might incline us to require and to afford help to one another, to collect the ſcattered People into Society, to draw them out of the old Woods, and perſuade them to leave the Groves inhabited by their Progenitors, to build Houſes, to place their Buildings contiguous to ours, that by a joint Confidence every one might ſleep in Security, under the Protection of his Neighbour, to defend the Oppreſſed by Arms, or ſave a Citizen falling and ſtaggering with his Wounds, to fight under one common Standard, to be ſecured by the ſame Fortifications, to be incloſed within the ſame Walls, and locked in with the ſame Key.

BUT now-a-days there is more Amity between Serpents than among us. The Leopard ſpares thoſe of his own ſpotted Kind. When did you hear of a weak Lion killed by the ſtronger? In what Foreſt did one Boar ever die by the Tuſks of another mightier than himſelf? No! The *Indian* Tigers live together in perpetual Peace, and the fierceſt Boars never fall out. But Man makes light of hammering out fatal Poignards on that curſed Anvil, on which their Forefathers uſed only to forge Rakes and Spades,

and

Neſcierint primi gladios excudere fabri.
Aſpicimus populos, quorum non ſufficit iræ
Occidiſſe aliquem: ſed pectora, brachia, vultum
Crediderint genus eſſe cibi. quid diceret ergo,
Vel quò non fugeret, ſi nunc hæc monſtra videret
Pythagoras? cunctis animalibus abſtinuit qui
Tanquam homine, & ventri indulſit non omne legumen.

SATIRA

and knew nothing of the Art or the Uſe of beating out Swords.

WE have here taken a view of a People, that ſo far from glutting their Rage with the Death of their Priſoner, thought his Breaſt, his Arms, his Face proper to make a Meal of. What, I beſeech you, would *Pythagoras* have ſaid, or whither would he not have fled, if he had been a Witneſs of this monſtrous Barbarity? A Philoſopher who avoided to eat the Fleſh of any living Creature with the ſame Religion as if it had been a Man, and would not allow it innocent to indulge his Palate with all kinds of [p] Pulſe.

[p] *Pythagoras* and his Followers abſtained from *Beans*, the Reaſon of which was kept as a great Secret, as appears by a Story in his Life written by *Jamblichus*; it ſeems that *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, the younger, having a great Deſire to know the Secret, cauſed two of this Sect to be brought before him, one *Myllias* a *Crotonian*, and his Wife *Timycha* a *Lacedæmonian*; but the Man being aſked the Reaſon, made anſwer, that the *Pythagoreans* indeed did chooſe to die rather than to eat Beans, and I, ſaid he, will rather die than reveal the Reaſon; upon which, ſays the Author, he was with Indignation ſent away. The Woman now, unſupported by the Encouragement of her Huſband, threatned alſo with Tortures, to declare the Reaſon, was urged with the ſame Queſtion; but being, it ſeems, more *Pythagorean* than *Woman*, ſhe bit out her Tongue, and ſpit it in the Tyrant's Face. The ſame Author in general tells us, that it was *for many ſacred and natural Cauſes concerning the Soul*. *Diogenes Laertius* aſſerts, that *Pythagoras* abſtained from *Beans*, among other Reaſons, *quod Pudendis ſimiles ſunt*, &c. but the moſt probable Account is, that this Philoſopher learnt this Doctrine from the *Egyptian* Prieſts, when he was in that Country, who abſtained from *Beans*, and judged it unlawful to eat, to ſow, or to look upon them.

SATIRA XVI.

QUIS numerare queat felicis præmia, Galle,
Militiæ? nam ſi ſubeantur proſpera caſtra,
Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta ſecundo
Sidere. plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quàm ſi nos Veneris commendet epiſtola Marti, 5
Et Samiâ genitrix quæ delectatur arenâ.
Commoda tractemus primùm communia, quorum
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulſare Togatus
Audeat: imo etſi pulſetur, diſſumulet, nec
Audeat excuſſos Prætori oſtendere dentes, 10
Et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam,
Atque oculos medico nil promittente relictos.

Bardiacus

SATIRE XVI.

[a]WHO, my *Gallus*, can recite the Advantages that attend a fortunate Campaign? To ſucceed happily in Arms, I would (fearful as I am, and raw in War) wiſh to enter into the Service under the Influence of ſome propitious Planet. One Hour of good Fortune is of more uſe than if *Venus* ſent a recommending Letter by me to her beloved *Mars*, or if *Juno*, that delights in ſandy *Samos*, ſhould ſpeak in my Favour. To mention ſomething firſt of common Privileges, it is not the leaſt, that no Citizen muſt preſume to ſtrike a Soldier; nay, if you are ever ſo beaten, you are forc'd to conceal your Reſentment, you dare not ſhew your Teeth daſhed out of your Head, to the *Prætor*. The Bump black and blue in your ſwelled Face, and your Eyes given over by the

[a] The Poet is ſuppoſed to have written this Satire when he was ſent into *Egypt* by a ſort of honourable Baniſhment, by *Paris* the Pantomime; and, according to ſome, it ought to be placed in Order before the preceding one, tho' others aſſert this Satire not to be *Juvenal*'s, it being omitted in the moſt ancient Manuſcripts. It ſeems indeed to be rather the firſt Draught or Deſign of a Satire, than to be a finiſhed Piece. The Intention is a continued Irony upon the Licentiouſneſs of the Soldiery, upon their Inſolence, and the Difficulty of obtaining Juſtice againſt them.

Bardiacus Judex datur hæc punire volenti,
Calceus & grandes magna ad ſubſellia ſuræ,
Legibus antiquis caſtrorum, & more Camilli
Servato, miles ne vallum litiget extrà,
Et procul à ſignis. Juſtiſſima Centurionum
Cognitio eſt igitur de milite; nec mihi deerit
Ultio; ſi juſtæ defertur cauſa querelæ,
Tota cohors tamen eſt inimica, omneſque manipli
Conſenſu magno officiunt. curabitis ut ſit
Vindicta gravior quàm injuria. dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinenſis corde Vagellî,
Cùm duo crura habeas, offendere tot calligatos,
Millia clavorum. Quis tam procul abſit ab urbe?
Prætereà quis tam Pilades, molem aggeris ultra
Ut veniat? lachrymæ ſiccentur protinus, & ſe
Excuſaturos non ſollicitemus amicos.
Da teſtem, Judex cùm dixerit: audeat ille
Neſcio quis, pugnos vidit qui, dicere, vidi;
Et credam dignum barbà, dignumque capillis

Surgeon for loſt, procure no redreſs. Your Cauſe comes before a military Judge, who, ſitting conſpicuous upon his Seat with his *Gauliſh* Caſſock, Shoes, and large Buſkins, proceeds ſtrictly by the old Martial Law in the Times of [b] *Camillus*, who enjoined that no Soldier ſhould be tried without the Trenches, or at a diſtance from his Standard. A Man cannot fail of full Satisfaction when a Centurion is Judge: I ſhall have ample Revenge againſt the Soldier no doubt, if the Cauſe of my Complaint be juſt, eſpecially when the whole Regiment and all the Companies are againſt me, and with one Conſent obſtruct the Courſe of Juſtice. They cry, *You Citizens will take care to have redreſs ſuperior to the Injury received.* A Man muſt have the Impudence of [c] *Vagellius*, the bawling Lawyer of *Mutina*, to engage in ſo deſperate a Diſpute. Would you with your two Legs only expoſe them to be kick'd by ſo many Soldiers with ſo many thouſand Hobnails in their Shoes? Do you know ſo little of the World? Beſides, where will you find ſo true a Friend that dares venture within the Trenches to plead in your Defence? Dry up your Tears at once, and no more ſollicit your Acquaintance, who will always have Excuſes ready to avoid the Trouble. When the Judge calls upon you to produce your Evidence, let any Man, no matter who, that ſaw the Blows given, dare to ſay, *I ſaw it?* And I ſhall pronounce him worthy of the Blood

[b] He made a Law at the Siege of *Veiæ*, That a Soldier ſhould not be compelled to leave his Colours for any Suit in Law; and the Reaſon was, that no Soldier might be abſent from the public Service upon a private Man's Complaint.

[c] A brawling Lawyer, who in thoſe Days, for Money, would venture upon the moſt deſperate Cauſes.

Majorum. citiùs falſum producere teſtem
Contra paganum poſſis, quàm vera loquentem
Contra fortunam armati, contraque pudorem.
Præmia nunc alia, atque alia emolumenta notemus
Sacramentorum. Convallem ruris aviti
Improbus, aut campum mihi ſi vicinus ademit,
Aut ſacrum effodit medio de limite ſaxum,
Quod mea cum vetulo coluit puls annua libo,
Debitor aut ſumptos pergit non reddere nummos,
Vana ſupervacui dicens chirographa ligni;
Expectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus
Totius populi: ſed tunc quoque mille ferenda
Tædia, mille moræ; toties ſubſellia tantùm
Sternuntur; jam facundo ponente lacernas
Cæditio, & Fuſco jam micturiente, parati
Digredimur, lentâque fori pugnamus arena.
Aſt illis, quos arma tegunt, & balteus ambit,
Quod placitum eſt, illis præſtatur tempus agendi,
Nec res atteritur longo ſufflamine litis.
Solis prætereà teſtandi militibus jus
Vivo patre datur: Nam quæ ſunt parta labore

Militiæ,

of our upright and worthy Anceſtors. It is much ſafer to produce a falſe Evidence againſt a common Perſon, than to depoſe a Truth againſt the Property or the Honour of one of theſe terrible Men at Arms.

Let us enquire now into ſome other Benefits and Emoluments that depend upon a military Life; if a wicked Neighbour keeps me out of part of my paternal Eſtate, or enters upon my Land by force, or removes the [d] Boundary between us (that ſacred Stone which every Year I cover with an Offering of Pulſe and a large Cake;) or if a Perſon in my debt delays to pay the Money, and makes the Bond void by denying his own Hand, I may wait a Year before all the Judges meet and my Cauſe comes to a Hearing; and when the Day is fixed, there are a thouſand Delays, a thouſand Difficulties. Indeed the Seats are ſet in order, and the Cuſhions are laid, and that's all; one Judge learned in the Law cannot bear his Gown for the Heat; another goes out to piſs, ſo that we are forced to go home again, tho' Council were feed; and by ſuch ſlow Motions, of the Court, we ſcarce ever hope to ſee an end of the Suit. But theſe Buff and Belt-men may bring their Cauſe on when they pleaſe, and not ſpend their Fortune by long and vexatious Delays.

Beſides, the [e] Soldier alone has the Privilege of making his Will while his Father is living; for what he has ſaved in the Service, the Law

[d] The Ancients eſteemed their Land-marks to be ſacred; this Stone they adorned with Chaplets, and upon it they every Year offered a Sacrifice of Pulſe, Honey, Meal, and Oil.

[e] The Soldier by his military Oath became free, and had a Right to diſpoſe of what he acquired in the Service of his Country.

Militiæ, placuit non esse in corpore censûs,
Omne tenet cujus regimen pater. ergo Coranum
Signorum comitem, castrorumque æra merentem,
Quamvis jam tremulus captat pater. hunc labor æquus
Provehit, & pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
Ipsius certè ducis hoc referre videtur,
Ut qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem;
Ut læti phaleris omnes, & torquibus omnes.

FINIS.

thinks fit to exclude from being judged a part of what the Father claims the whole Diſpoſal of in his own Right: For this Reaſon, the Father of *Coranus*, (who kept cloſe to the Colours, and well deſerved his Pay) tho' trembling with Age, fawns upon his Son, in hopes of being his Heir. The regular Diſcharge of his Duty rais'd this Man, and procured him Rewards equal to his worthy Service. It ſhould certainly be the principal Study of a General, that the moſt brave ſhould be the moſt happy, ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by military Honours, and all of them glory in their rich Trappings and their Golden Chains.



THE END.

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ERRATUM.

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